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The Ethos

VOLUME V	JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1932	No. I
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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME V

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1932

No. I

"Ideal"

I walked unseeing all along the way,
Unknowing, and ne'er dreaming that the play
Of life contained a meaning deeper far
Than wavering candle flame, or yet a star
A-twinkle in the wintry sky.
So arrogant and so aloof was I
That all seemed lonely—even sun-flecked hours
Held faint forbodings of approaching showers.
A twisting lane was just a lane.
I saw not Heaven's tears in rain,
Nor did I see her smile in Sun's gold beams,
Or hear her laugh in rocky streams.
But once I stumbled on a furrowed way,
And as I rose, I saw the day
Descending, saw the gold beyond the blue
And tints of pink and opal, too.
It seemed so tangible, so real,
Right there I fashioned an ideal:
The old gray road seemed all aglow
With silver dust, I could not know
Before, I was too proud to see the face
Of Beauty in the commonplace!

RUTH M. ELLIS, '32.

Hilaire Belloc === Poet

"I should far prefer to read some of the beautiful poetry of Hilaire Belloc, for he is a real and true Catholic poet." So spoke Gilbert K. Chesterton before beginning to read his own poems to the Catholic Poetry Society of London last year. It was a noble and generous tribute from one true poet of the true faith to another true poet of the true faith. With genuine admiration Chesterton said this of the man who had defended him against the attack of the

"Remote and ineffectual Don,
That dared attack my Chesterton."

Ordinarily when Hilaire Belloc's name is mentioned, one immediately thinks of Belloc, the journalist, the biographer, or the essayist, rarely of Belloc, the poet. Yet "for proof that Hilaire Belloc is a poet, it is necessary only to read his poetry," said Joyce Kilmer. It is characterized by sincerity and dignity. Virility and nobility, his critics say, strike the keynote of his Muse. Here is the succinctness of thought and economy of phrase which indicate real poetry. Even the prose of Belloc at times divests itself of its usual habit of matter-of-fact diction and puts on the rich garment of rhyme and rhythm.

"One sign that Hilaire Belloc is naturally a poet is that he is never deliberately a poet. No one can imagine him writing a poem to order—even to his own order. The poems knock at the door of his brain and demand to be let out. And he lets them out, carelessly enough, setting them comfortably down on paper simply because that is the treatment they desire." This spontaneity and lack of affectation in Belloc's poetry finds expression in the lines of "To the Balliol Men Still in Africa," which he utters in sorrow and love for the men who were his classmates at Balliol College, Oxford, and who later lay dead in African graves, having been killed in the Boer War. Hilaire Belloc resented England's war upon the Boers.

"I have said it before and I say it again,
There was treason done and a false word spoken.
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about, and a treaty broken ;

But angry, lonely, hating it still,
I wished to be there in spite of the wrong.
My heart was heavy for Cumnor Hill
And the hammer of galloping all day long.

Galloping outward into the weather,
 Hands a-ready and battle in all;
 Words together and wine together
 And song together in Balliol Hall.

Rare and single! Noble and few!—
 Oh! they have wasted you over the sea!
 The only brothers ever I knew,
 The men that laughed and quarrelled with me.

* * *

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
 Whatever I had she gave me again;
 And the best of Balliol loved and led me,
 God be with you, Balliol men."

An insistent note of sadness—"an enormous sadness for irrevocable destitution"—underlies much of Belloc's poetry, and like a strand, runs through and holds together the glittering beads of verse. We find it in "The Night" where the poet seeks refuge in "dreams and false delight from the clear reminiscent dawn." He says to the night:

"Fold your great wings about my face,
 Hide dawning from my resting place,
 And cheat me with your false delight,
 Most Holy Night."

In a reminiscence tinged with gladness, but a gladness with a minor strain, he asks in "Tarantella,"

"Do you remember an Inn,
 Miranda?
 Do you remember an Inn?"

Then after telling of the delights he found there, he says:

"Never more
 Miranda;
 Nevermore
 Only the high peaks hoar:
 And Aragon a torrent at the door.
 No sound
 In the walls of the Halls where falls
 The tread
 Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
 No sound:
 But the boom
 Of the far waterfall like Doom."

Here, indeed, is vivid imagery, and in this poem it seems that Belloc has achieved something of the greatness of Chaucer in his ability to find expression for his thought in the exact and proper term. Even the rhythm is a fitting accompaniment to his sad song.

This same note of sadness is evident even in the "ruthless revenge" of "The Rebel" where the poet reveals his true nature:

"For fear perhaps my little son
Should break his hands, as I have done."

Hilaire Belloc is an Englishman in spite of his French blood and name. In his deep love for The South Country and its inhabitants, he has made Sussex his own. While acknowledging his mortality, he will live forever in his love for Sussex, expressed in sweet lamentation and humility, all through "The South Country" and particularly at its close:

"A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend!
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?"

I will gather and carefully wake my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If ever I become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with a deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me."

But all is not sorrow with Belloc. To the great enjoyment of many people there is a roistering, swash-buckling note in his work. It has spirit, color, and a dash of vigor as is found, for example, in the "West Sussex Drinking Song."

"With my heart here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us;
The Tipple's Abroad and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the Barrell is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung
And it has a rousing chorus."

Theodore Maynard tells us, however, that it is well to observe, before we proceed further, "that all the extravagances, all the roaring bar-parlour choruses, are firmly rooted in a philosophy." The "Sonnet upon God and the Wine Giver," explains soberly the hilarious joy of the more convivial moments.

"Though man made wine, I think God made
it, too."

and

"Praise be God!

Who taught us how the wine press should be trod!"

Hilaire Belloc is the dogged and deadly foe of cheap thought and mock sentiment. He has always attacked the vagaries of what has been complacently called "modern thought." With noble-raged satire he almost blasts the modern mind out of existence by calmly presenting the clarity of his Catholic philosophy. There is a drollery and a humor, too, about some of Belloc's verse that carries the reader along laughing with the poet, until suddenly his joking turns to satire:

"Life is a veil, its paths are dark and rough
Only because we do not know enough.
When Science has discovered something more
We shall be happier than we were before."

We may laugh at this, but it is the stark truth, the doctrine of those who make a religion of Science.

"To Dives" is a classic piece of political satire by one who understands how to write it. The directness and restraint of satire are also found in his epigrams, such as the "Epitaph on the Politician Himself"!

"Here richly, with ridiculous display,
The Politician's corpse was laid away.
While all of his acquaintance sneered and slanged,
I wept, for I had longed to see him hanged."

and "The False Heart":

"I said to Heart, 'How goes it?' Heart replied:
'Right as a Ribstone Pippin.' But it lied."

Hilaire Belloc has also written poems about childhood, "the most severe risk which a poet can take" to use the words of Joyce Kilmer. And he has been successful in his endeavor. These poems have a genuine childlike simplicity and refreshing whimsicality about them. The poet becomes as a little child when he writes:

"And when your prayers complete the day,
Darling, your little tiny hands
Were also made, I think, to pray
For men that lose their fairy lands."

He sings with simplicity and awe and grandeur of the true faith in lines that a child may grasp and any poet may envy. He has presented the essence of the New Testament in the short poem, "Our Lord and Our Lady," which deserves to be quoted in full:

"They warned Our Lady for the child
That was our blessed Lord,
And She took Him into the desert wild,
Over the camel's ford.

And a long song She sang to Him
And a short story told:
And She wrapped Him in a woolen cloak
To keep Him from the cold.

But when Our Lord was grown a man
The Rich they dragged Him down,
And they crucified Him in Golgotha,
Out and beyond the town.

They crucified Him on Calvary,
Upon an April day;
And because He had been her little Son
She followed Him all the way.

Our Lady stood beside the Cross,
A little space apart.
And when She heard Our Lord cry out
A sword went through Her heart.

They hid Our Lord in a marble tomb,
Dead, in a winding sheet;
But Our Lady stands above the world
With the white moon at her feet."

There is no labored effect in his ballad strains, in which he also chants of things eternal, as in "Noel":

"On a winter's night long time ago
(The bells ring loud and the bells ring low),
When high howled wind, and down fell snow
(Carillon, Carilla).
Saint Joseph he and Notre Dame,
Riding on an ass, full weary came
From Nazareth into Bethlehem.
And the small child Jesus smile on you."

All children love to hear tales and legends, and Belloc has put into verse the sweet legend of "The Birds," familiar to all of us since childhood. There is a spirit of prayer and blessing in that very perfect little poem which has found its way into many modern anthologies:—

"When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever bought or sold.

And yet with these He would not play,
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away:
Tu creasti, Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise."

The story of the holy life of the Blessed Virgin is one that has a singular appeal to all Catholics, young and old. Perhaps it is because of the relationship that exists between her and us, for not only is she Queen of Heaven and Mother of God, but our Mother as well. It is to her we fly in times of trouble and strife and from her we receive comfort, com-

passion, and counsel. Belloc has expressed this beautiful Catholic devotion in a poem of a rather deceptive title, "In a Boat."

"Stretch out your hands to me,
Mother and maid.

Mother of Christ,
And Mother of me,
Save me alive
From the howl of the sea.

If you will mother me
Till I grow old,
I will hang in your chapel
A pure ship of gold."

Hilaire Belloc also embodies some of the mysteries of our faith in his poem on "Courtesy."

"I saw three pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was Our Lady's Son."

Belloc is democratic, and with democratic things he is chiefly concerned, but Kilmer tells us that "there is something more democratic than wine or love or war. That thing is faith; Hilaire Belloc has Faith. It furnishes him with a theme for many of his poems and he himself confirms his belief, in the "Ballade to Our Lady of Czestochowa," when he utters:

"You shall restore me, O my best ally,
To vengeance and the glories of the bold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold
And this is that in which I mean to die."

All literature is concerned with three topics: God, Man and Nature, and Hilaire Belloc makes use of all three in his poetry. In "The Night" he reveals his deep sympathy with God's creation when he addresses it as "most holy Night." In its direct antithesis, "The Early Morning," he suggests delicately beautiful pictures:

"The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right,
My brother, good morning; my sister, good night."

His "Song Inviting the Influence of a Young Lady Upon the Opening Year" is one tinted with loveliness and metaphorical imagery. Here is all the freshness and untouched beauty of spring and maidenhood. She who wears "the morning like her dress" is asked to summon April forth,

" . . . and send
 Commandment through the flowers ;
 About our woods your grace extend
 A queen of careless hours.
 For oh, not Vera veiled in rain,
 Nor Diana's sacred ring,
 With all her royal nymphs in train
 Could so lead on the spring."

In brief Hilaire Belloc is a versatile Catholic poet and we can leave him for the time being with no farewell better than his own :

"Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
 Go bless you, People, one by one ;
 My rhythm is written, my work is done."

HELEN A. MORGAN, '33.

The King

The world in rapture waited for a King
 Of wealth and power. In dreams the people saw
 A vast rich kingdom that to them would bring
 Past days of Israel's great and golden law.
 He came. The earth and sky were bowed in awe
 And wonder great. His herald was a lone
 Bright star, a bed of straw His throne.

RUTH E. LEARY, '33.

Nancy Hale

"Nancy, Nancy, where are you?" called Hope Benedict from the lower corridor of the Fernwood Dame School.

"Here I am in my room, Hope, but why are you shouting so?" called back fifteen-year-old Nancy Hale, as she sat in the window seat gazing dreamily out at the September landscape.

"Here comes your brother up the drive in his uniform, and"—but Nancy, waiting to hear no more was down the stairs, her fair hair flying, out to the porch where her brother stood. Immediately she was in his arms laughing, crying, kissing him, and saying:

"O Nathan, how good of you to come! I have missed you so often since our wonderful summer together, but there are only eleven more weeks till Thanksgiving, and then we can both go home to Connecticut for a glorious week!"

Her grey eyes were shining and her cheeks were flushed as these words tumbled from her excitedly. A wave of loneliness came over him as he realized how empty his life had been these last four years with Nancy away at boarding school, but next June she would be through and they would, from then on, always be together, either traveling or in their lovely home down in the Connecticut Valley.

"Well, sweetheart, I have a 'leave' this afternoon and evening so I came right out to fetch you and we shall have a glorious afternoon and evening together before I go back on duty. Run now and get your hat, while I arrange with Miss Hill to carry you off for the rest of the day. You don't think she'd refuse your brother, do you, Nancy?" his dark eyes twinkled as he spoke and Nancy thought as she ran to do his bidding that no girl ever had such a young, handsome, jolly brother as she.

Later they walked along one of the streets of Boston in the late afternoon of September 6, 1776, permission having been granted for the promised spree.

"But you won't be in any danger, will you? You won't go out and fight, because you know you are all I've got now." Horror and fear clouded Nancy's eyes at the thought of the war and its hideous dangers.

"Why, pet, you know what war is," the Captain said, "but we are getting along famously. General Washington is very successful. You have heard of his splendid victory at Trenton and Princeton, haven't you? Why, with a General like him and a man like your old brother in the army, we shall have beaten every Britisher before Thanksgiving. But here we are at 'The Tavern,' where we are to have our dinner and then afterwards we'll walk slowly back to school."

"Where are you going when you leave Boston tonight?" asked Nancy. They had finished their dinner, which had been a jolly affair, and were now walking over the Charles River Bridge toward the school. Nathan Hale, the brave, unflinching soldier under fire, found himself now a coward and a weakling in the face of the question which his earnest young sister, whom he adored, now put to him. How could he tell her that he was about to embark on a commission from which there was only a chance that he would ever return? He wouldn't tell her now, he couldn't spoil this happy night, probably the last for him, if not for her.

"I go from here to New York where I report to Heath's brigade and then, dear, I shall write you from there where I go, but it will never be far from my little girl."

They had reached Fernwood now. Never was Nancy to forget this leave-taking. A soft September breeze was blowing, and overhead the large harvest moon made the earth bright, but Nancy hardly noticed these things, as she bade him goodbye, perhaps forever.

"Good-bye, Nancy! Be a good girl!" Were those tears in his dark eyes? Nancy could not be sure, for her own eyes were streaming tears, and she only knew how keenly she grieved to see this dashing young brother of hers go away.

"Good-bye, Nathan, I shall say a prayer for you every night, and just live for your letters."

One more kiss and he was gone down the long avenue. She watched his fine uniformed figure until the bend of the road cut him from view.

"One, two, three, four." It was two weeks later and Nancy was practising on the harpsichord in the music-room on the second floor of the Fernwood Dame School. She counted aloud while she practised the difficult exercises. Then she began to play "Around the Hearth." Nancy worked very hard on her music, because Nathan loved to hear her play and this was his favorite piece. It was a warm day despite the fact that it was the twenty-third of September and the open window beside her let in the smoke-scented, autumn breeze. Hope Benedict, Nancy's bosom friend and room-mate, found her thus as she entered the room, without having bothered to knock.

"Miss Hill wants to see you, Nancy, and I think it's something important. She seems awfully flustered."

Hope was idly fingering the keys. Nancy jumped to her feet and started down to the office. It must be some news from Nathan. She had not heard from him since that wonderful afternoon they had spent together almost three weeks ago. Perhaps he was here himself, waiting in Miss Hill's office to take her off for another gala day. All these

thoughts were going through her mind as she ran lightly to the office door and knocked.

"Come!" said the husky voice of Miss Hill, and Nancy entered half hoping to see that dear, familiar figure smiling at her from behind Miss Hill's desk. No one but Miss Hill was there, however, and she held a letter in her hand. It was the expression on her face which made Nancy's heart freeze within her as she gazed at her.

"What is it Miss Hill? Tell me quick!"

"Sit down, child, I have some bad news for you—your brother—"

"Where is he? Is he hurt? He must need me now! Oh, let me go to him!"

But Miss Hill only silently shook her head.

"What do you mean? No, he isn't? . . . Nathan . . . dead?"

Convulsed with grief she sank to her knees on the floor, and Miss Hill went to her trying to comfort and console her, but she suddenly jumped to her feet and running to the desk, snatched up the letter. Before Miss Hill could stop her, she read:

"On September 22, 1776, Nathan Hale was caught by the British as a spy, and in accordance with the laws of military war was hanged on the next day."

This was the official report from the British line, sent direct to the headquarters in New York and then to Fernwood School to acquaint his sister with the news. Dropping the letter as if it were fire, Nancy ran from the room, and Miss Hill, respecting her grief, did not follow.

"Come right into the parlor, General, and I shall call Miss Hale immediately."

Some days later, Miss Hill, greatly excited by the visit of anyone so notable as General Washington, admitted the General to the little parlor and then almost ran to Nancy's room, where she was met by Hope. Nancy, however, was not there, she had gone off earlier in the afternoon by herself, probably to the garden, where she had spent so much of her free time alone since her brother's death.

"Nancy is down in the garden, but I shall send for her directly, General," reported Miss Hill on her return.

"No, no, don't do that, Madame, show me where the garden is and I shall find her myself."

Thus it was that Nancy was startled a few minutes later by heavy footsteps approaching through the fallen leaves. Several days had passed since she had heard the awful news and she did so want to be alone, so that she could picture to herself just how her brother had looked that last night when she had seen him and—

“Ah, so this is little Nancy!”

Startled by the voice, Nancy jumped to her feet, and turning, faced General Washington. She was sure it was he from pictures she had seen of him, only now he did not look so stern and commanding but rather kind and fatherly. Dropping a deep curtsey Nancy answered:

“Yes, General Washington, I am Nancy Hale.”

“I have often heard Nathan speak of you, Nancy.” Tears brimmed Nancy’s eyes. “And now I have come to bring you a message which he sent you just before his heroic death.” As he spoke, the General undid the bundle which he was carrying, and as the paper fell off, there was disclosed a wooden shoe such as the Dutch wore in New York. Nancy gazed at it mystified.

“Your brother, Captain Hale, has done one of the most splendid and bravest deeds in the history of this War. Disguised as a Dutch teacher, he entered the lines of the enemy to secure important information for me, but he never came back. He was captured and put to death by General Howe. A few days ago in the mail there came addressed to me this bundle which was to be delivered to you. There is a message written on the front of it. Read it.” Eagerly Nancy took the last shoe that her brother had ever worn. Across the toe she read:

“Goodbye, little Nancy, be a good girl.”

The very same words he had said on leaving her the last time she had seen him. How like him to be simple and gay even in the face of death, just as if he were to see her soon again! Tears flowed down Nancy’s face, and General Washington drew her to him and let her sob out her grief.

ELINOR CROSBY, '33.

To Washington

O Washington! thy country calls
With desperate voice, to waken thee
From peaceful sleep; beneath the palls
Of sin and crime, drowned in the sea
Of heart's-blood, lo! she lies.

Long years ago you set her free,
Emmeshed in war's deceitful chain,
Its end was glory, gratefully
She saw the flag of Freedom reign
And hope shone in her eyes.

Now hope is dead; the nation's soul
Killed ruthlessly by alien hands
That set up avarice as their goal,
Make youth the tool of their demands,
Courageous virtue dies.

Oh, Father, come! Thy country calls,
Thou canst not rest unheedingly
In peaceful sleep; beneath the palls
Of sin and crime, drowned in the sea
Of heart's-blood, lo! she lies.

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Washington's "Farewell Address"

With the approach of the bicentennial celebration of Washington's birth, interest in this immortal personality again assumes an active form. Truthfully speaking, however, this interest has been awakened for a long time in the minds of thinking people who see in the present deplorable condition of the country a state similar to that which Washington faced. Many times, too, phrases from his "Farewell Address," fraught with disregarded warnings, must challenge recognition even though a century and a half old, they are so timely and applicable. The American public, friendly, emotional, impulsive, should make an attentive study of the "Farewell Address." It answers the burning questions harassing our country today: European entanglements, the moratorium, taxation.

Often I wonder just what is the reaction of Americans to Washington's most important literary work. A superficial perusal might yield the impression of formalism, disinterestedness, conservatism, in short, the expected gesture of a retiring President, dutiful, passive, and perhaps unconsciously motivated by politics. Such a conclusive criticism is woefully unjust and misrepresentative of the frame of mind in which Washington made his last farewell to the children he loved.

Formal, perhaps, disinterested undoubtedly, according to the author's own admission, indisputably conservative in conformity to the ideals of a thoughtful ruler, whose guiding principle was restraint; but cold, selfish, uninterested,—never! The warm personality of Washington lives in these pages, his affection, his solicitude, his fears for the thing he loved, his country, colors every sentence with peculiar beauty as the following excerpt proves. After expressing his gratitude to the people, he says: "Here perhaps I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanence of your felicity as a people."

Artistry of style is absent; brilliance, subtle rhythm, poetic suggestiveness are alien to his genius; he achieves immortality not because of the literary merits of his work but because of the sincerity of this last appeal to his children. He had fought for them, watched thousands of them die in the agony of war, saw others threatened with contamination by foreign diseases, or floundering in the maelstrom of internal machinations, helpless, trusting, innocent victims of their own folly! His cry was wrung from a sympathetic heart, a last entreaty to heed the outpouring of a reflective mind. He wrote with distinction and compelling

power, because he had something vital to say. His denunciation of foreign attachments is vigorous and convincing and certainly applicable to our present conditions. "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just price ought to discard."

The charm of the essay lies in its forceful sincerity, its perfect clarity of thought, and its smoothness of transition. It is graceful, dignified, direct, and above all, honest. The mature deliberation of a philosopher, a soldier, and a statesman are expressed most convincingly; the address is characterized by a keen knowledge of human nature and an extraordinary intuitive foresight. How truly his prophecies have coincided with reality we can testify, having for an example a nation torn by party spirit. His warnings involuntarily recur to our mind. "It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume." His argument is weighty and logical; his analysis of the situation sweepingly accurate.

"The Farewell Address" will live because it reveals so truly the real personality of the man, Washington. His last adieu to his countrymen was an occasion of heartfelt grief, his emotions were deeply stirred as he stood before them to say "goodbye." An eyewitness thus describes this poignant scene: "Profound silence greeted him as if the great assembly desired to hear him breathe. Mr. Adams, now President-elect, covered his face with both hands. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed till the close of his address. Then when strong, nervous sobs broke loose, when tears covered the faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked as if his heart was with them——."

MARY BARROW, '33.

“The Glory That Was Greece”

“Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence.” To this tribute from the “organ voice of England” may I add my humble affirmation? The test of a true mother is not only the generation of her children but also her protection and care for them. She must guide them, nourish them, and above all foster their growth and development. So truly did Athens prove herself the guardian of the arts that she was considered worthy to be called their “mother.” Just as we would turn to Florence for a true picture of Renaissance art, so too we turn to Athens when we devote our attention to Greek Art.

Although the avenue of the Greek language may be closed to the majority of readers, the glorious heritage left to man by Greece need not be denied to us. Looking upon art as a luxury, something entirely out of touch with practicalities, something intangible and reserved for fanatics, is a gross misunderstanding, and it constitutes a great barrier which prevents many from delving into the treasury of Hellenic art and enjoying something which would afford them true intellectual pleasure. Art is the expression of life, and its forms are as varied as the interests of mankind.

The Greeks realized this from the beginning and consequently they were able to approximate perfection in their art. Built on a foundation of truth and idealistic life, is it so wonderful, then, that they have achieved such beauty? The aim of the Greeks in art was to express outwardly those qualities of mind and spirit which they prized so highly: beauty, self-control, harmony, and restraint. This ideal Socrates aptly expressed in a prayer to Pan: “Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul and may the outward and the inward man be at one.”

They lived at a time when things were being done for the first time, thus they brought a spirit of youth and joy into their creations, also a spirit of patience in achieving results; they were never in a hurry, for they knew there were no short cuts to perfection. Their productions were idealistic, but their idealism was of a practical kind; they did not fulfill their ideals but they knew it was possible to do so. Their sculpture presented man not as he always was, but as he might be if he followed his best instincts, and to them this representation was not just an ideal but real and lifelike.

The key to the Greek character is to be found in their favorite proverb: “No Excess,” or “*Ne quid nimis*,” as Terrence puts it, a formula which expresses reverence and self-restraint. “Know Thyself,” was the

motto inscribed over their principal shrine. "Know and regard thine own limitations, know and rely upon thine own powers." Thus they were able to reach the goal of perfection even in art, where perfection is proverbially impossible. Bold in experimenting until they found what they deemed to be the right way, then following it through to its conclusion, they displayed a hatred of eccentricity, and although great originators, they cared nothing for the modern fetish of originality.

Greek art had to have its beginning as all other forms of human endeavor, and in its primitive stages it was crude, cold, and unexpressive. Its development, however, was a gradual one, and reached its zenith in the fifth century, B. C. Since Pericles was the man then in authority, the Age has taken its name from him. Athens was at the height of her power when Pericles stepped forth to guide the flood of her prosperity. Not only as a statesman did he work diligently to make Athens a real political power but also as a patron of arts he fostered the development of architecture and sculpture.

The city of Athens lay at the foot of a high rock called the Acropolis, which in the time of Pericles was the site of the principal temples and shrines of the city. To the Greeks a temple was not a place where people met for worship, therefore it was not intended to hold a large number of people. It was the dwelling-place of the gods and the treasury of the gifts offered by their worshipers. The religious ceremonies were carried on in spaces outside of the temples. The Greek temples varied in size but were all built on the same plan. The chamber where the god's statue was placed was the central part of the temple and all other parts were so constructed as to harmonize with the main purpose of the building. Just as a Greek play has but one plot and contains no minor episodes which might distract the attention of the audience from the main theme, so, too, a Greek temple expressed one thought, which nothing in its architecture was allowed to disturb. The usual plan of the Greek temples was simple; it consisted of an oblong building with a portico at either end, and a row of columns built around it, with a double row in each portico. Above the portico was a triangular gable, called a pediment, which was usually ornate in structure.

The column is such an important element in Greek ornament, that it is essential to understand it. There are three distinct orders of Greek columns: the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. Where can we travel today where these columns do not stand out, conspicuous for their Grecian beauty and strength, in all types of modern architecture? The Doric is the simplest, resting on no base, its column tapering slightly up to its plain capital or top. This order was used most frequently by the Greeks because its simplicity and perfection of form symbolized all

that was finest in the Greek spirit. The Ionic column stands on a base, its pillar more slender than that of the Doric, and its capital consisting of two very graceful spirals. The Corinthian column is similar to the Ionic except that its capital is composed of an ornamental design of acanthus leaves. In general, the Doric order gives an impression of simplicity, strength, and solidity; the Ionic, of slenderness and grace; the Corinthian, of richness and ornamentation. The Greeks never used ornament simply for the sake of ornament. Their column was to support, and they felt that ornament was out of place. The decoration, however, on the capital served a purpose; namely, when the eye followed the fluting of the column up to where the vertical line met the horizontal, the simple decoration of the capital made the transition less abrupt. Wherever there was ornament on a Greek building, it was in complete harmony with the general purpose of the building, and no part bearing any strain was ornamented.

A quotation of Socrates from Xenophon's *Memorabilia* gives a clear idea of the spirit with which the Acropolis was imbued: "The fittest place for a temple or altar was some site visible from afar and untrodden by foot of man, since it was a glad thing for a worshipper to lift up his eyes afar off and offer up his prayer." Thus was the Acropolis the ideal place for the dwelling place of Athena, patroness of Athens. It is approached by a flight of steps leading to the Propylaea, or Entrance Porch. To the right is a temple of Athena Nike, or Athena Victory, erected in honor of Athena's assistance to the Greeks at the famous battle of Salamis. Passing through the Propylaea, one comes out upon the Acropolis proper where stood the beautiful statue of Athena Promachos, or the Warrior Queen, fashioned by Phidias from the bronze found amongst the Persian spoils after the battle of Marathon. On the north side of the Acropolis is the site of the temple of Erechtheum, of Ionic design, an outstanding example of Grecian perfection in grace and simple beauty. One of its porches is called the Porch of Maidens because the figures of maidens were used for support instead of the ordinary columns. The effect gained from this porch is one of dignity and fine craftsmanship, conveying no impression of strain because of the clever arrangement of the pose and attire of the maidens.

The main temple of the Acropolis is the Parthenon, a Doric temple built of pentalic marble by Ictinus, the architect, and Phidias, the sculptor. Surrounded by forty-six pillars, its main room contained the celebrated gold and ivory statue of Athena, wrought by Phidias. To the Athenian this building was the very soul of Athens. Elsewhere on the Acropolis it was Athena, the goddess, who was worshiped, either as warrior, guardian, or inspirer of arts, but here in the Parthenon

she was more than a goddess; she symbolized Athens itself, its achievements in war and peace, the very spirit which guided the Athenians in all their efforts. It is admirable not merely for its impressive and perfect proportions, its architectural beauty and finish, but also for its wealth of sculptural adornment. The sculpture on the last pediment depicts the birth of Athena related so graphically by Homer. It symbolizes the birth of Athens. Just as Athena sprang from the head of Zeus, arrayed in glorious symbols of power, so it was the will of the gods for Athens to be great and powerful. The west pediment portrays the contest waged between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of the city. Poseidon stood for material prosperity; his gift to Athens was the sea by which she could extend her colonization and enlarge her trade. Athena represented excellency of the intellect. By her victory, Athens was destined to count the things of the mind and the spirit of greater value than material gain.

The Parthenon portrays not only the history of Athens, but also its religion. On the outer wall under the colonnade was the great frieze of the Panathenaic procession. Every four years the Athenians celebrated the great feast of Athena which was marked by a gigantic procession in which all classes of Athenians took part, and during which noble maidens brought to the statue of Athena Parthenos, or Athena the Virgin, a veil fashioned by their own hands. The fragments preserved from this frieze still bear witness to the sacred majesty of this rite. The statue of Athena Parthenos symbolized the best in Athenian ideals, its calm and queenly figures personified the Athenian passionate desire for freedom, unfaltering search for truth, and above all, great love of beauty. It is true that Gothic art, which flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, still remains as one of the most striking witnesses of human achievement; that modern skyscrapers are impressive structures possessing inspiring heights and actual beauty of line, form, and mass, but Greek architecture will ever remain as the chief source of architectural inspiration because of its simplicity, sincerity, conscientious working-out of legitimate detail, and devotion to severe beauty of form.

The indebtedness of the world today to Greece is most forcibly shown in sculpture. The paintings of Greece have perished. Greek architecture, it is true, has been the inspiration of such noble buildings as the temple of Neptune in Paestum, Italy, the temples of the Roman Forums, the Madeleine in Paris, and our own Lincoln Memorial in Washington, although the succeeding centuries have produced, as in the Gothic, satisfying and beautiful forms of architecture. In sculpture, however, Greece still stands as the first guide and teacher; for her works in this field have never been equalled.

The three great sculptors of the fifth century were Myron, Polyclitus, and Phidias. Myron is famous for his statues of athletes; the most renowned is the Discobolus or the Discus-Thrower. Polyclitus fashioned images of athletes in bronze; the two finest are the Doryphoros and the Diadumenos. No finer or more perfect specimens of sculptural art can be found than those of the Parthenon, most of which are the work of Phidias. The greatest tribute to this period of sculpture is found in the declaration that the Athenian sculptor was the peer of the Athenian architect. The period following the Age of Pericles, the fourth century B. C., during which Praxiteles contributed his work, shows the change in taste in Greek art. Classic reserve and simplicity are less conspicuous; the personality of the individual artist is more evident, and emotion and sentiment find expression. We are extremely fortunate in having a genuine specimen of Praxiteles' work. He, more than the others of this period, however, adhered rather closely to the classic spirit. The identification of his Hermes is certain, for Pausanias, an accurate Greek authority on mythology, history, and art, who lived in the second century, B. C., tells us that one of the statues in the temple of Hera, at Olympia, was a marble Hermes carrying the infant Dionysus, the work of Praxiteles. It was in an excavation of this temple that the Hermes was found. The lower part of the legs, except the right foot, and part of the right arm are missing. The remainder of the figure and the entire head are wonderfully preserved, the exquisite finish of the surface of the Parian marble being unmarred.

Hermes was the god of the wind, possessor of a winged cap and winged sandals, and a short sword, bent like a scythe; all gifts of Zeus; As the latter's messenger, he could make himself invisible and could assume various forms. His ready wit and eloquent tongue added to his usefulness. Two of his most important missions were the carrying of sleep to mortals and the conducting of the souls of the dying to the other world. Another well-known duty of his was the care of the motherless infant, Dionysus. The Greeks were very fond of him, for he was not too grand to be companionable; he was blithe, gentle, and good-natured. Praxiteles represents him by an athletic, youthful figure of more slender physique than the athletes of Polyclitus. He stands naturally and gracefully with his left leg slightly bent. His left arm, which supports the infant, rests on a tree trunk, over which hangs his cloak. The folds of the garment are executed with masterly skill. The uplifted right arm evidently held some object, possibly a bunch of grapes, which attracts the child's attention. The head is strikingly done with a strong nose and a broad forehead which bulges slightly above the brows, marking a strong masculinity of character. The eyes are rather narrow, and the lower

face gradually contracts. His face wins us with its gentle amiability; it is tender and playful, yet extremely refined and courteous. The pose of the head portrays a deferential listener. The close-cropped locks of hair are only roughly blocked out in impressionistic fashion. The somewhat dreamy gaze of the god is not fixed upon the infant; he is in a pensive mood. The features are cut with typical Greek regularity, yet the countenance has its individual charm. The droop of the upper eyelid characterizes a dreamy nature, while the curve of his smiling lips shows his playfulness. The curls finish the perfect contour of the head accentuated by the small, beautiful ear. Other works of Praxiteles are the Aphrodite of Cnidus and the Satyr, or, as we know it, the Marble Faun, neither of which remain in their original state.

We need only consider such a limited number of the imperishable gifts as are mentioned above, bequeathed to the world by those dreamers of men, the Greeks, to be moved and inspired by a deep regard for that mysterious force, called mind, which they developed to such a degree as to enable them to transmit to man their great gift, Culture, a gift shaped and molded by their appreciation of the Beautiful.

JEANNE STEINBRENNER, '32.

A Risk

"Yes, yes."

"This is Doctor Graham speaking."

"Serious?"

"Very well, I shall be at the hospital immediately."

Tom Graham put the telephone down on the table. His wife was looking at him anxiously, half-questioningly.

The doctor crossed the room and stood by her chair. "I shall have to go to the hospital at once, Mary. Doctor Waring is out of town and the house doctor just telephoned that there has been a very serious accident, a young boy, thrown from his horse, while riding in the park. An immediate operation. I am sorry to spoil your party, Mary, but I must go."

Mary looked up at her husband. His face was drawn and tired. The lines about his mouth and the deeper ridges under his eyes, were, of late, sources of no little worry to her.

"Of course, Tom, by all means you must go. It may not be serious. I shall explain to our guests. They will understand. No doubt, you will be back before they leave."

As he pulled on his heavy coat, he said, "Never mind, Mary, some day Doctor Graham will operate on the telephone wires and we shall have a holiday."

Mary was keenly disappointed, but she had learned not to show it. How many parties and engagements had been spoiled by calls coming at an unearthly hour! When she was tempted to pity herself at such trying times, she remembered the words of her mother, who had frequently said: "A doctor's life is not easy, Mary, neither is his wife's. He must serve and so must she. It will be hard, but you must be brave and unselfish."

Mary was ashamed of herself. What would her mother think of her, if she saw her brooding because her plans were spoiled? Perhaps a life was at stake. She would go upstairs and read to the children until the guests arrived. Tom would probably be back by ten o'clock.

Doctor Graham, still clad in evening clothes, went immediately to the third floor of the hospital. He stopped only long enough to put on his coat and wash his hands. He seemed strangely uneasy tonight. His voice shook and he was unusually nervous. He braced himself and opened the door of the operating room. Inside, two immaculately clad nurses were moving about noiselessly, sterilizing instruments, and adjusting the powerful lights. The assisting surgeon was patiently standing in waiting.

On the table was the almost lifeless form of a boy of about eight years of age. His legs and arms were stiff. The pallor of his face out-rivalled the pillow on which his head was resting.

Doctor Graham gasped as he saw the face of the boy. He was John Amesbury's son. He knew the child well. He had set his arm last summer and had brought him through pneumonia two winters ago.

With the intuition of a surgeon, Doctor Graham knew that it was no plain fracture or a slight concussion. The body was too limp and unresponsive to nervous shocks. He moved his skillful fingers deftly but lightly over the boy's head. As he thought, there was a bone pressing on the brain. There was no time to be lost.

"Administer the ether, nurse, please." The doctor ordered quickly. His breath came in gasps.

The nurse looked at him in surprise. His mouth was tightened into a firm line. The color had gone from his lips. His brow was contracted, until his eyebrows almost seemed to meet. His jaw was set firmly and squarely.

Doctor Graham breathed a prayer and took up the shining instrument which the nurse handed to him. He chiselled the bone. It seemed to take hours. His speed was hampered by the struggle in his mind.

When the bone had been cut away and the incision made, Tom saw what he had anticipated. The occipital bone had been slightly shattered and a tiny splinter from it was pressing into the delicate, protective "pia mater." In no time, it would pierce through to the child's brain.

The surgeon loosened his hold on the knife. He bowed his head. "If he should fail? Would he risk the boy's life and his own reputation and let the boy live, even if his brain would never function properly?"

If John Amesbury's son died under his knife, he would be ruined. Amesbury was the biggest trustee and share-holder in the hospital. If he failed, his resignation from the staff would be requested.

In a fraction of a second, he was back in thought to a certain night ten years ago in old Doctor Pierce's office, where he had been summoned after class one evening. The old man's words were still ringing loudly and persistently in his ears. He could see the old doctor sitting in his straight-back chair, looking at him over silver-rimmed glasses and saying:

"You will be a great surgeon some day, my boy. You have the steadiest hand of any man in your class. You will succeed, if you dare. Graham, you are afraid to take a chance. I have watched you all through working on your specimens. You are careful. A good thing in a surgeon; but too much care makes for cowardice. My boy, you are not a coward. When a life is at stake, take a chance. Human life is the most precious thing we have. Why? We cannot replace it. Take a chance, Graham, and you will win."

Dr. Graham grasped the knife. He held it so tight that the blood left his fingers. He was determined. He would take the chance. What

did Amesbury matter? He would do it for any man's son. If his own son were there, would he not risk everything? In an instant it would be over. The injurious bone would be removed. Then he would draw over the skin and bandage up the wound.

When Doctor Graham left the operating room, he did not go to the office. He followed the lifeless form of the child down to his room, all the time giving orders to the internes and nurses to beware of jolting or shock to the child's nervous system. After he had given the necessary instructions, he started for home.

Mary's last dinner-guests had departed long before she heard the motor of her husband's car as it swung into the driveway. Since she could not sleep when Tom was operating, it had become her custom to wait up and say the rosary for him. When she opened the door, she almost cried out. Her husband's appearance frightened her. She had never seen him look so worn and drawn before. He seemed to have aged ten years in the course of that evening. Mary knew that he did not care to talk, so she took his coat, and drew up his favorite chair close to the warm fire, which was glowing in the grate. Then she slipped into the kitchen and returned a few minutes later with a tray of steaming tea and warm toast.

"Hot tea and then to bed, doctor's orders!" she said, as she poured a cup of the warm beverage for her husband.

"Thank you, Mary," he replied, "but I am going back to the hospital in a couple of hours. You go to bed. I shall rest here."

"No, Tom, I shall stay right here with you." If Tom would not take care of his own health, she would have to see that he did.

Doctor Graham knew it was useless to protest. Mary had made up her mind, and he would let her stay, for he wanted to tell her about the operation.

Mary listened silently. She was nervous, but unafraid. Tom could not fail. Of course Amesbury's boy would recover.

It was daylight when Mary awoke. She must have been asleep for hours. Tom's chair was empty and his coat was gone. He must have hurried down to the hospital.

Presently the door opened and the housekeeper came in to tell her that she was wanted at the telephone. Mary knew that it was Tom, calling from the hospital.

"Yes, Mary speaking."

Then, "Oh, Tom, thank God!"

CATHERINE LEONARD, '33.

The Aeroplane

O silver bird, that swoops from heaven's dome,
O bird of shining wings, so swift, so strong,
O'er banks of clouds you trace your course along
The endless stretch of blue, your spacious home.
On you, the god of thunder hurls his spear,
The lightning rips a frowning, murky sky,
And torrents fall to blind the steady eye
That guides you safely through an unknown sphere.
The hand of man, with strange and wondrous skill
Has fashioned you to save a nation's life.
A million hearts thrill, dulled by bloody strife,
To see the harbinger of hope fly high,
And with a peace, that you alone instill,
They watch you sweep majestic through the sky.

RUTH E. LEARY, '33.

“Well Begun——.”

To Shakespeare fell the lot of pleasing a critical Elizabethan, theatre-going audience. Plays were to the Elizabethans what the combats of the gladiators were to the ancient Romans. They attended them regularly, enjoyed them thoroughly, and regarded them as the most popular form of entertainment.

With the intuition of a playwright and an adroit craftsman, Shakespeare knew well that his success or failure depended on his opening scenes. If the attention of the audience was to be held throughout the play, it was necessary to arrest it at the very beginning of the presentation. He had to present his introductory information, all-important for an understanding of his story, to a motley gathering of people whose minds were distracted by assembling. Furthermore, he had to condense this introductory material into the briefest space possible if he was to finish his play within the time allotted. In composition, the task of a novelist is easy, for he addresses a single quiet reader whose whole attention is focused on the book; and he has at his disposal all the time he needs for a full presentation of setting and antecedent events.

The first effort of the dramatist, therefore, is to catch the attention of the audience. In order to attain this, with his heterogeneous and noisy assemblage, Shakespeare commonly resorted to some special artifice by which to strike the emotional keynote of the story in order to put the audience in the right mood for an appreciation of what is to follow; to give adequate information concerning precedent events; to introduce the chief personages and indicate their relations one to another; and to build up the little world in which the action is to take place.

In *King Lear*, the entire cast of the tragedy appears in the first scene. The tyranny and unreasonableness of Lear, on which the whole plot hinges, are revealed immediately. Kent proves himself a loyal servant, France, a man of courage and nobility. The well-worded flattery and nice deceits of Goneril and Regan are introduced in sharp contrast to the almost blunt honesty and sincere affection of their much abused sister, Cordelia. The audience almost feels the presage of disaster in Lear's rash and hasty division of his kingdom. The positions of Albany and Cornwall are evident to show how their estates will benefit by Lear's decision. The whole world in which we are to live and feel during the drama is created for us with a few skillful strokes of the artist's pen. We throb with emotion, forecast conclusions, and sigh with sympathy, as Cordelia is banished from her poor, weak, royal father, who never needed her so much. Truly, Shakespeare has captivated our interest and attention!

In *Macbeth*, also, the dramatist captures the attention of the idlest spectator with his initial scene of thunder, lightning, a deserted moor, and the three witches, whose very appearance strikes a note of terror. Their actions and moods are weird and uncanny and forebode evil for Macbeth, while they chill the audience with fear:

“When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?”

“When the hurly-burly’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won.”

“That will be ere set of sun.”

“Where the place?”

“Upon the heath.”

“There to meet with Macbeth.”

Ominously they plan a second meeting to forward the malicious business over which they have been in consultation. The time agreed upon is after the battle; the place appointed is on the heath; and the specific purpose, clearly stated, is “There to meet with Macbeth.” Thus we learn that it is none other than the hero of the play whom they are scheming to assail.

A sudden flash of lightning causes the Witches to turn, as though hidden forces of darkness are summoning them: “I come, Graymalkin!” —“Paddock calls”—“Anon!”—. And, as if gloating in the mischief that is brewing, they chant in unison:

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair.”

This line strikes the fundamental note of the whole tragedy. Nothing could better characterize the coming deterioration in the souls of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

Then a cloud of black smoke arises about the Witches’ feet; they flutter their arms as though preparing for flight and exclaim:

“Hover through the fog and filthy air.”

The smoke gradually envelops them; and when it dissolves, they have disappeared, leaving only the barren heath. The curtains are slowly drawn, and the first scene comes to an end.

The artist has accomplished briefly, yet effectively, everything required of an opening scene: he has caught the attention by arousing curiosity as to subsequent events, and he has struck the keynote of the play.

In the second scene the poet begins the preliminary information necessary for an understanding of the plot, emphasizing throughout the valor of Macbeth, and his ability to protect his country from dangers with which the weak king is utterly unable to cope. In short, Macbeth is presented to us almost as a heroic figure and all our curiosity is whetted to see this "valiant Macbeth," and to learn why the Witches are planning to meet him immediately after he has achieved his great personal triumph.

In *Hamlet*, too, Shakespeare has succeeded in bringing the audience immediately into the atmosphere of the tragedy. When the curtain rises, the spectators are attracted at once by the slow, steady pace of the guards, Bernardo and Francisco. The weirdness of the clock striking the midnight hour and our pause to count the strokes deepen the intense, death-like silence of the night.

" 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."

Why should Francisco, a manly soldier, walking up and down with steady pace on his accustomed nightly watch, be "sick at heart?"

The note struck there is an emotional one of fear and wonder.

"What, has this thing appeared again tonight?" asks Marcellus, who arrives at the stroke of twelve to accompany Bernardo.

Here we receive the first indication that something unusual has made Francisco "sick at heart." Whereupon the ensuing conversations between Marcellus and Horatio further emphasize uncanny omens, and provide definite information about "the dreaded sight" that had thrice chilled the watchers "almost to jelly with the act of fear." Horatio's frank scepticism about the Ghost,

"Tush, Tush! 'Twill not appear!"

arouses in us the natural desire to see the doubter put to confusion. With a superior smile, he agrees to let his friends sit down and once more repeat their story. They seat themselves while Bernardo begins the narrative. Just as the speaker's involved clauses and annoying explanations of details begin to exhaust our patience, his utterance is cut short by the entrance of the Ghost itself.

Why does Shakespeare introduce the Ghost in the first few minutes of the play? It does not speak a single word. It stalks across the stage and goes out. Obviously the introduction here is a shrewd trick on the part of the author to catch the attention of the audience to whom he immediately begins to impart some of the introductory information essential to the understanding of the plot.

The fear-stricken onlookers had urged Horatio to speak to the Ghost since he was a scholar, but the erstwhile sceptic was harrowed "with fear and wonder." Notwithstanding, he summoned courage to ask:

"What are thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, Speak!"

Then follows information about the elder King Hamlet, recently dead; about the unsettled state of affairs in Denmark; about young Fortinbras of Norway. At the same time, the dramatist seizes the opportunity to strike again, and more insistently, the note of tragedy. Horatio points out that the appearance of a ghost is always ominous and that the return of the recently buried king, walking in full armor before the royal palace, is "a mote to trouble the mind's eye." We become a trifle weary of Horatio's historical dissertation and our interest needs to be rearoused. Nothing will do it so effectively as the Ghost, who appears forthwith and interrupts Horatio. The latter, more courageous than before, steps into its path and bars the way:

"Stay, illusion!
Speak to me!"

For answer the Ghost raises its arms and starts to speak, but instantly the cock crows, and the Ghost, frightened, drops its arms and hurries away, impervious to all efforts to detain it.

" 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery."

"It was about to speak, when the cock crew."
"And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons."

There is no doubt that the purpose of this entire scene is to rivet the attention of the audience by arousing their curiosity. Shakespeare does not allow the Ghost to speak until the audience has met young Hamlet, his treacherous uncle, and his recently married mother. Since this introduction takes place in the second scene, the crowing of the cock enables the artist neatly to end the first scene with a reference to the light of the moon, the coming of which naturally breaks up the watch.

From these rapid sketches of the opening scenes of Shakespeare's three well-known tragedies, it is easy to see with what incomparable skill he has struck the emotional keynote of each drama and built up the little world in which the action is to take place. The wealth of matter contained in these three short scenes is but a slight indication of the unlimited possibilities of study that Shakespeare offers. Truly Ben Jonson wrote:

"Soul of our age!

The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage!"

CATHERINE LEONARD, '33.

Alma Mater

Enshrined within our youthful hearts, you hold
Maternal sway, . . . yea, something more, for you
Madonna-like, recall that blessed name,
Ablaze with majesty and awesome strength. . . .
Naught else but God; for when your ensign is
Unfurled, we read across its bright blue front,
"Emmanuel," . . . bespeaking your grave aim
Majestically, "That thou art with us, God!"

RUTH GRUSH, '33.

The Sea

O sea! so calm and shining, mirror bright
Of velvet sky, all jeweled, thou dost blaze
With fiery diamond sparks. From out this maze
Of splendor leans the Moon, a queenly light
Of pearl, to see herself reflected in thy sight.
How proud she is, and how her gaze
Makes thee, her slave, give trembling praise,
And forces thee to quiver with delight.
Thou art the very Soul of Man, O sea!
Wherein the light of Grace, which is the Moon,
Doth look with anxious care to see her face
Reflected in thee, free from mottling sin.
I hope the mirror of my soul shall be
As radiant as thine, when Grace looks in.

MARY BARROW, '33.

S. O. S.

Winter time on the North Atlantic along the lanes used by the transatlantic liners running between Liverpool and Halifax is hardly a spot one would choose for a pleasure cruise.

It is a section of sudden gales, fogs, wild seas, blizzards, and bitter cold, a place where quick death lurks in every curling, hissing comber, a place where spindrift drenches the hurricane blast.

The North Atlantic was at its worst on that bitter January morning as the Cunarder "Alaunia," five days out of Liverpool, plunging and bucking, raced her great engines to keep ahead of the gray-green seas that rose to dizzy heights, and endeavored to crash over her starboard quarter. She forged ahead valiantly, however, as if conscious of the fact that she carried the Premier of England among her passengers, bound for Montreal to attend an important conference three days hence.

The commander of the ship, Captain Keating, braced himself on the port wing of the "Alaunia's" navigating bridge and tried to pierce the murky vapor with his keen, straining eyes. His oil-skins were drenched with spray and he had a sou'wester jammed down over his graying hair. For more hours than he cared to remember he had stood stolidly against the blast, the elements playing a fitting accompaniment to his troubled thoughts.

On such a day as this twenty years ago, Captain Keating brought his storm-battered ship into its doubtful port to receive the joyful news that he was the father of a lusty young heir. And every year since the anniversary of the memorable day had found him in port with knick-knacks and treasures from every part of the globe for his son. But this year he would come in with empty hands, for that son had left his home six months ago and had not been heard from since.

The saddened captain passed his mittened hand across his eyes to free them of the salt from tears and spray that encrusted them. In the wheelhouse two quartermasters were at the wheel, deftly moving it to keep the big ship on her course. Hours passed. Rifts appeared in the leaden sky. The howling hurricane let down to a whole gale. The seas still ran high but not with the demoniacal rage of the early morning.

Up in the wireless room the operator was keenly alert, his headset clamped tightly down over his ears that he might not miss any faint signal that would come out of the air, telling of disaster, or aid needed. Then through the gale across those wild-running seas came a call for help.

Faintly at first, then crashing in with a voice that nearly broke the operator's eardrums, came the story. Far down to the southwest was a

freight steamer wallowing her soggy way toward Halifax. She was out of St. Pierre. A sailorman of the crew, sent aloft to secure a heavy steel cargo block that had gone adrift from its lashings, had been hurled to the deck as the freighter plunged into a deep sea valley. Head foremost he struck the steel deck with a crash that would have crushed a frailer man to pulp. He was unconscious, but still alive.

Grasping the message, the second wireless operator fought his way to the bridge. Captain Keating read the message. For a moment his weary, bloodshot eyes looked out over the tossing seas. Why not leave it to chance that some other vessel had also picked up the S. O. S.? He must bring his ship in on time despite the elements. It carried important personages. Also the time for a promotion to master of one of the larger liners was near and this successful handling of the "Alaunia" might bring it to him. But no, there was work to be done,—the ancient law of the sea must be obeyed.

Turning to the quartermaster he ordered, "Hawley, change her course to 52° 24'."

A brief note was sent from the bridge to the office of the ship's surgeon, Dr. Franklin. Calmly and deliberately he picked up his instrument case, opened it, and examined each instrument within. Then he snapped it shut, turned to his locker and pulled out oil skins, woolen socks, and mittens.

Two hours passed. Above on the bridge, Captain Keating and other navigating officers strained their eyes through the murk—watching—watching—trying to sight the colored freighter, whose call for help had come through the gale.

"There it is off to the south west," cried Wright, the second officer, who was the first to see the ship. Bells in the liner's engine room jangled. The quartermaster at the wheel wrestled it back and forth. Finally the "Alaunia" got the freighter under her lee.

On the boat deck rubber-encased men, each with a life-preserver bound about him, tumbled into a lifeboat. Last of all came Dr. Franklin, whose work was about to begin.

"Remember, Franklin," said the captain to him, "we are standing by here,—waiting. Do all in your power to save the poor fellow's life."

Slowly the boat was lowered. Inch by inch it went down the smooth, still sides of the liner, that rolled in the heavy seas. Captain Keating watched anxiously the stout-muscle seamen, who fended the tiny cockleshell away from the liner's side. He knew that it would have been sudden death for the passengers of the craft, had it been allowed even to touch the ship.

A great sea rushed along the "Alaunia's" side. The lifeboat was dropped. The sea swept on, and on its crest went the lifeboat, with brave men tugging mightily at the oars.

Dr. Franklin crouched in the stern sheets. It was a perilous passage. One oar not hitting the water right might send them to their doom. But they were men trained to the sea. With clock-like regularity those long sweeps dipped, and rose dripping, only to fall again as one. Standing in the stern the third officer grasped the long steering pole.

To Captain Keating, the time seemed interminable as he watched the tiny boat creep toward the freighter, inch by inch. Finally it approached those wallowing, rusty sides. A bit of line hurtled out from the rail. It fell across the lifeboat and was caught by an oarsman. The officer worked his little craft in as near as he dared, then, in a bit of a lull, rushed it in to the Jacob's ladder that swung out from the rail. As a wave lifted the boat, the ship surgeon, his instrument case hung about his neck, grasped the swaying rope ladder. The boat fell out from under him and backed away. Slowly the surgeon mounted step by step. The ladder swung wildly. He was battered and weary as strong hands grasped him and hauled him bodily over the freighter rail. But without faltering he followed an officer who beckoned him.

On a settee in the ship's saloon lay the crippled figure of a youth, one who had been strong and powerful. The deft fingers of the surgeon worked about his head.

"Compound fracture of the skull," he said, turning to the freighter's captain, and the little group of officers who watched him work. "He must have hospitalization," Dr. Franklin continued, "won't live without it—probably won't live anyway."

From the rusty deck of the freighter the youth's body was lowered by rough but tender hands into the lifeboat. Upstretched hands stood by there to receive it. With a brief "good-bye," the surgeon went down the rope ladder and the return trip to the "Alaunia" was started.

The little boat crept back over the treacherous waters until it came under the "Alaunia's" lee once more. The task of raising the injured man to the liner's deck was even a more precarious and delicate one than that of lowering it from the freighter had been. Dr. Franklin climbed up after the patient. The lifeboat sank from under him just as his steel-muscled fingers closed over the lowest rung of the ladder. His body swung against the ship. Then hands from above grasped his wrists; he felt himself lifted. He was on deck and turned to face the captain, whose face was a livid white. His wildly staring eyes could tell of nothing but fear.

Dr. Franklin looked at him in amazement and exclaimed, "Captain Keating, what has happened—is he dead?"

"Oh, my God, I hope not!" cried the Captain hoarsely, "he's my son, Doctor. Do you hear? He's my son! You've got to save him—he's all I have."

The surgeon with an exclamation hastened down to the ship's hospital, where the patient lay still and white on the operating table. Dr. Franklin gave a few brief orders to the attendants. All was in readiness now for the difficult and delicate operation to be performed on that rolling and pitching ship.

For anxious hours Captain Keating paced back and forth on his bridge. He was deaf to entreaties of the first officer to allow him to take his watch. Action, action, was all that could relieve his pent-up emotions. Then in the dark of the night came word to the bridge that his son would live. Dr. Franklin, himself weary, came afterward to the exhausted Captain's quarters to reassure him.

"He is going to live, Captain," he said, "and I must confess that is more than I expected after all the buffeting around he had. It was his remarkable constitution that stood by him—a chip of the old block, I should say," added the surgeon with a smile.

"Thank God!" was all the grateful father could say.

HELEN MORGAN, '33.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

INDIVIDUALISM

The president of a meat packing company has won fame because he ships his hams in the daintiest "old-world" tin boxes with blue ribbons. A villainous racketeer has won renown because he not only shoots to kill, but also wears the smartest, most daring creations in the line of check suits. All those in "Who's Who," and some who are not, have won their place on the ladder of success chiefly through individualism. Just what is this individualism? Everyone will tell you it is the ability to be "different," the excuse to express oneself. And everyone is right. Consider our favorite actresses who never talk, wear rough woolen sweaters in private life, and affect a pose of utter weariness with their insipid existence; our favorite authors who write startling exposés on the private life of Helen of Troy or other sure-fire sirens, living or dead. These are the ones who are worshiped by the common plodders of every day. The public loves to think of its authors and artists as long-haired dreamers gnawing crusts in a mice-possessioned garret. And so, if the poor struggling poet has never written a "Paradise Lost," or a "Courtship of Miles Standish," fame will be his, such as it is, as soon as the daily tabloid finds out his romantic home conditions.

To get down to the concrete, Manhattan is now at the feet of a certain young artist-cartoonist, chiefly a suspect, because he owns forty suits and has a flair for purple shirts and lavender ties which he wears with just the right air of dash. Certainly he does not try to please the people with his acid sketches,—this Peter Arno. But because he dares to picture his public just as they are and as they appear to him, fools, he is worshiped and looked up to as an individualist of first rank.

Often I feel sorry that Edgar Allan Poe, that gloomy, eccentric genius of the nineteenth century, is not living now. How he would love it, and how he would be loved! Imagine getting paid as one might say, for having wavy, dark hair, and a melancholy, emaciated, but withal so interesting a countenance. Perhaps his life would not be the tragedy it was, for most likely he would be "understood" in the modern sense of the word; just as our little Johnnie who, upon issuing some choice epithets against his mother's opinion, watches his mother calmly smile and say: "Don't restrain the dear. You'll suppress all his individualism." Be that as it may, it is a great age for those who want to do what they want, when they want to do it, and be "understood" into the bargain.

Again, I often regret that Samuel Johnson, uncouth, ponderous, queer as he was, did not have the chance to live in this sympathetic age of ours. Perhaps he would not appreciate the indulgence of people as much as Poe, for he cared even less what they thought about him. But then, it was not so much what people thought as whether one could "get away" with what they thought and be admired just the same. Imagine Johnson walking along the streets of London today, running around lamp-posts, and kissing a few here and there. In a few days the *London Times* would have pictures and anecdotes about this new phenomenon. Then *Punch* would caricature him in his rooms or at the table, and he would be a made man without the help even of *Rasselas*. If he were to go back to his old home town, the local band would be at the station to welcome him and a few extra posts would be erected for his pleasure and convenience. Even Chaucer, a prince of moderation, just because his favorite flower was the daisy and not the usual rose, would be hailed as an individualist.

So it seems that if we take a few lessons from some of our illustrious ancestors of more "ignorant" ages, we shall probably some day find ourselves on top of the world defiantly flaunting a whole bag of eccentricities,—natural or otherwise—before its bluff, old face. But let me add one thing more: It is rather a dangerous way to achieve success.

RUTH M. GRUSH, '33.

FALSE PROPHETS

A great deal has been written during recent years about the possibility that in the course of time there will be produced in this country creative work sufficiently artistic and typical to be called "American art." Invariably these articles have favored us, and held the theory that very real and typically American art would be produced. Almost invariably the youthfulness of the nation has been presented as the fundamental obstacle to national artistic greatness.

It is quite true that a certain national maturity is essential to a national art, but it is quite false to imagine that all that is required, is tradition which will in turn foster and inspire national art.

It is so true as to be trite that artistic inspiration must be spiritual, and it is equally true that all real spiritual inspiration is fundamentally religious. All of those who prophesy a typical art, however, for our country have either failed to recognize this principle or have misapplied it. Before we go further, let us notice that the inspiration for American art must be not only spiritual, but representative of the nation. Thus the idea of American art requires American tradition, genuine tradition, which

is made up not merely of achievement and triumph, but which may rise out of material failure and defeat, if such failure is suffered to uphold an ideal. Such traditions arise usually from two sources, military or religious; or, more often from a combination of the two, as in the case of the expulsion of the Danes by Alfred, of which Chesterton has written a thoroughly English and thoroughly Christian song.

In his book, "Our Changing Theatre," Dana Skinner draws a parallel between the American soldiers of the World War and the Crusaders of France in the thirteenth century. He thinks that the American soldiers viewing the true Gothic in France for the first time were in the same position as the French Crusaders who "looked together upon the minarets of Byzantium and felt, probably for the first time in their lives, the meaning of towers aspiring heavenward." And he adduces this assumed spiritual similarity to the support of his prophecy of real American art. Passing over the erroneous idea that the minarets of Byzantium inspired Gothic architecture, history has quite conclusively proved that the World War was in no sense a Crusade, despite the fact that it crushed certain barbarians.

It is ridiculous, however, because of the nature of its formation, to look for an explicitly religious inspiration in America; all our wars have been wars of expedience. The answer, then, is obvious enough; real American art must wait for the birth of real tradition.

ANNA JOYCE, '32.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

The Sala Listina or Great Hall of the Vatican Library which was recently damaged by the collapse of the roof, has always been considered one of the greatest storehouses of world treasures in the form of manuscripts and rare books. How great its collection really was is not known, since the work of cataloguing the books, begun under the direction of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, five years ago, has not been completed, but it is expected that this cataloguing will bring to light many unknown volumes of great historical value.

The library building was constructed in 1588 under the direction of Pope Sixtus V to house the then comparatively small collection of books started in 1450 by Pope Nicholas V and which had come down to him from his predecessors.

In the Sala Listina, were contained the most precious of the books and manuscripts, among them an autograph manuscript of Petrarch's sonnets, the Acts of the Apostles, written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and given to Pope Innocent VIII by the Queen of Cyprus, the famous Greek Codex B of the Bible, part of a sixth-century manuscript of Virgil, early manuscripts of Terence, and a copy of the "Divine Comedy" made by Boccaccio and presented by him to Petrarch. Here, too, were autographs of Luther, Tasso, Michelangelo, drawings of Raphael, and an early history of the Duke of Urbino, containing miniatures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Each Pope has interested himself in the work of the Library until the collection today is vast and its housing has been extended several times. The present Pope, however, has taken particular interest in it, since before his election to the Papacy he was the head of the Vatican Library. Since his election, he has undertaken to provide more space for the crowded books by erecting the best of bookstacks in a gallery that for more than a century has been part of the Pontifical arsenal. The task of constructing these bookstacks, and of cataloguing the books has been carried on with the help of Americans, for in the first case, it is an American, Mr. Angus McDonald, who was the engineer, and in the second case, with the aid of the Carnegie endowment for international peace, four members of the Vatican staff made a year's study of American library conditions and methods, especially the indexing and filing in the Library of Congress at Washington.

The damage done by the collapse of the roof is not so bad as was first feared, and of the forty-six cases holding precious volumes only one was destroyed. Beneath the wreckage were buried from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand books, but they were modern research volumes, not at all comparable in value to the precious manuscripts in other parts of the wing.

Among the articles known to have been destroyed are a large vase of Sévres china presented to Pope Pius IX by Napoleon III, on the occasion of the baptism of the heir to the imperial throne, a large table made of one slab labradorite, and a letter written to Pope Leo X by Martin Luther. A pillar decorated with gold figures, presented to Pope Pius IX by the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, was carried down but was later found, and it is believed that the gold figures can be replaced. The frescoes on the ceiling, that depicted events in the life of Pope Sixtus V, were also destroyed as the roof crashed through, but those on the wall remain intact.

As greatly as we regret the loss of the treasures that can never be replaced, still more do we mourn the deaths of four workmen and the young lawyer, who lost their lives in the collapse. Their work of glory to God and His Church brought with it death, but they will be remembered always as martyrs to His faith.

W. K. W.

EXCHANGES

Because of the early printing of the first issue of the *ETHOS* this year, we were unable to include an Exchange department, but with this second issue we are happy to announce that monthlies and quarterlies from various colleges have reached us and are available to all who are interested in them on the first desk of the *ETHOS* room.

We recommend the reading of "A Modern Irish Dramatist" in the *Font Hill Dial*, the Mount Saint Vincent monthly. While we do not agree with the author in all her statements about Synge, we are keenly aware in reading her article that she speaks with authority and appreciation. She has seized the spirit of his plays and has striven to defend her author by reviewing for us his rising success, and paying a particular tribute to "Riders to the Sea," his finest interpretation of the Celtic spirit. The article is written in a simple direct style, that has taken something from the pages of our greatest critics.

Modern short stories in college periodicals are not likely to be very fascinating reading even for an Exchange Editor, but "Two Masks There Are" from the November-December, 1931 *Trinity College Record* proves the exception. Its plot is simple and well-sustained, and ends on a note of mystery and wonder. Not too remarkable at all!—but its primary quality is readability.

For particular artistry we commend the December issue of the *Fordham Monthly* for its opening poem.

"Two Men," a short story in the same magazine, is done in the popular psychological manner with an atmosphere of the Orient in its lines. The father, who is forced out of his home by his son-in-law, prays for vengeance to the just gods. His son-in-law is killed by these same, but the old man loses his life at the same time, because of a like desire on the part of the son-in-law. There is a striking passage describing a thunder-shower and the quiet night that follows.

The *ETHOS* has also received the following magazines and papers: from Trinity College, *The Trinity College Times*, *The Trinity College Record*; from Marygrove, *The Watch Tower*; from Villanova, *The Villanovan*; from Providence College, *The Alembic*; from Smith College,

Smith College Weekly; from Marywood College, *Marywood Voice*; from Nazareth College, *The Nazarene*; from Rosary College, *Rosary College Eagle*; from Boston College, *The Stylus*, *The Heights*; from Simmons College, *Simmons College Review*; from Holy Cross, *Holy Cross Purple*; from Fordham University, *Fordham Monthly*; from Mundelein College, *The Clepsydra*; from the College of Mount Saint Vincent, *The Font Hill Dial*; from the College of Notre Dame, *Damozel*; from Seton Hill College, *The Setonian*; from Mount Mary College, *The Black Hawk*.

My Garden Pool

There a frog sits on a lily pad,
And blinks at a humming bird whirring by,
With a look that is worldly-wise and sad,
And snaps an occasional fly.

There the pickerel weed flaunts its flag of blue
Mid the saggita blossoms white,
There the rising sun sees his image new,
And the moon shines up at night.

Oh, it isn't a spot of great domain,
Just a shady corner cool,
Just a small sweet note in nature's refrain,
It's my tiny garden pool.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

E. C. ECHOES

SODALITY NEWS

Ferns and flowers grouped about it drew our eyes to the stage painting of the Madonna as we entered the Auditorium on November twentieth. The program presented there in honor of Our Lady's Presentation drew our thoughts to Mary and gave us the opportunity of dedicating ourselves to her again.

The Sodality had sponsored, according to custom, a contest for an original short-story, poem, and hymn, centered about the theme of the Presentation. The successful competitors, Helen Morgan, '33, in the story contest, and Ruth Grush, '33, in the poetry contest, read their contributions. The hymn, written by Margaret Riley, '32, was sung by the whole assembly. Other musical selections were offered by Winifred Burdick, '35; Louise Hollander, '33; Dorothy Hatch, '33, and Lillian Collins, '32.

In the name of the student body, Mary F. Kelley, '32, the President of the Sodality, extended grateful good wishes to the faculty on the occasion of a feast particularly dear to religious.

The program concluded with the recitation of the Act of Consecration to Mary by the assembly.

* * *

The traditional formal reception of Freshmen into the Sodality took place on the day preceding the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. In their white dresses and veils, the Freshmen had the place of honor at the head of the procession from the gymnasium to the chapel. The Reverend John J. Lynch received their request for admission, granted it, blessed their Sodality pins and as they advanced to the altar rail, blessed and presented the pins individually. Father Lynch then spoke briefly on the honor of being formally dedicated as Children of Mary, and the ceremony ended with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Every year the best of all afternoons, the Christmas Party, goes all too quickly and this year was no exception. As usual, the Freshman and Sophomore members of the Dramatic Society presented a Christmas play, "Christ is Born." The players were:

Maximus, a Roman general
Mary MacInerny, '34
Dionysius, a Grecian philosopher
Anastasia Kirby, '35
Philotas, steward to Maximus
Dorothy McDonald, '35
Nicodemus, a Jewish doctor
Coralie Nelson, '34
Benoni.....Naomi Dayton, '35
Joachim.....Martha Doherty, '35
Eben.....Margaret Callahan, '34
David.....Helen Murphy, '35
Simon.....Mary Byrne, '34
Angel of the Grotto...Agnes McHugh, '34
Gabriel.....Martha Hurley, '34
Raphael.....Elinor Stankard, '34
Michael.....Evangeline Mercier, '35
Melchior.....Agnes Crane, '34
Gaspar.....Loretta Daly, '34
Balthasar.....Rosemary O'Neill, '34
Mary.....Claire O'Brien, '35
Joseph.....Ruth McLaughlin, '35

Angels:

Marion Cassidy, Marie Scanlon, Dorothy Hughes, Mary Smith, Dorothea McDonald, Elizabeth McNamara

Miss Constance Kivlighan, the Dramatic Coach, directed the play. There were musical selections by the college orchestra, a vocal solo by Miss Martha Hurley, '34; a harp solo by Miss Agnes McHugh, '34, and a violin solo by Miss Elizabeth McNamara, '35.

After the play, Santa Claus paid his annual visit to Emmanuel, much to the entertainment of our guests, the children from the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, each of whom went away with a toy clutched in hands sticky from Santa's candy.

SPANISH CHRISTMAS

The Spanish room was gay with Christmas decorations on Monday, December fourteenth, for the third meeting of El Club Español. The chairs, on each of which was a Spanish song, a fancy basket, and a colorful program, designed by Dorothea Dunegan, were grouped in a semi-circle around the "stage" where the Misses Rose Maffeo, Emily Collins and Dorothea Dunegan put on a short skit, "La Criada Astuta," after the President's welcome to the members of the club. An Andalusian dance in appropriate costume was done by Catherine Leonard and Emily Collins, to the accompaniment of an Andalusian dance record. Then came the surprise of the afternoon in the search, with the aid of a candle of extraordinary power, for gifts hidden by Santa Claus about the room, one for each student, and extra prizes for those who could pin whiskers on Santa Claus and guess the most names of those described in the sketches.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

At the last Assembly before the Christmas holidays, the student body and the faculty enjoyed a program which included the Christmas message of the students to the faculty from the Senior President, the singing of carols by the assembly, as well as a vocal solo by Miss Lillian Collins, and a selection by a trio composed of Miss Agnes Knox, piano; Miss Elizabeth McNamara, violin, and Miss Barbara Hall, cello.

SENIOR BRIDGE

During the Christmas holidays, Emmanuelites met on Monday, December twenty-eighth, at the Westminster Hotel for the Senior Bridge and Tea, conducted under the direction of Miss Mary Rooney and her committee: the Misses Catherine Cooney, Gertrude Parsons, Stella Bayko, Catherine Minahan and Margaret McCullough. The Bridge proved a social and financial success and the Seniors wish to extend their thanks to all those who cooperated to make it so.

JUNIOR PROMENADE

Gone is the greatest of all Junior Proms—or so think our Juniors—with the passing of the brilliant affair which took place in the State Ballroom of the Copley-Plaza on the night of January eighth. The ballroom was decorated in the Junior class colors of red and white. The promenade was led by Miss Winifred Killoran, the President of the Junior class.

The ETHOS wishes to extend its congratulations to Miss Margaret O'Neill, the chairman, and to her committee, which included the Misses Marian Barry, Marie Barry, Ann Fitzpatrick, Edna Gallagher, Helen Gately, Eleanor Grady, Barbara Hall, Mary Keenan, Elizabeth McCarthy and Katherine Mulvey.

Rannie Weeks furnished the music.

MUSICAL SOCIETY BRIDGE

On January thirteenth, the Musical Society conducted its annual Bridge party under the direction of Helen Shanahan, in the Music Hall. Refreshments were served and enjoyed. A five dollar gold piece was won by Constance Walsh, '34.

FOREIGN MISSION ACTIVITIES

The members of the Foreign Mission Society are exerting all their energies to the making of money for the demands that come to them so frequently. Each month they sell French Questionnaires to the Sophomores, collect postage stamps for the missions in Japan, sell chances on Emmanuel pillows, and conduct sales of unclaimed pens and of college seals. A penny a guess on the number of pennies a glass jar will hold is the society's latest enterprise.

The Society collected a large number of dolls from the students for distribution among the poor children of the city during the holiday season.

BASKET-BALL

A lively basket-ball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen on January eleventh was the first of a series planned by the Athletic Association to continue throughout the second semester to determine the winner of the championship. The Freshmen were the victors by a score

of 10-4. Their enthusiastic supporters look forward with confidence to another victory when they meet the Juniors, their opponents, in the game, February seventeenth. The Freshmen invite all to be on hand to see this prophecy fulfilled.

CLASS DAY HONORS

The selection of Class Day honors has been announced as follows:

Class History—Jeanne Steinbrenner
Class Essay—Dorothy Mullin
Class Poem—Mary Clancy
Class Song—Catherine O'Leary
Class Hymn—Gertrude Parsons
Tree Song—Mary Clancy
Tree Oration—Catherine Boucher
Arbor Day Oration—Mary Kelley
Class Will—Eleanor Stafford
Class Prophecy—Mary Cunningham

PRIZE WINNER

Agnes McHugh, '34, has been receiving congratulations for winning the first prize in the National Irish History Contest of the Ancient Order of Hibernians with her essay, "Ireland under the Penal Laws." She was awarded seventy-five dollars at a banquet held by the Everett Council.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

During November, the members of the ancient civilization history class visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in parties of fifteen. The subject of interest was the Egyptian Galleries. Following is a list of the wonderful relics of 3300 B. C. which were explained by a lecturer of the Museum:

In the Old Kingdom Rooms I and II:—alabaster portraits of King Chepren and

of Khuwenra and Shepsekaf; wooden statue of Mehy; a false of Khufuw-Ankh; a group of limestone statuettes from a tomb at Giza.

In the Jewelry Room: royal jewelry and scarabs and a Hellenistic silver cup from Meröe.

In the Ethiopian-Ptolemaic Room: pottery, bronzes, Ethiopian shaw-wabti and stone vessels.

On November thirtieth, in the Auditorium, Miss Elizabeth Loughran reviewed for the members of the Historical Society and their guests the sad conditions now prevailing in Spain. Catholicism has been almost entirely exterminated there, although six ecclesiastics remain in the Cortes. Great injuries have been done to the inhabitants by confiscating their property holdings, as was clearly depicted in the case of the Hotel Astoria. King Alphonsus is holding private court in Paris, and may be interviewed by visitors according to court regulations. His continued residence in France brings danger to that country, however, since Spain regards it with a hostile eye.

Alphonsus' return to the Spanish throne is awaited by the Royalists, but not expected by the majority of the people.

Miss Loughran's visit to Spain was in the interests of Harvard University, from which she has won distinction in the field of Spanish research, her subject being, "The Church of Latin America and the Sixteenth Century."

MID-YEARS

We have just finished the two-week period of mid-year examinations, which began on January eighteenth, and have embarked on the second semester of this scholastic year. Seniors, make good use of it!

ALUMNAE NOTES

'25 Mrs. John Flynn (Carolyn Moylan) of Kew Gardens, New York, was a visitor in Boston for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays and attended the Alumnae Ball at that time.

'25 Margaret Hinchey has recently been appointed to a position in the Hyde Park Senior High School.

'25 Mrs. Albin R. Seidel (Alice Merrick) of New York, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Boston and attended the Alumnae Ball.

'29 Susan Murdock has been appointed in the Boston Public Health Department.

'30 Anastasia Canty has been appointed in the Woburn Senior High School.

'31 Dorothea Ryan has been appointed in the Woburn Junior High School.

ENGAGEMENTS

Clarisse Brunell, '27, to Theodore Martin, Annapolis, '31.

Kathryn McElroy, '28, to Arthur Riley.

MARRIAGES

Marian McDonald, '25, to Daniel J. Sheehan, Jr., on November 28. Miss Mc-

Donald was attended by Elizabeth Downey, '25.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. William Kelley (Mary F. Downey, '26) on the birth of a daughter.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Jeremiah J. Carey, mother of Marion Carey, '26.

Mr. John J. Quinlan, father of Marie Quinlan, M.A., '29, and of Gertrude Quinlan, '31.

Mr. W. Thomas Healey, father of Elizabeth Healey '33, and Mary Alice Healey, '35.

Mr. Lawrence P. Dempsey, father of Anne Dempsey, '33, and Elizabeth Dempsey, '34.

Mrs. Mary C. Linhares, mother of Delinda Linhares, '33.

Dr. Eugene McCarthy, uncle of Elizabeth McCarthy.

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The Ethos

VOLUME V

MARCH-APRIL, 1932

No. 2

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME V

MARCH-APRIL, 1932

No. 2

Easter tide

Forgotten now in maze of glorious day
The blood-stained cross, the thorny way
Bedewed with precious blood and tears,
Where lies the path to that distant hill.
Forgotten, too, the time-drawn years,
The waiting, longing, hoping still.

Forgotten now in heaven's minstrelsy
The dismal depth, Gethsemane.
Yet pondering all within my soul,
I tread the way that He has trod,
Rejoicing in His glorious goal,
Rejoicing in a risen God!

RUTH M. ELLIS, '32.

“Alicia Coerulea”

Shortly after the death of Alice Meynell, a scrapbook was found among her papers, which contained the unpublished letters of George Meredith to her on subjects personal, intimate, political, and literary. Contrasting with his rugged scratchy penmanship are her fine precise notations in the margins, and here and there among the papers are snapshots of Meredith, and white violets which he sent to her early in the season from his garden, along with white strawberries. A sonnet to Mrs. Meynell, unknown previously, was also included in the book.

This beautiful friendship began in the early part of 1896, after Meredith had inquired concerning the identity of the author of the Wednesday articles in “Wares of Autolycus,” a column in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. “That,” he said, “is princely journalism.” Since Alice Meynell, the poet, was found to be the author, it was not long before Mrs. Meynell learned through Clement Shorter, a mutual friend, that of Meredith’s few desires, one was to make her acquaintance. At the time George Meredith was an outstanding literary figure in England and both Mr. and Mrs. Meynell had long admired his work, so much so that they had named their youngest son, Francis Meredith. Accordingly, they readily accepted his invitation to visit at his cottage at Box Hill. Soon after came the first letter from Meredith:

“Box Hill,
February 11, 1896.

Dear Mrs. Meynell,

I would have you know that I am very sensible of your graciousness in consenting to come. I beg you will take assurance that you and Mr. Meynell may count on my receiving you as among the most beloved of my friends. I can say it, for I have long been attached to you in spirit, and am indebted past payment.

My daughter, who is married and of the neighborhood (a simple damsel, observing literature through an eye-glass) undertakes to preside at table . . .

I am,
Your most faithful,
George Meredith.”

Mrs. Meynell made many visits accompanied by Mr. Meynell, Agnes Tobin, or some of her children, although it was a tiresome railroad journey from her home to his. Meredith delighted in these visits, as we see in a letter in rhymed form which he wrote after one of them:

Shall I again have Lilac week?
 The coming days of sequence seven
 I view, and see an aspect bleak.
 Beside that flash of quiet heaven
 Your presence gave; till I can think
 An angel in one flitted wink
 Was with me; and because I yearn
 I needs must doubt, almost despair,
 Of such kind season's chance return:—

'Tis but a moment's grasp for air,
 A moment more and I behold
 Your "Lobby" in her bonnet white
 Among the grasses' blue and gold
 So sagely gathering; near in sight
 Her tutelary Monica;
 And near, their pencilling Mamma:—
 The mother with the ready smile,
 Who wages warrior fight the while.

The friendship grew quickly. He wrote a series of sonnets in her honor, which Mrs. Meynell says were meant to be published under the title "The Lady of the Time." At her death, she possessed only the one which follows, written of a blue iris which was in Meredith's garden and which he named "Alicia Coerulea" for her. He thought it a likeness to the lady in frankness and reserve.

To A. M.

A stately flower in my garden grows
 Whose color is the dawn sky's maiden blue:
 The loveliest to my lady's thinking too:
 And when the Lord of June bids her disclose
 Her very heart, all bashfully she throws
 An inner petal o'er the orange hue
 As one last plea; submitting to his view,
 Yet virginly majestic while he glows.

For reasons known to us we give the name
 'Alicia Coerulea' to that flower,
 Sweet as the sea-born bourne on the sea-wave:
 That innocent in shame where is no shame;
 That proud Reluctant; that fair slave of power,
 Who conquers most when she is most the slave.

Each appreciated the work of the other, and was ready to praise or admonish as the case might require. He wrote for the *National Review* in 1896, the first public indication of their friendship, an appreciation of Mrs. Meynell's "The Colour of Life," in which he acclaims her as one of the great Englishwomen of letters. Later he wrote to her on the same subject:

"You partially console me as to the article. But I failed in doing what I wanted to do because of aiming with my heart and attempting to make it appear my head, so that neither of them had fair play. Writing as a stranger, I should have done more justice to my desire and to you." In his article in the *National Review*, moreover, he names his friend as the most perfect medium of the comic spirit England then has. "Her paper on Pathos . . . would alone be sufficient to show me that she has the comic insight eminently among modern writers . . . Seeing she is chiefly critical to admire and courteous when her delicate stroke is mortal, we have to seek her peer—that is in England."

For this article Meredith received twenty guineas, which he insisted on spending for the Meynell family. The money was used to procure the material to make four Maltese crosses for the little girls and a larger one for their mother.

It must not be thought, however, that the two were in constant accord. As Meredith differed very pointedly in opinion from Mrs. Meynell on many of the litterateurs of the day, their exchange of letters on the subjects of Dickens and Patmore have become famous. It was Alice Meynell's intention to make Coventry Patmore's poetry loved as she herself loved it, but with Meredith she had little success.

Of the Dean, a character in "The Angel in the House," Meredith wrote in March, 1896:

"I have read the Patmore extracts. I think there is nothing you would like that I should not esteem. As to the 'Angel,' the beauty must be felt, but I have been impressed in old days by 'the Dean,' and the measure of the verse, correct as it is, with the occasional happy jerk, recalls his elastic portliness, as one of the superior police of the English middle class, for whom attendant seraphs in a visible far distance hold the ladder, not undeserved, when a cheerful digestion shall have ceased."

Another attempt at conversion was provoked by Meredith's disparagement of Dickens: "Not much of Dickens will live, because he has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of Cockneydom; a caricaturist who aped the moralist. . . . Mr. Pickwick is to me full of the lumber of imbecility."

Mrs. Meynell's response to this was given while she was in the United States and England in 1898, and Meredith answered her in a letter dated January 29, 1899:

"Portia as advocate is not to be withstood. When she cites her instance in defense of a slumbering popular favorite, he awakens, lively as ever. Shylocky critics are confounded, and she carries the court—though growls are heard of her being a dealer in plums. But if she restores his Homer to the Cockney, what matters the means? I will confess that I am won by her. She hands me a plum, and I must own her client to be a lord outside Cockaigne. It was very handsome pleading.

"I am grateful for the gift of the little book. I knew the contents, and I read them again with the first freshness, the delight in the delicacy of a touch that can be so firm. It is the style of a queenly lady walking without her robes. Adieu, dear Friend. Health and serenity to you all.

Your devoted,
George Meredith."

The older author often counsels the younger and criticizes her work: "It is not the soul of her soul," he says of something that she had written; and, sometime later, "this is inartistic on her part." When in "Autolycus" she had treated of secondary poets: "No more anthologies or minute examinations of minor moths!" Again, after Mrs. Meynell had highly praised "Cyrano" lavishly he thought: "I have got through 'Cyrano,' and I marvel at the cleverness of the hand which could hold me all but to the end over such a group of 'fantoques.' From this rebuke he goes on to doubt the value of the critical habit of kindness: 'Then I be-thought me of the extreme lightness of your critical touch when the spirit of kindness is, or seems to be, an atmosphere over tolerance. And I questioned,—is it nature, or the craftswoman? I fear I decided that she is not always to be taken seriously. As for me, my opinions, when I do not dress them expressly to amuse myself by making the modern reader gape, are blunt hammer-strokes. . . .'"

When Alice Meynell sent her copy of "A Modern Mother" to Meredith, he wrote back immediately: "The last line in the first verse can not stand. It reads as if purposely dark for ushering in a portentous rhyme. . . . Again, the last line of the last verse is iteration, masking a weakness under an appeal to the sympathetic. But as you please in that respect." The lines were changed when the poem went to press.

In 1897, "The Flower of the Mind," an anthology from Chaucer to Wordsworth, with an introduction and notes, occupied Mrs. Meynell's mind. Here, too, Meredith followed her labor closely. She has noted on one of his letters of this period that she has his approval, even in

her omission of Gray's "Elegy," "a funeral march headed by the undertaker." It was two years later that "The Spirit of Place" came out, of which Meredith wrote: "It is a masterly example of the substance you can put upon a thin suggestion," referring especially to "Shadows," the subject of which he had suggested to her.

We must not think that the criticism was all on one side. Mrs. Meynell was quick to champion Meredith's work, in the qualities that appealed to her. She had a great admiration for the "fearless, true word," and found it in Meredith, of whom she says: "he compelled the wild image to serve him." Somewhere she has called him her master, but Anne Kimball Tuell makes the comment that "the deference is rather honor for the assured power of the larger genius than acknowledgment for value received within her own energies." She had a special sense, it would seem, for the vitality of his verse, and in 1883, in greeting "Joys of Earth," she said of him that his poetry had a richness as of "a stream flowing westward and taking the colors of the westward aspect, while the innumerable little waves beat backward and reflect the spaces of the open sky"; but she touches on his weakness, an inordinate fear of the ordinary: "He must be afraid of nothing who writes at the greatest heights, and Meredith feared commonplace."

Meredith and Mrs. Meynell did not write exclusively on literary subjects, but frequently entered into political discussions. The Boer War formed an excellent opportunity for this, since both were strongly pro-Boer. It was natural that Mrs. Meynell should interest herself in this war since her brother-in-law, Lord Butler, who had been stationed in South Africa, suffered disgrace because of his firm convictions on the English policy. Early in the war, Meredith wrote to Mrs. Meynell:

"This exposure of Cecil Rhodes and the masterly attitude of the Boers in fence, should be a lesson to England. Foiled at every turn by a body of wild Dutchmen!"

In 1905, the King conferred on Meredith the Order of Merit, a new honor, limited to twenty-four recipients. Meredith cared not at all for worldly honors and did not desire the medal. He received it, however, and then wrote to the Meynells:

"I, with my present hatred of the pen, have to write replies to congratulations. Imagine it, for one feeling as I do about worldly honors! It would have been churlish to refuse. A title would have aroused too much distaste."

In 1902, when Alice Meynell returned to England from America, Meredith was too ill to see her, but wrote her a welcoming note, begging that she come to him at her earliest convenience. His friends had died one by one and with the death of Admiral Maxse, in 1900, he wrote

expressing his desire to go soon, regretting that he could not have taken the place of that more active gentleman. He had not seen Mrs. Meynell for a long while when he wrote, "You are with me daily, at the finish of most of my readings."

His last letter to her shows his knowledge of the approaching end and is a tender farewell:

Dearest Portia,

"Box Hill,

October 20, 1906.

I do not see you, but I look for your work, to see where the mind of Portia is still active. I cannot ask you to make the journey by rail and back, for I am not worth seeing to converse with. . . . For the rest, I am wearing on, weak on the legs, and looking back with wonder on the days when I ran up hills, fairly at peace, and satisfied with Nature's ways. Have you more wisdom? . . .

Ever warmly,

George Meredith."

In May, 1909, Meredith died, and Alice Meynell wrote to her mother: "I feel the loss of George Meredith is a very great one. . . . No one knew him as I did. He told me that I could have made him what he should have been, and what he could not be without me. He calculated whether there had ever been a time when he was a widower and I unmarried when we might have met. A retrospective offer!" She thought of the sonnets he had written to her, and in a letter to her daughter Viola from Venice, she says:

"Ask your dear father whether there is any hope of Will Meredith's giving me—if he finds them—the sonnets written to me by dear Meredith. He used to keep them in his revolving desk. They were written in pencil." It was one of these that was found among her papers after her death. Will Meredith asked her to prepare his father's poems for the Memorial Edition he was publishing, and when the task was completed he wrote to her:

"I have the satisfaction of knowing that these poems have now been corrected and put in final form by the one person most competent to deal with them."

That she remained true to the memory of her friend, Meredith, can be seen from the fact that even her last essays, in "Second Person Singular" contain mention of George Meredith's work. The friendship between the two was a beautiful thing, inspiring each to a finer work to reach the standards of the other. That the value of Meredith's friendship was fully appreciated by the Meynells is shown from these lines from Viola Meynell: "Meredith gave such a high sound to life; he must always have seemed an exotic friend, far apart from the daily incident and drudgery. He was the reward of writing."

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

Spring Song

I know that Spring is on the way!
A squirrel crossed my path today,
He frisked about and tossed on high
A last year's acorn clean and dry.
So bright he seemed, so full of play,
I know that Spring is on the way!

I know that Spring is on the way!
A pussy willow soft and gray
I found, as from my path I strayed,
A twig as quaint as a Quaker maid,
In mien demure she seemed to say:
"I know that Spring is on the way!"

I know that Spring is on the way!
I've watched the sun his course delay.
He used to hurry away too soon and
And hide his face behind the moon,
But now he creeps up the mountain side
And tints the spray of the evening tide.
So well he holds the night at bay,
I know that Spring is on the way!

I know that Spring is on the way!
The loneliness of yesterday,
Each disappointment, every woe,
Lies buried now in winter snow,
That Springtime sun and Springtime breeze
Has tossed in glee above the trees.
The song I sing is bright and gay,
For I know that Spring is on the way.

RUTH M. ELLIS, '32.

The Messenger of Christ

The room was quiet save for the sound of a woman's voice, low, pleading, frightened. Before she could finish, the men broke into an excited babble which grew louder and more intense. When she would have interrupted, they turned upon her angrily.

"What manner of story is this that thou tellest? The body of Jesus removed from the tomb? Truly thou art a woman, filled with silly fears! Surely thou canst not expect us to believe thee?"

The woman flinched momentarily, then spoke in the same soft tone.

"But I tell thee, I was there with two other women and saw the stone rolled back. This is not an idle fancy. I fear that His enemies have taken the body."

"And who hast given thee the right to report such tidings—thou Magdalene, the sinner! Dost thou place thyself before us, His disciples! Get thee gone, woman!"

The young morning was fragrant with the breath of budding flowers and there was a faint purple haze misting the distant hills as Mary Magdalene slowly made her way back to the sepulchre. She took no notice of the beauty about her. Jesus was gone! The thought brought a dull, hollow ache into her heart; even the insults of the disciples which bared the wound of quiet in her soul was infinitely small in comparison. Why should they believe her, Magdalene, the woman of sin? The quick tears dimmed her eyes and she walked on blindly.

When she reached the outskirts of the city she stopped, for facing her was a jeering crowd of Jews.

"That is Magdalene who followed the Nazarene!" one woman shouted derisively. "Why did He not keep His word, and rise from the dead? Hast thou believed that He would, thou fool?"

She would have passed on but a man blocked the way, leering evilly at her.

"What is thy haste, my pretty one? Thou wilt not see Him any more. I myself saw the sword pierce His blasphemous heart." He seized her arm. "Come——"

Mary screamed and the next instant the man lay in a cursing heap. A Roman soldier stood over him, sword drawn.

"Thou Jewish dog! Is this the manner in which thou speakest to a woman?" He turned to the trembling figure by his side, "I will go with thee, that thou mayest return safely."

"Art thou not she who was with the mother of Jesus at the foot of the cross?" he asked, when they had gone a little way. Mary looked at

him in amazement. She knew not the man, yet there was something vaguely familiar about him, about his voice. She had heard that voice before somewhere.

Suddenly she remembered, his words came back to her: "Truly this is the Son of God!" The converted centurion! Her heart was joyful. He would be able to discover where they had hidden the body of Jesus.

"Go quickly," she besought him, "that we may deliver Him from His enemies. I shall wait at the sepulchre for thee."

Soon afterwards he was on his way to the tomb. The guards who had watched over the tomb of Jesus told him their incoherent and incredible tale of the appearance of the angel, and their helplessness.

"Christ is risen!" he cried, and his heart rejoiced. His faith, born in gloom, and death, and agony, was nourished by the radiant hope of a glorious Easter. He hastened to find the waiting Magdalene to tell her the joyous news but he was too late. The Risen Christ had already found her.

MARY BARROW, '33.

Easter Miracle

"Tell me, why dost thou not join our ranks, David? Thou couldst do so much with that golden voice of thine."

"For the ninth time, nay, Jason, I can't do it without believing," laughed the younger. "Besides," he added, sadly, "my bad leg would hinder me."

"Well, I shall try no more. But you did see something in the man. Yes—today. . . . Oh, I durst not bring that horrible picture to my mind again. . . . David, thou couldst love Him, if thou wouldst try." The speaker's face set firmly.

The next morning broke still and sunny like the Sabbath day before. To David, limping along the road, the hushed wind held a mystery, and the watchful Judean hills held expectancy.

"The Man was innocent!"

His thought spoken aloud startled him to the realization that he was still thinking about that anguished face and his conversation with Jason. He knew what suffering was, with his useless leg, yet . . . "I do believe in you, God-Man," he whispered fiercely.

And then, right before him, in the quiet roadway, stood a figure, the most beautiful and radiant he had ever seen!

"'Tis Thou," gasped the young man. And he fell on his knees in the dust.

As an infinitely tender hand rested on his tangled hair, the zest of living suddenly thrilled him and he felt as if he could laugh and run like other boys. He raised his gladsome face to look once more into the impelling eyes, but, lo! the rapturous figure was gone, and a great heart-hunger filled the boy's soul.

Up he rose, betraying the secrecy of the little roadside creatures, the timorous birds, and the scurrying squirrels, with his madcap, scuffling run.

"Look yonder! The cripple David runs! Stop! Stop!"

But the flying figure stopped for no one until he reached the Cenacle, where he banged impatiently on the door.

"Who is there?" asked a cautious voice.

The door opened and the newcomer amazed the assembly by his quick leaps.

"Look, everyone! My leg, it has been cured. I have seen your dead Master!"

Incredulous mutterings met his speech.

"It is true what thou sayest," cried the younger James. "John and our leader, Peter, have also seen Him this very morning."

"Christ be praised!" And the glad assemblage fell on its knees.

And later when David was alone with Jason, "Of course, thou shalt be one of us now."

"Nay! Why, Jason, thou canst not realize what it feels to be free, to be able to walk long distances. I am going to travel. Perhaps I may even reach Rome some day," he added, wistfully. "Of all our companions, I have been the only one who has never been even to Jerusalem on the great feast days."

The two parted with few words and David turned into the lonely highway. He lapsed into silent admiration of all the Spring wonder around him. Just as he was crossing the square in the market place a rumbling chariot veered around the narrow corner. An awful scream rent the air and frightened men and women rushed from all quarters. It was David, lying on the cobblestones so still and white! A young Roman officer was bending over him.

"Come, 'tis only a Jew!" The impatient voice of a companion broke in.

"Nay, I cannot leave him. I have a brother at home, Marcus, about

the same age. Who is the lad?" And he looked into the sea of curious faces.

Jason shoved his way through the mob, dishevelled and breathless.

"Oh, David, lad!"

His heart-rending cry pierced through the consciousness of his quiet friend and he opened his cool eyes, now clouded with pain.

He smiled faintly and started to struggle to his feet but he would have fallen to the ground again except for Jason.

"What is it?"

"My leg again!" His white face was drawn with pain.

Suddenly his face became transformed. Half-reclining in Jason's arms, he pointed above the crowd. All pain had gone out of his face.

"Rabboni," he murmured. "I will serve."

RUTH GRUSH, '33.

The Criminal

"Thou art quite certain, my son, thou hast heard the truth?"

"Yea, Father, with mine own ears I heard Pilate ask the throng whom they did wish to be released: Jesus, the son of Mary, or Barabbas."

"And they—?"

"The multitude cried: 'Not Barabbas, but Jesus!—Crucify Him!'"

"And the thief, Barabbas, what of him?"

"Oh, Father, on his knees he begged Pilate to take his life and let Jesus go free, but the crowd only shouted and called him a follower of Jesus!"

"Barabbas should be more watchful of his pleadings lest he anger the multitude and lose his freedom again."

"But, Father, mayhap the multitude be wrong, and Barabbas right."

"No more such idle thoughts, my son, until Pilate so directs it."

The multitude and high priests were angry with Barabbas, who once again stood before Pilate to be tried. While the crowd waited, Pilate spoke thus to Barabbas:

"Thou knowest, Barabbas, the people and high priests believe thou art the one who stole the body of Christ from the sepulchre? Hast thou nothing to say in thine own defence?"

"If thou believest not the words of the Galilean, thou wouldst certainly not believe the words of His humble servant, gracious Pilate."

"The soldiers saw thee at the door of the sepulchre. Wert thou there?"

"They speak the truth. I was there with Mary, His mother, and Mary Magdalene—"

"Why didst thou go there, fool, when orders were given for all people to stay away?"

"I went to ask His forgiveness for the sins of the people in their cruelty."

"Well, didst thou see Him? Didst thou walk through the stone wall, as thou wouldst have us believe He did?"

"Nay, I saw Him not then, but on the night of yesterday, when thou didst send thy soldiers after me. As they dragged me through the streets to thy court, He appeared to me,—before all the throng,—He appeared to me—"

"Yea, go on, thy prattle is refreshing, thief."

"Jesus said, 'Fear not, Barabbas, no harm will come to thee; thou hast tried to do good to me, I will do likewise.'"

"Didst anyone else see or hear this?"

"Nay, I doubt it, all are blind and deaf except His faithful followers."

"Well, for thy keen perception, thou shalt gain as fruitful an end, but thy body shalt be burned so that no man can steal it."

Pilate by this decree had voiced the desire of the mob and had won the favor of the high priests. On the morrow, a huge fire would be built and the "Galilean dog" would perish here before the throng.

"Hast thou nothing to say, before thou diest?"

"Nothing! I just wait."

"Touch the wood with the fire, Nahum, so the crowd may watch him burn."

The order given, the soldier started the fire, but little headway was made. The heavens sent a shower of water to quench it and the rumbling of thunder soon followed. The great crowd scattered to seek shelter from the storm.

Pontius Pilate remained alone.

"Release the prisoner, let him go, and let us hear no more of these false tales. The country will be cursed unto eternity and no man here will enjoy rest. Release him, I tell thee."

But not a soldier had remained to do his bidding. All had fled. So with his own hands Pilate released Barabbas once more—no longer a thief but a follower of Christ.

"Yea, Father, and thou knowest him, too, he is the great Barabbas, friend of Pilate, who was released by Pilate, years ago. Thou surely rememberest when all day changed to midnight and all people feared the wrath of God? He was the cause of it, and is now the teacher of the word of Jesus Christ."

"Yea, I do remember, son."

LORETTA E. ROBINSON, '33.

Easter Day

Why did the sun in the glowing east
Find Nature in her best array,
With diamonds strewn on carpets green,
As he burst through mists of morning gray?

Why did the sun as he rode on high,
His royal chariot burnished bright,
Find earth transformed with glorious hues
As if touched by fairy wands at night?

Why did the sun as he turned once more
To seek his palace in the west,
See golden rays of richest tone
Lending charm to Mother Earth at rest?

He saw the earth below transformed,
And all expectant as it lay
To greet the Light of all the world,
As He rose from death on Easter day.

CATHERINE J. O'LEARY, '32.

Art Treasures

Nowhere in the world is Keats's dictum, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," so completely proved as in the world of art. Centuries seem to add mellowness and charm to the mighty works of genius in sculpture, painting, and architecture, that are gathered together particularly in the museums of Italy, Spain, and France. Surely these collections are treasures which can never be replaced, which can never be surpassed in perfection of form, technique, and beauty, and which can never be sufficiently appreciated.

Throughout the centuries, as we know, Europe has been the artistic center of the world. From the eighth to the second century before Christ there developed in Athens a perfection in sculpture and architecture to which the Acropolis still bears witness. Roman art flourished from the second century before Christ to the third century of the Christian era without attaining an excellence superior to the Greek. From that time up to the fifteenth century, history records the development of the Christian, Byzantine, and Gothic schools. As a result of the Early Renaissance not only was there a revival of interest in classical literature, but also in the Greek and Roman tradition of art. The zenith of perfection in painting and sculpturing was reached in the period of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries under the leadership of such geniuses as Giotto, Francesca, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. After the last Renaissance the superiority of Italy in art came to an end with Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese, for the seventeenth century ushered in new schools in Spain, France, and Holland, each of which produced masterpieces. Finally, in the nineteenth century, we find that the French school excelled all others and has continued to do so up to the present day.

For the American visitor abroad there is a vast collection of art treasures to be seen in the European galleries. There is great danger, however, that the average modern sightseer may catch only a passing glimpse of the productions of the old masters and may fail to study with sufficient thoughtfulness their inimitable representations of the profound mysteries. In order to imbibe their true spirit, one must adopt an attitude of slowly absorbing all that is beautiful, since it is preferable to have studied a few masterpieces carefully than to have wandered idly through numerous galleries with only a vague conception of the hundreds of pictures there displayed.

There is no place in the world more richly endowed with treasures of art than the Eternal City. The Vatican in itself is a vast storehouse

filled with the most precious specimens of painting and sculpture. In the museum there is a wonderful collection of Graeco-Roman sculpture. One marvels at the grace and charm of the beautiful "Cnidian Venus" of Praxiteles, a lasting monument of Greek art. Yet we are in even greater admiration of the Apollo Bellvidere poised aloft in great majesty as if it sought another world. A careful study of the proud, beautiful face makes one understand why it has been called "a thing of beauty, a joy forever." Although these two statues are the most highly praised, to my mind the most valuable and most exquisite gem of the Vatican Museum and the one which has been most honored, is the famous Torso, sculptured in the second century B. C., by Apollonius of Athens. It is certainly a perfect example of the mastery the Greeks attained in art. The more one looks at it, the more one is impressed by its massiveness, its strength, its grace, and its flexibility. Perhaps another reason why I admired it most was that it was so deeply cherished by Michael Angelo, who, in the last years of his life when he was feeble and blind, used to run his trembling fingers lovingly over its outline and call himself "the pupil of the Torso."

As one enters "Raphael's Stanze," one immediately falls under the spell of the artist. Beauty in all its perfection dwells in every fresco which Raphael painted during those years he spent at Rome when he was commissioned by Pope Julius II to redecorate the Vatican chambers over the Borgia apartment. A study of some of the marvelous productions of the Stanze reveals the grace and dramatic power which Raphael possessed. The painting, executed in 1509, is called the "Dispute," a work inspired by the doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ both in heaven and on earth. Opposite it is the "School of Athens," the subject of which is Earthly Knowledge, represented by an assembly of the great philosophers. Raphael's "Miracle of Bolsena," which represents the miracle of drops of blood appearing from the Host before the eyes of a priest who doubted the dogma of Transubstantiation, is remarkable for its warmth of color and the masterly proportions of the figures.

For a further exemplification of the glory of Raphael's art we must visit the Vatican Picture Gallery in which there is a special section called "Raphael's Room," dedicated to the artist and containing some of his masterpieces. There is no gallery in the world which can boast of such a room. In it we find a collection which reveals the different stages in the growth and development of Raphael's short artistic career. There is a picture of St. Jerome, painted by Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, from whom he inherited his love of art and the faculty of detecting the excellences in the style of various masters with whom he came in contact.

When Raphael was eleven years old, his father died. Consequently he was sent from his father's workshop into that of Perugino in Perugia. About 1502, he began to paint independent works. His "Coronation of the Virgin," one of the paintings in the collection in Raphael's Room, was painted in 1503, when the artist was only nineteen years old. It is one of the most beautiful he ever painted, for it illustrates perfectly his wonderful perception of space composition, the beauty of his figures, and his deep religious fervor.

When Raphael visited Florence in 1504, he was able to complete his technical preparation while studying under the old masters. From Signorelli and Michael Angelo he learned precision of line and a thorough knowledge of the human form; from Leonardo da Vinci, the art of modelling and soft beauty of expression; from Fra Bartolomeo, nobility of composition and skillful treatment of drapery. Upon returning to Rome in 1508 he was ready to execute his own works with a perfection that showed faultless beauty.

While working upon the "Stanze" he painted the "Madonna di Foligno" as a votive offering to the Blessed Mother for having protected him when a bomb fell over his house at Foligno during a seige. Of all the paintings this impressed me most. The warmth of the rich coloring and the devotional expression of the figures bent in adoration of the Madonna and Child have a strong appeal. The Mother tenderly holding the Child is surrounded by a heavenly host of cherubs, while a beautiful halo of gold serves as a background for the Blessed Mother.

The "Transfiguration," considered by some art critics the best painting in the world, is the rare gem of this collection. The space composition and proportion of the figures are perfect. For this painting Raphael made use of the story of the boy possessed by the evil spirits who is brought by his parents to the disciples, one of whom, represented with an open book, attempts to cure him, while the others point to Christ, the only source of healing. Since Raphael died before completing the "Transfiguration," it was finished by his pupil, Guilo Romano.

Although Raphael's works occupy considerable space in the Vatican, there are paintings of other artists which deserve mention. Those which I particularly recall are Dominichino's famous "Communion of Saint Jerome," the "Madonna de Frari" by Titian, "The Virgin surrounded by Angels" by Fra Angelico, "The Coronation of the Virgin" by Filippo Lippi, and the "Espousal of Saint Catherine" by Murillo.

There is no single place in Rome that one anticipates visiting with greater eagerness than the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. Many times I had attempted to visualize it in its entirety from the various pictures I

had seen of it, but the reality far surpassed any imaginative picture. It is simply superb! One is overwhelmed by its majesty and glory, and can hardly believe that such splendor and idealistic beauty could have been produced by mortal hands. Despite the fact that such masters as Botticelli, Perugino, Pinturicchio, Ghirlandajo, and Signorello were responsible for many of the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, one can see nothing but Michael Angelo in the ceiling. As a painting it is considered the greatest masterpiece ever produced by the hand of man. It is unique and inimitable. One can only stand before it in reverent silence out of respect to the artist who is the most amazing genius of the modern world. He has been called the "*prolem sine matre creatorem*," because of his exceptional genius.

Among all artists Michael Angelo was supreme in depicting man's body, but he never was so supreme as in his frescoes in the Sistine. The chapel ceiling is one hundred and thirty by forty-three feet in dimension. The principal subjects of the frescoes are "The Separation of Light and Darkness," "The Creation of the Sun and Moon, Trees, and Plants," "The Creation of Adam and Eve," "The Fall of Man and His Expulsion from Paradise," "The Sacrifice of Noah" and "The Deluge." The Prophets and Sibyls are the largest figures in the whole work. In all there are three hundred and forty-three figures on the ceiling. Michael Angelo was ordered to paint the ceiling in 1508 by Pope Julius II. He completed it in 1512. Because during those years he was forced to hold his head thrown back in order to execute his work, his sight was injured, and for some time afterwards he could read nothing unless he held it over his head. His last contribution to the Sistine Chapel was the "Last Judgment," painted in 1534, when he was sixty years old. It is a magnificent fresco, occupying the wall above the high altar of the chapel.

Like all the other great medieval artists, Michael Angelo worked for no material reward. In 1547, when he was appointed architect-in-chief for the construction of St. Peter's, he refused a salary, and worked as he nobly expressed "for the love of God alone." Had he lived to carry out his plans the structure would have been even more imposing than it is today. The glorious dome is his greatest contribution to Saint Peter's, and has been called "the noblest monument that the skill of man has accomplished."

The sacred walls of this magnificent basilica shelter Michael Angelo's famous "Pietà." In this masterpiece, sculptured when the artist was on the threshold of his career, we see the expression of those qualities in which Michael Angelo excelled. The Blessed Mother is holding the slender youthful body of the dead Christ. The "Pietà" expresses the

sadness and terror that were in Michael Angelo's soul when at the age of fifteen he listened to Savonarola in Florence. When he heard of the monk's tragic end, a change entered into the spirit of his work. Consequently there is an atmosphere of compassion and sadness in this pathetic group. One finds that a daily visit to this statue while in Rome is not sufficient to satisfy the attraction one has to its tender repose and utter simplicity. More than any other monument, it seems to me, this one teaches the great lesson of religious faith.

No visitor must leave Rome without seeing Michael Angelo's colossal "Moses" in the church of Saint Peter in Chains. The statue forms part of the tomb of Pope Julius II. With this statue Michael Angelo's genius raised the sculpture of the modern world to its greatest height. In it he succeeded in representing the great prophet in all his majestic power. There is strength and determination in every line of the statue, and as he sits there holding the tablets of the law, one expects him to spring to his feet at a given sign. This monument is a reflection of the precision with which the great sculptor executed his works. In the firmness of every muscle, in the position of the body, and in the long curling beard we see how successful he was in modelling the human form, the result of many years of strenuous work at anatomy, studying feverishly every muscle, bone, ligament, and tendon of the human body.

There are two statues in Rome which, though not works of Michael Angelo, nevertheless attracted me because of their simplicity and graceful contour, the tomb of Benedict XV, and the statue of Saint Cecilia. The former, a beautiful work by Canonica, is in Saint Peter's. The impressive statue represents the Pope kneeling in earnest prayer, imploring God to raise the siege of distress and suffering that had fallen on the world during the dark months of the World War. The background reveals the suffering, pain, and torture, ended on the battlefields. Benedict's prayer is answered by Our Lady of Victory who stands before him waving her palm of victory to the world. The statue of Saint Cecilia is in the Basilica of the same name, where the great saint is buried. In 1599, when her tomb was opened, the body of the martyr appeared just as it was at the moment of death. During the week following, while it lay exposed for veneration, a young artist of no great renown saw it and was so impressed by the delicacy and fragility of the youthful martyr, that he produced a statue which has become famous the world over. The whiteness of the marble is very striking. The head is turned to one side revealing the gash which she received from the hands of the executioner. The forefinger and third finger of her right hand and the forefinger of her left hand are extended, symbolic of her profession of faith in the Blessed Trinity at the time of her death.

From Rome we go to Florence which re-echoes more clearly than any other city with memories of artists, since it is the birthplace of many of the masters. One has only to saunter along the beautiful Ponte Vecchio, extending over the Arno, to breathe in the spirits of Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. One has only to sense the artistic beauty and picturesqueness of the city to understand why for centuries the poets found it the source of charm and loveliness. The two important galleries which treasure many relics of the artists of the Renaissance are the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery. In the former we see Fra Filippo Lippi's "Madonna and Child," a distinctive composition, noted especially for the individual facial expression. We come here also for further study of specimens of Raphael's paintings. The famous "Madonna of the Granduca," so named from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III, who purchased it from a poor widow in 1799, and held it in such great esteem that he always took it with him on his travels, reflects the extreme simplicity of Raphael's work. The child is tenderly held by the Mother and between them a tender human relationship is perfectly delineated.

There is an interesting legend connected with the "Madonna della Sedia," also in this collection. It is said that once when in Rome Raphael was walking along a country road near the city when he met a beautiful peasant woman and her two children. He was so struck with their beauty that he immediately sketched the group on the cover of a wine cask that happened to be near at hand. The result is the best known of Raphael's circular compositions, commonly called "The Madonna of the Chair."

Among the numerous paintings in the Pitti Palace are Titian's "Magdalen" and his "Head of Christ," and Murillo's lovely "Virgin and Child," an outstanding illustration of the expressive sweetness characteristic of Murillo's painting that is its greatest charm.

We spend another day at the Uffizi Gallery which contains some of the works of Andrea del Sarto. The "Madonna of the Harpies," beautiful in color and technically without a fault, is certainly one of Andrea's finest works. A careful study of the painting, so called because of the pedestal on which the Madonna stands, indicates, however, an absence of the truly spiritual inspiration. Lucrezia, his wife, painted as the Mother of Christ, does not seem to be interested in the Child, and Saint John the Evangelist and Saint Francis, posed on either side, seem to rivet their attention elsewhere than on the Madonna. More tender and intimate is the picture opposite, "Saint James Caressing a Child Who Kneels at His Feet," for there is a marked sympathy expressed between the characters in this, which is lacking in the "Madonna of the Harpies."

Passing the turnstile at the entrance of Monastery of San Marco, we notice a fresco of the Crucifixion by the Dominican friar, Fra Angelico.

The simplicity of this composition shows the deep spirituality of Angelico, who infused into his works all the gentleness and angelic qualities of his own life. According to him the true painter should be free from all distractions. "He who would practise the art of painting has need of quiet and should live without care and anxieties," he said. He joined the Dominicans in 1407 at the age of twenty. His most important works were painted at the Convent of Saint Mark which he was invited to decorate.

Over the door on the left of the fresco of the Crucifixion is the portrait of Saint Peter Martyr, one of the principal saints of the Dominican Order. The most simple and childlike of all his frescoes is his "Annunciation," which appeals to everyone. The cells of the monks and, incidentally, that of Savonarola, which contains books and a chair used by him, are interesting to visit. The walls are decorated with frescoes by Fra Angelico and some of his pupils.

One of the most charming of Raphael's forty Madonnas is the "Madonna of the Goldfinch" or the "Madonna del Cardellino," painted in 1505. The Virgin caresses the little Saint John as he offers a goldfinch (cardellino) to the Christ Child. Human tenderness, so typical of Raphael, is manifested here together with those other qualities that have made him the most admired of all painters: faultless beauty and the utmost power of expressiveness. He is said to have made numberless studies before he successfully overcame the difficulty of combining the three figures in the "Madonna of the Goldfinch." At a glance one sees also the childlikeness that is evident in all his works. He was the most typical child of his period, for in his art he could combine the two greatest emotions that have ever fired the imagination of Europe: Classic Antiquity and Christian faith. Though much restored and over-painted, the portrait of Raphael painted by the artist himself at the age of twenty-three, still attracts thousands of admirers of the greatest of painters.

Of the many works at the Accademia in Florence, Michael Angelo's "David" is the most interesting. In 1501, the sculptor was given a damaged block of marble to fashion as he wished. The result was this splendid form of the youthful David. The youth stands in very determined attitude, the sling flung across his shoulder, scanning the Philistine ready to aim. The rugged strength of the statue makes it one of Michael Angelo's most powerful and most popular works.

For the past three centuries, Paris, rather than Rome or Florence, has been the world's artistic capital. Interest in art and some appreciation of it are diffused to a surprising extent among the masses. The

Louvre is without a doubt the most important as well as the largest museum in the world. Though many of the Renaissance masters have better works elsewhere, one only, Leonardo da Vinci, can be studied better here than in any other museum. His picture, "Mona Lisa," is not only acclaimed by many the most famous picture in the world, but it is one because of its fame has been the subject of both favorable and unfavorable criticism by artists. As one studies it from all angles he is forced to say it is very beautiful and Leonardo's skill was very great. The contour of the whole is perfect. In no picture does one notice such beautiful hands; the fingers are gracefully turned, and the character of the hands show perfect refinement and nobility. Her smile is typical of Leonardo da Vinci and adds charm to the painting. The calmness and repose of the body is arresting. The landscape in the back of the picture is purely fantastic; it serves as a lovely background to the balcony where the Italian beauty is seated. In the Louvre, also, is Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," which, though not reputed as a great masterpiece by some, is much admired and has a strong appeal because of the warmth and beauty of coloring and the position of the Virgin surrounded with the Angels. No lover of art leaves the Louvre without seeing the "Winged Victory" and "Venus de Milo." Of the many varieties of statuary in the great Museum these two are the most famous.

Any attempt to write about these truly wonderful productions of art, all inspired by and expressive of the mysteries of Catholic faith, all redolent with Christian hope, and all produced by the love of God in the soul of the artist, seems as futile in giving an adequate expression of them as visits to the galleries prove to be in satisfying the eager tourist. We, who do not live in an age of Faith, can gain immeasurably in studying, and acquiring a truer and deeper appreciation of, the divinely inspired works of the great Masters of art, who, like Michael Angelo, worked

"Not for love of fame or love of gain,
But for the love of God."

MARGARET R. O'CONNELL, '32.

Sacramental Grace

With marveling eyes I watched the God-sent snow,
So still and pure it came to temptress earth,
It made my heart with benediction glow.

The baptismal breath of whirling wind soon turned
To life each crystal flake and gave it aim,
Whereon each gained a heritage unearned.

But even as I gazed
The whiteness was effaced.
All trodden underfoot
The snow became as soot.
Vainly
The wind essayed to raise to air
More clear the snow once fair,—
Its regenerating breath
The snow's sole shield from death.
Weakly
It fell to earth again.

Alas! how quickly did the spotless snow
Succumb; in spite of wind which oft essayed
To keep it raised above the mire below.

With streaming eyes I viewed the God-sent rain.
In spring it came. Its healing, pitying power
Absolved the dirt, removed the stain.

O Thou, Who sends the snow,
The rain, and winds that blow,
Do these but symbolize
Thy care that never dies?
Wisely
The seasons Thou dost spin
Amid the world's loud din;
And in Thy quiet works
The mystery that lurks,
I see.
Oh, Soul and Snow are kin!

RUTH M. GRUSH, '33.

Saint Joseph

Not to royal kings and princes,
But to thee,
Thou patron of humility,
Did Heaven reveal its secret most sublime,
Draw back the dusky veil of Time,
And there before thine aged eyes
Disclose Him, hidden from antiquity,
The Savior of humanity!

ANNE NOONE, '33.

Compromise

"Say there, lubber! Tryin' to run me over?" Usually I don't take no notice of these furrin cars, on account of all the summer boarders havin' them. But this one nearly clipped my heels, it stopped that sudden.

"Stop here, Wilson," a woman's voice commanded. "I'd like to examine this bronze work closely. Such an expressive pose!"

Durn these wimmin, allus comin' where they're not wanted. I allus like to be alone when I come down here at sunset, and just look quiet-like on the big statue of the fisherman, erected on the harbor cliff. I've got kind of a personal interest in it, you see, not only on account of that fisherman's being me (honest, there's my name right beneath it), but because I feel as if Len could feel me there, kinda lookin' after the thing we both loved. I guess my eyes is goin' back on me 'cause every night that statue comes to life, surer 'an anything. The sinkin' sun lights up that there fisherman's face and the salt spray rushes up over the cliff, just like he was really steerin' a ship. I ain't ever mentioned this to no one 'cause folks 'd say I'd better get a pair of them new-fangled specs. Besides, a man that's follered the sea for nigh thirty years can't say his eyes is filled with salt water that didn't come from the ocean, can he?

I'll never forget the night Len came to my house. It was rainin' powerful and the sea was right angry. I live down by the water. We often have company, but no one ever knocks, like he did.

"I wonder if you could direct me to the nearest hotel? I seem to have lost my way."

Funny thing, but I was kinda taken with him right away. You could tell he had breedin' just by the way he spoke. I was goin' to show him where the Gloucester House is, but Ma butt in, like she's want to do.

"Why, he's soaked clean through, Pa!" She smiled at the stranger. "We'd be glad to put you up for the night, son," she said kindly. She speaks kind to everybody but me, but I 'spect it's because I put my feet on her brand new parlor set. Course we haven't anything elab'rate.

"Thank you. I'd appreciate that very much. I've a bit of luggage with me."

I knew that Ma was taken with him too. He had one of those smiles that make you smile too, "infected," I guess they call it. Ma made him a hot drink to stop him from shiverin' and he went upstairs to the spare room, Ma leadin' the way. When she came down again, she tiptoed over to me, confidential.

"Guess he's one of them artists. You ought to see all the furrin labels on his suitcases. I guess he saw me lookin' at them curious-like, 'cause he laughed and said, 'A foolish sentiment of mine. I can't tear

them off because they have such pleasant memories, You see, I lived in Paris until I was eighteen.' "

I didn't say anything to Ma. No use balkin'; she's just natchurly noseey.

The next day was bright and warm. The sun broke into a thousand little lights. When it reached the water, and Half-Moon Beach was a crescent of gold, Len, (his real name was J. Lane Manning) and I took a walk, since it was all settled at the breakfast table that he was to keep the spare room. Seems as how he was lookin' for a place near the water to build up his health. Ma and I liked to have young blood around. It cheered us up, kind of.

Well, I got talkin' 'bout how I was a fisherman for thirty years, and he kept askin' me a heap of questions. We got right chummy and he'd listen to me for hours. One day we were sittin' over on Bass Rocks there, watchin' the battleships comin' in the harbor. It reminded me of a good yarn and Len was, as usual, eager to hear it. I had just got to the excitin' part where the S. S. Saratoga rescued us from a sinking trawler, when Len broke in,

"What did you say the name of that ship was?"

"Why, the S. S. Saratoga, the neatest little battleship I've seen in a long day. It was captained by—let me see—it was about six years ago—"

"Captained by my father," Len said quietly. "He died a month after that cruise. I remember the day perfectly. It was my eighteenth birthday, and Mother and I were living in Paris. His last words were that I should go to Annapolis when I was old enough. He always wanted me to follow in his footsteps. Even when I was a little tyke he'd take me aboard ship and let me climb the riggings. The sea was in my blood, I guess."

He stopped and stared at the seething surf. I kep chewin' on a straw tryin' to appear unconcerned-like. I knew how he felt. The sea had got me the same way.

"Well, my mother had other plans for me. She was a sculptor, and she wanted me to be one too. That's why we were living in Paris. I liked it pretty well myself, until it kept me away from the thing I liked better. I guess Mother didn't understand. The sea had robbed her of her husband, and now it wanted to take her son. Anyway, we quarreled and she disinherited me. I came home to my uncle in New York, and he sent me to Annapolis—"

I broke in cheerfully, "And now you're a full-fledged sailor."

Len looked at me queerly. When he spoke you could hardly hear

him: "You're wrong, Captain, I was discharged the next year on account of my health. So you see, I'm a full-fledged failure."

He rose abruptly, and we walked back to the cottage in silence.

I don't know how the idea came to Len, 'less it was the day I dressed myself up in my togs, slicker, boots, sou-wester, and all, like I do when the urge for the salt gets too strong, I didn't know he was standin' beside me till he cried out:

"Say, Cap'n, keep those clothes on a minute, will you?" He turned me forward and aft, until he was satisfied. I was holdin' a wheel in my hand and lookin' out to sea, anxious-like. That was all I did for the next three months. Len sent away for the "materials," he called them, and little by little that hunk of bronze began to look like me. Mebbe I didn't feel important those days. Whenever he wasn't workin' on the figure, his cough was gettin' worse and worse, spite of Ma's care, I walked down by the wharves, just to show off. I could see all the men nudgin' each other and sayin' as how I was going to stand up on a pedestal down by the "Cut," and represent all the fishermen in Gloucester, You see, crowds of people, 'specially the artists from Rockport, kept comin' to see Len work, and one rich man offered to buy it, and give it to the city of Gloucester. I was awful glad for Len's sake, for he could hire that big doctor he wanted to have.

He used to look at the statue and say, "This is my way of saying: 'Thank you, Cap'n'"—and once he said, "You know, Cap'n, I wish sometimes that Mother could see this. She might realize that I am mighty sorry for what I did, and look on it as a sign of surrender, or a compromise, at least."

Pretty soon the day came for the unveiling of the statue. All the town turned out with great pride to see it. I was almost afraid Len couldn't go, on account of havin' two hemorrhages during the night. He held right on to my arm all during the ceremony, like as if he was too weak to stand alone. When the veil was lifted, he looked at the statue for one long minute, looked at me, smiled that smile of his,—and fell into the coma from which he never came out. My Len dead—Len . . . Funny how twilight kinda bothers my eyes. I can't even see sometimes. I didn't even see the lady until she was right close to me—

"Pardon me, but could you read the inscription on that tablet? I can't make it out in this light."

Course I could. I knew the inscription by heart. I guess my voice wasn't very steady, though.

"They that go down to the sea in ships."

"To my father who loved the sea,
To my mother who loved the arts,
And to 'Cap'n' who loved me,
I dedicate this work."

J. Lane Manning, Jr.

Land sakes, I wouldn't have told her if I knew she was goin' to faint in my arms. I guess I'd be still standin' there helpless-like, if her chauffeur hadn't hurried up and helped her into the car. I couldn't help hearin' what he said to her, though Lord knows I wasn't eavesdroppin', I was standing right where she left me, right by Len's statue, lookin' out seaward. I guess it was the evenin' breeze that carried his words back to me.

"Shall I call a doctor, Mrs. Manning?"

MARY BARROW, '33.

Wordsworth

At thee the flower looked up and gently smiled,
To thee the blue-bird sang its sweetest song,
For thee the west wind took a softer breath,
For thee the fiery orb of heaven shone bright,
For thee the fair earth donned her brightest hues,
And thy poetic soul became the shrine
Of Nature's richest beauties and best gifts.
And lo! she named thee priest. . . . Yea, Nature's priest!

KATHERINE MULVEY, '33.

The Angelic Doctor

"He was the trysting place where God would stroll,
The moonlight and the gardens of the soul."

Sequestered in the soul-garden of the Angelic Doctor bubbled an unsuspected spring of crystal clearness. Its runlets were swelled by the dew of heaven and the limpid waters of a noble, pure, and tender nature. By the design of God, Pope Urban IV was the instrument in its unearthing; for in compliance with his invitation, the spring gushed forth in a majestic stream of melody, the Office of the Feast of Corpus Christi.

Tradition tells that on the occasion of the institution of the feast in 1264, Saint Bonaventure, as well as Saint Thomas, was asked to write an office. The beautiful friendship of the saints is well known, so credence is readily given to the act of sweet humility attributed to Bonaventure. On hearing the antiphon which begins, "O sacrum convivium in quo Christus sumitur," he was so impressed by its depth and tenderness that he determined to destroy the results of his own efforts. Greater testimony to the distinction of Saint Thomas as a framer of holy liturgy and a Christian poet is not needed.

The devotion of the Angelic Doctor to the Blessed Sacrament is remarked by all his biographers. We are told that whenever in his wrestling with the problems of philosophy and theology, doubt or difficulty in discerning the truth beset him, the solutions were invariably sought and found before the altar. He was frequently observed to be in ecstasy.

On one occasion after the composition of his treatise on the Eucharist, three of his brethren heard a voice proceeding from the crucifix say, "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas. What reward wilt thou have?"

"None other than Thyself, Lord," was his answer.

"The Angelical was master of every note of joy, adoration, and thanksgiving which could be breathed from the human soul fired with the grace of God," the most Reverend Roger Bede Vaughn, O.S.B., has said. Fitting it was then that this great Saint and Doctor should confine his efforts in hymn-writing to a single subject; a subject that above all others impels the human soul to rejoice, adore, and give thanks; a subject sweet and profound, the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar.

By studying in its integrity the office of the Blessed Sacrament, one gains a realization of the reverence and tenderness of heart of Saint Thomas, and is deeply moved by the wonderful union of sweetness of melody, dogmatic precision, and terse phrasing.

In the Mass for the feast of Corpus Christi we find the "Lauda Sion," one of the five sequences now in use in the Church. It is particularly remarkable for its flowing rhythm, which is preserved even in its didactic stanzas. Jubilance is the prevailing note in this hymn.

"Wondrous theme of mortal singing
Living Bread and Bread life-bringing
Sing we on this joyful day."

After the summons to praise and the reason for the commemoration have been given, there follows the declaration of the teaching of the Church on the Eucharist, which has led this sequence to be termed a compendium of theology. The fulfillment of ancient types is shown thus:

"In the figures contemplated
'Twas with Isaac immolated,
By the Lamb 'twas antedated,
In the Manner it was known."

The prayer ends with a petition that God may include us among the guests at the heavenly banquet table.

The most beautiful of Saint Thomas's hymns and the one which is preeminently the hymn of the Blessed Sacrament is the "Pange Lingua," the Vespers hymn of the feast Corpus Christ. The last two stanzas are familiar to us as the Benediction hymn, "Tantum Ergo." No translation does it justice. Its fourth stanza, called "the crux of translators," because of the difficulty of rendering its antithesis, is thus given by Father Caswell:

"Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes;
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest
Faith her lesson quickly learns."

From the Matins Hymn of the office comes the stanza we know as the "Panis Angelicus." Here again the opening lines are on the note of jubilance:

"Sacris solemnibus juncta sint gaudia."

A tone of tender and strong love pervades the hymn for Lauds, "Verbum supernum prodiens." Rousseau, it is said, would have given all his poetry to have been the author of the stanza thus translated by Neale:

"By birth, our fellow man was He,
Our meat, while sitting at the board,
He died, our ransom to be,
He ever reigns, our great reward."

Its last two stanzas form another Benediction hymn, the "O Salutaris." Thus Saint Thomas, because of his authorship of the hymns used so frequently before the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, is esteemed as the originator of "the household words of the Sanctuary." We can best attest our appreciation of his great prayers by saying with him,

"O quam suavis est, Domine, Spiritus tuus!"

MARY F. KELLEY, '32.

Angelicus

Aquinas!

Angelic hosts intone that sainted name

In their celestial litany with awe,

Divining justice in thy silent claim

To shine as they in dazzling splendor, for

Thy youth the angels cinctured to their law,

With golden chord chained for eternity

Thy radiant soul in chaste fraternity.

Aquinas!

The brilliant school of Doctors, prophets, seers,

Incline before the wisdom of thy mind.

The scholar of Philosophy reveres

The world-deep Truth thine eyes alone could find.

'Tis said the great Apostle Peter signed

Thy works with heaven's seal,—thy mighty power

Humility, immortal fame, thy dower.

MARY BARROW, '33.

Vision

The day came at last for the doctor to remove the bandages from David's eyes. Since that fateful fourth of July when the firecracker which David had not even known was lit, had gone off before his eyes, he had lain in his little bed in the cozy blue room with pictures of pirate ships and dogs on the wall,—only he had to picture them there now, he would never see again. Everyone had been ever so good to him: Mother there to cheer him, with a sob in her voice now and then, and Daddy to run in and say good-by to him in the morning, to take him by the hand and tell him to be a "real scout," to run in the first thing at night to tell all the news of the day and tell him stories until bedtime. Bedtime! It was always "bedtime" now, always dark, even when one could hear the birds singing outside the window, and the gang playing in the street.

David had become a little less fretful by now. The darkness was not really so bad as one might think. David could still hear the sparrows in the eaves, and smell the mignonette in the garden, and the cakes that mother took from the oven, and taste them too, and the ice cream that Daddy brought home almost every night. Besides, the horrid bandages had been taken away that day, and best of all, Daddy was bringing home a wonderful surprise that night.

If only he could see just once more! Just to look at the pirate ships and the dogs in their frames on the walls, or better still to play ball with "Spud" for just a few minutes.

Suddenly it came to him that he never would play ball with "Spud" again! He gripped the sheet tightly in little balls with either hand and gritted his teeth hard. He just wouldn't call Mother again. Guess she had troubles enough of her own.

Daddy was late that night. David thought that perhaps he had forgotten the surprise; he had turned his thoughts quickly to it so many times during the day to keep the picture of baseball playing out of his mind. But Daddy came eventually, directly to David's room. Going over to the bed he took both of David's little hands in his one big one.

"Well, Old Man," he began, "how goes the battle today?"

"Not so bad, Dad," was the answer, "I've been thinking."

"Thinking is it?" his father's face softened. He reached over and drew small David close to him.

"What's the trouble, son? Tell Dad." And David told him.

"Well, David," his father said after some hesitation, "We'll just have to grin and bear it. I guess after all the fewer blessings we have in this world, the more we appreciate those that we have. Anyway, son, I've got a bit of a surprise for you tonight."

David's tear-stained face lighted with excitement. He fumbled about beneath the pillow for a handkerchief.

"Can't seem to keep track of the handkerchiefs, Dad," he said confidentially, "they feel just like the sheet."

Dad drew out one of his big ones and passed it over. "Mother," he called, "bring up the new boarder."

The door opened; there was a hesitant patter of feet and David felt a cold wet nose thrust into his palm.

"Daddy," he cried, "a dog!" His fingers traveled lightly up the long nose to the tall pointed ears.

"Yes, David, a collie. His name is 'Chappie' and he will lead you when you go out."

There was no sound from David, for his face was laid against Chappie's white ruff, and his arms were about Chappie's neck—but Chappie wagged his tail excitedly and made plaintive, half-human sounds in his throat.

David and Chappie were out one afternoon in late summer, Chappie leading the way as usual, timing his steps sedately to David's. It was a walk that they had never taken before, down into the poorer section of the town, and David could smell onions that were being fried, and the clean odor of drying laundry.

Chappie seemed to know the way, and with growing excitement led David through an open doorway and whined expectantly.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" a voice asked.

"Why, I guess not anything," David answered, "you see, sir, Chappie here sees for me, and he just brought me in, I'm sorry—"

"Chappie!" the voice shouted, "Chappie, come here to Old Jed."

Chappie whined, and tugged David over to Old Jed. He rested his head on the older man's knee and wagged his tail wildly.

"Chappie hasn't seen Old Jed for some time, has he, boy?" the older man said. "Good old boy, and what is the new master's name?"

"My name is David," David said. "Was Chappie your dog once?"

"Yes, David, I didn't need Chappie any more, just working here in the old bookshop, so I took him to the pet shop so that he could be of use to someone else who was blind. I bind books, David. They are such good friends to people who can see, so I dress them up in nice clothes that they may be more respectable friends. It is up to us blind folks to supply most of the kindness in this world; folks who can see don't have so much time, you see, and you and I can get so much pleasure out of being kind. Try it, David, just try it." He caressed Chappie's ears with his fingers.

They became fast friends that afternoon, Jed and David, and it was nearly dinner time when David started home. It was on the way home that David met Tim.

"Please, young man, could you spare a bit of change for a man's supper?" a voice accosted him. David's thoughts were still of Old Jed.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I haven't any change," he said, "but if you're hungry you can come home with me, there'll be dinner there."

"Perhaps I'd better not," the voice answered, "your folks aren't likely to take kindly to such as I."

"Oh, but they won't mind," David urged, "they're nice to everyone. Please do, it will be all right, really." And Tim, who was very hungry, complied.

There was rather much of a to-do with Mother and Dad that night, but David won, as usual, and it was decided that Tim should live over the garage and do the chores about the place for his keep and a slight remuneration.

And it was not long before Tim, too, won his way into the hearts of all the family.

The next day he made a much more presentable appearance, cleanly shaven, and with his ragged suit brushed and neatly patched. He drove the car, mowed the lawn, chopped wood, took out the ashes, and made himself helpful in all ways about the house. He and David became inseparable companions and it seemed that in David's company Tim lost his woeful air. On one subject, however, he was insistent. "Call me 'Tim,'" he would say, "just 'Tim.' Last names don't count anyway, it's only nicknames that tell what a man really is," and by "Tim" and "Tim" only he was known to the family and the neighborhood.

One afternoon in the late fall David and his mother and dad drove into the country. Tim had requested that he be left at home, and since it was just an intimate family picnic, Mother and Dad readily agreed.

On the way home something went wrong with the motor and although Dad rolled up his sleeves and tinkered about here and there, the car refused to move farther, and was ingloriously towed to a garage while the family continued home in a taxi.

Half way up the walk, David and Mother, hand in hand, stopped simultaneously. Someone in the house was playing the piano—not playing it as David had ever heard it played before, but drawing from it such sweet music that it made him catch his breath. It was Kreisler's "Old Refrain," that was being played, and as they listened it changed to "Liebestraum," a sobbing-sweet love song.

"Who can it be, David?" his mother asked.

"Come quick, Mother, let us see," David hastened up the walk, Chappie straining at the leash.

They opened the front door quietly, and peeped into the living room. Tim was seated at the piano, his hands caressing the keys. He finished the last strains of "Liebestraum" and sat quietly, looking dreamily over the piano, his back to the unseen audience.

"Helen," he said, "you loved that. Do you hear it now, I wonder? I thought I should never play it again, but somehow of late I have begun to think that you'd like to hear me again." He turned as a sound from Chappie interrupted his reverie, and a smile of embarrassment passed over his face.

"I didn't know you were listening," he apologized, "I thought I was alone. I hope you don't mind. Perhaps I'd better explain."

"Don't feel that you have to," David's mother interrupted.

"Yes," Tim continued, "I think I shall. You see, once I could play. I gave recitals in Europe, in London, Paris, Madrid. I could play—but it wasn't I who was to be praised, lauded—it was my wife, Helen, and I—I lost my head, I neglected her, and while I was away"—his words were no longer hesitant, they tumbled over each other in self condemnation—"while I was away she died, pneumonia they called it, but it was a broken heart, I know. And when I heard, and realized, I swore I would never play again, and I dropped lower and lower until I was a tramp on the streets. It's no use going over all that, but since I came here I realized that I was wrong. Here I have found the first kindness since Helen died. David has brought Helen closer to me again; we often hoped that there would be a David of our own but he never came. Now I can play again—thanks to David—for I am sure that Helen would want me to."

They were in Old Jed's shop the next afternoon, and David was relating the new series of events.

"I'm not surprised, David," said Old Jed, "perhaps it teaches you what I tried to tell you when you first came in here all worried about baseball games with 'Spud.' You see, David, we folk that are blind are the lucky ones. People who can see, David, are all too likely to receive a false impression through outward appearances. Other folks see the outside, David. We see the inside. You and Old Jed see deep down into people's souls. We are the lucky ones."

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

A BETTER THEATRE

For the past twenty years, it has been argued by reformers of the American stage that if people would not buy tickets, indecent plays would have to be removed from the stage, but there was little or no response from the public. Those men and women who held fast to their traditions met with defeat from the public when they produced and played in only morally good plays. Only a very few of them succeeded, notably Rowland Stebbin's "Green Pastures," and Charles Hopkins' "Mrs. Moonlight."

Two years ago this season, a great hue and cry was raised by the more conservative critics that the American theatre was deteriorating, because of the many indecent plays it was presenting that year to the public. Always the answer came back: "We give them what they want," and so it seemed from the way in which these shows flourished and made money for their producers.

But last season the theatre was not to escape the great changes taking place in every field throughout the country. A play produced last February in Washington, whose only attraction was its immorality, proved a failure there and also in New York, where it was later removed from the boards because of its financial failure. In the same city, a singer was removed from a particular chain of theatres because her songs proved distasteful to the audiences. Everywhere, critics and producers tell us, the American stage is the cleanest this year that it has been for many, because the people will not support any other.

Otis Chatfield-Taylor says that the much-abused depression is to be thanked for this. In times of plenty, he says, there are too many theatres built, which then have to be filled. Since there are not enough good plays to go around, the poor ones get their opportunity. When there is less money, there are fewer plays, and the producers are more careful to choose a good one. This naturally leads to an enforced study of theatre conditions. Of course, we cannot expect an immediate change in our theatre, but it is significant that we have had more money-making plays on the stage in the past two seasons than for a long while before, and that they have all been good plays. Another influence which has contributed to the raising of the moral tone of the stage is that of the moving pictures. At the first appearance of the "talkies" the stage feared a rival and felt obliged to exert herself to save her position. Since that time this fear has been allayed, but the effort, once aroused, has continued to manifest itself,

until we feel confident in predicting the fulfillment of Father John Talbot Smith's desire, "a better American theatre."

WINIFRED WARD, '32.

IBSEN'S "THE WILD DUCK"

During the second week of her visit in Boston, we saw Blanche Yurka in one of her best rôles, as Gina in Ibsen's, "The Wild Duck." With the exception of the work of Miss Yurka and of Dallas Anderson, the cast was poorly chosen and failed to measure up to expectation.

The first of the play we found especially poor, slow, and stilted as it is at best, being but a preparation for the action that is to follow in the Ekdal garret. The chamberlains in this act were scarcely real and we were all too conscious that Kempton Race was a young man made up to appear old. Of Gregers Werle, we agree very readily with the man who says that he seemed too like "the caricaturist's notion of the unhappy idealist in his spectacled stoop." Dallas Anderson created just the right impression in his treatment of Ekdal, hiding during the first act the man's real character, that of a day-dreamer, conceited with the thought of his own importance.

The other four acts went somewhat better, with the entrance of Miss Yurka as Ekdal's wife. We enjoyed her interpretation of the part with her slow, monotonous voice and walk, rising to heights only when she tires of the presence of Gregers and at the death of her child. Her patient handling of Ekdal, whom she understands to perfection, was particularly good, cajoling him with the famous appeal to all, a good meal.

WINIFRED WARD, '32.

PAUL GREEN'S "HOUSE OF CONNELLY"

A few weeks ago the foster child of the Theatre Guild, that is the Group Theatre, appeared in Boston for the first time in Paul Green's play, "The House of Connelly." The play, because of its own merit and the excellence of production as well as the fact that it was a reaction from the average, almost invariable Hollywood opus, was highly enjoyable.

The first scene finds the Connelly plantation, once productive at least of material good, fallen into decay under the régime of young Will Connelly, incapable and rather uninterested. By the juxtaposition of incidents insignificant enough in themselves, there is drawn a sharp contrast between the impractical Will and the correspondingly capable Patsy Tate, daughter of a "poor white trash" tenant on his land. Will, disgusted partly with his own failure, partly at the idolatry of his mother and sisters of the vaunted Connelly traditions, is easy game for Patsy, who is covetous of the position and lands of the House of Connelly. When

she becomes the object of Uncle Bob's unwelcome attentions, Will is not only inflamed into a violent defence, but into a declaration of love.

The second act opens with Will under the dominance of Patsy setting about the rejuvenation of the farm and achieving fair success. He does not fully realize the fact that Patsy's answer to his accusation that she is acquisitive of the land is an admission of former guilt in spite of her protests that love has supplanted ambition.

Finally, Will, beside himself with despair, impotent rage, and self contempt in a quarrel with his mother and Uncle Bob, denounces the Connelly traditions. Bob leaves and commits suicide and is carried in dead. The violent protests of innocence by a mulatto may or may not be very significant. At the sight of Bob's corpse, the invalid, Mrs. Connelly, faints and dies before regaining consciousness.

In the last scene Will, still following the directions of Patsy Tate, to whom he is now married, refrains from recalling his sisters who have left the House of Connelly anticipating the advent of Patsy. Thus the play ends on a note of spiritual tragedy, with its main character in utter abjection.

From this sketchy narrative the significance and nature of the play are evident. It is a portraiture of Southern United States with no promise of solution to its spiritual problem. On the one hand, we have the gentry attempting to uphold traditions for the most part mythical, on the other, commoners attempting in one way or another to become gentry.

The most admirable characters in the play are Mrs. Connelly and Geraldine, Will's sister, whose attitude is at best one of splendid but brainless sentimentalism. Uncle Bob has one virtue, if virtue it be. He is clever. Will is weak, if sincere. In fact, these two seem to indicate that the term, "Southern gentleman," is, as far as the common use of it is concerned, at least, a misnomer. Patsy Tate is one of the least attractive characters I have ever seen on a stage. She is at once cruel, boorish, licentious, dishonest, selfish, proud, and above all, petty. Never could her wildest flights into the field of evil achieve the heroic.

The acting was good throughout with the exception of Patsy's protestation of love for Will in the second act, when Margaret Parker, in the rôle, loses control sufficiently to compete with Norma Shearer's performance in "A Free Soul," for screaming honors. Individually, Morris Carnovsky as Uncle Bob, Stella Adler as Geraldine, Franchot Tone as Will, and Mary Morris as Mrs. Connelly, especially distinguished themselves with exceptionally convincing performances.

In short, a better than ordinary play, plus competent acting with the exception of the flaw mentioned, and faultless staging, were the elements combined to give us the intial production of the Group Theatre.

ANNA JOYCE, '32.

If one enjoys really great acting and drama that does not stoop to theatricalism, then he would enjoy a real experience in the power of art by seeing Blanche Yurka in "Electra."

Of the three great tragic poets of Greece, Aeschylus was the most severely remote. Sophocles retained some of the same heroic proportions, but began to introduce more of the individual characterization and more sense of the humanity of his characters. It was Euripides, however, who brought the cycle of Greek tragedy to its final conclusion by adding touches of realism, as it would be called today, which definitely brought the characters into more immediate contact with the audience. Miss Yurka has selected Sophocles' version of the tragedy and presented it in the humanized fashion of Euripides.

The story is of Electra, left alone to mourn the murder of her father, for she had seen fit to take her brother, Orestes, when a small child, from the palace, while she lives there with the murderer of her father, none other than her own mother, and the man who stole his throne. Orestes returns with an urn supposed to contain his ashes, accompanied by his old guardian, but when he sees how his sister mourns his death he reveals his identity. Then while Electra stands guard, he avenges the death of his father by the deliberate murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, followed by that of her lover, Aegisthus.

A New York critic did not hesitate to say that Miss Yurka's performance crowned her as "America's greatest tragedienne." In the play Miss Yurka reaches three climaxes, each of which are different, yet all are great. First the scene in which she receives the urn which is supposed to contain the ashes of her brother; secondly, the scene of recognition between Electra and her brother; and finally and with astounding vitality the scene when she calls her mother's name at the command of Aegisthus, knowing her mother to be dead and to be lying just within the palace gate.

ELIZABETH WILD, '32.

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

With the producing of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the morale of the American stage has once more been raised above the many ordinary flamboyant productions of our theatre. The play itself has not only intense interest as a drama, but it has an additional attraction to students of English literature, because it is concerned with two outstanding poets of the nineteenth century: Robert Browning, and his famous wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The scene throughout the play is laid in the

sitting-room of the invalid, Elizabeth Barrett, at Wimpole Street, London. Elizabeth, the oldest of eleven children, and her father's favorite, was an invalid, whose solitude was broken only by occasional visitors. Always a lover of poetry, she spent her time writing poems and reading her favorite poet, Robert Browning. Letters of praise for one another's poems were exchanged by them, until finally Browning wrote to Miss Barrett that he would call on her. The friendship then begun, soon became a love which raised Elizabeth from her dying bed to a new life. It was, however, necessary for them to conceal their happiness from Elizabeth's father, who was determined to prevent his children from forming any attachments whatsoever outside their own family. Elizabeth loved her father dearly, but realizing that his love for her was consummately selfish, she yielded to Browning's plans to leave her home and marry him. At this point in the play, the series of dramatic episodes reach their climax, as we see Elizabeth gazing for the last time at the room in which she had spent the greater part of her life. When the members of her family discover she has gone, and find the notes she has left, they are terrified to tell their father; but he, hearing the commotion, enters the room, and demands an explanation. They give him her note, which he reads. A slight quiver escapes him, but he immediately regains his control, and tears the letter into shreds, as the curtain falls.

The love story is appealing, but what is worthy of greater admiration is that the facts of Miss Barrett's life closely adhere to actual biography. Katherine Cornell, who not only plays the part of Elizabeth Barrett, but also supervises the entire production, has exerted untiring effort in studying in minutest detail the life and poems of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, in order to create a living personality of the poetess. All who saw the drama agree that Miss Cornell has attained success.

MARY E. FLATLEY, '33.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

GRECIAN TREASURES

We, of Emmanuel, join in the proud boast of the modern world's remarkable accomplishments, for little do we realize that "the seeds of almost all that we count best in human progress were sown in Greece." True it is, that we have widely increased our general knowledge and have attained high perfection in details of technique; yet, in all our advance, we never hope to go beyond the basic qualities that the Greeks discovered and have transmitted to us in their legacy. They, in the glory and height of culture, produced the noblest poetry and art, made the most brilliant discoveries in natural science, formulated the finest political thought, and the most vital philosophy known to the world. We, in the era of specialty and speculation, have built upon their wonderful ideas and are consequently disclosing every-day marvels in scientific discovery and inventions that accelerate our world-wide progress. Let us not decry our accomplishments! Materially we have been far from stagnant, aspiring to the heights of success, but I fear that for the rewards that such attainment offers, we have bartered our soul and fallen heavily into the slough.

Russia furnishes us with a glaring example of a nation which, intent upon industrial advancement, feels it must obliterate all religion and crush the Christian, not to mention the Catholic, spirit to achieve its end. The rulers of that Government, despicable for its flagrant and atheistical actions, are converting their people to mere mechanical devices, possessing no soul, not even an instinct of beauty or an inclination toward nobility, the very characteristics that were instrumental in bringing Greece to her supreme position. Is it possible that two nations could reach the height of power by two such utterly divergent paths?

A more striking and perfect illustration of the spiritual deterioration of a nation, accompanied by an actual fall from power is Germany. Two decades ago, she excelled in commercial and industrial fields and stirred up the envy of the entire world; but to-day, we behold another Germany, unenvied as she totters on the brink of anarchy and chaos, brought about by evil-working Communism. It has corrupted her government, undermined her establishments, and filled her people's minds with base immorality and agnosticism. Some may reply that these two countries are a small proportion of the world, but we Catholics know that Socialism has made treacherous inroads into Spain and Mexico. We have no guarantee

that its propagation has ceased, but are rather assured that the imminent danger will circumvent the world and clutch all civilization to its wicked breast.

Do such conditions convince us that we have out-gloried Greece? If not, then, what secrets did she possess that we have not adequately appreciated?

First of all, the Greeks possessed a special beauty not only in literature and art, but a beauty of life, which was based on directness, simplicity, and truthfulness,—we know the solemn philosophical meaning of that word. “If you dig at any site in the Greek world, however unimportant historically, practically every object you find will be beautiful. The wall itself will be beautiful; the inscriptions will be beautifully cut; the figurines, however cheap and simple, may have some intentional grotesques among them, but the rest will have a special truthfulness and grace; the vases will be of good shapes and of beautiful patterns. If you happen to dig in a burying-place and come across some epitaphs on the dead, they will all, even when the verses do not quite scan, be beautiful.” Everything of Greece has an inexplicable touch of beauty. The Greeks possessed this beauty because they possessed men of a fine quality, men who were toned to a higher level of spiritual sense and nobility, men who were roused to loftier reactions by the “love of man for man and the facing of evil for the sake of good.”

Then, too, as Matthew Arnold so well puts it: “They saw life steadily and they saw it whole.” In other words, the Greeks were natural catholics. By catholicism is meant “simply the habit of mind which insists on looking at the whole before the parts,” and, according to Cardinal Newman, “discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in each end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands and how its path lies from one point to another.” “If the Greeks can render us no other service, they can at least lift us by the examples of their wide and fearless vision, out of our petty Protestant rebelliousness and recrimination,” above the perversion of atheism and Communism, and “plant our feet solidly on the rock of steady Catholic thinking.”

As students of a Catholic college, we have consciously, or not, learned well the truths incorporated in our treasure-legacy, and by nature, we have our youth “which is half the secret of the Greek spirit.” Some of us are soon to begin our careers in the world, well equipped to exert an elevating influence. Greece calls out to us another message important at this particular hour. She says that public affairs are worth thinking about as well as feeling about. Heeding these words, we should be concerned with the statement of a famous historian who

claims, "Dictatorships and Fascism have accordingly been hailed as a redeeming escape from the evils of a democratic government." Our government is an institution tangible to all of us. As individuals of this great democracy we should strive to perfect it, thereby fulfilling the last message from Greece, that we should elevate humanity by discountenancing falsehood and pursuing truth. Perhaps a few will be great litterateurs and scientists, while the rest of us, though unnoticed in the silent current stream, can become strong forces by our personal endeavor to be true Catholics, to combat Socialism, and purge our democracy of its present evils. We have a vast field to labor in. Let us, like the Greeks, and with their vision and stability, sow seeds to blossom into worth-while history, history that will tell of our spiritual and moral recrudescence, the perfection of the art of living and governing, and the triumph of Catholicism.

MADELEINE NAVIEN, '32.

E. C. ECHOES

FOREIGN MISSION BRIDGE

On Monday, February eighth, the Senior Class conducted a well-attended bridge party in the gymnasium for the benefit of the Foreign Mission Society. The committee, which included the officers of the four classes and those of the Society, are to be congratulated for their splendid, successful work. Miss Catherine Leonard won the Emmanuel banner that was raffled off.

SOPHOMORE HOUR

The Sophomores presented two short plays on the afternoon set aside for their "hour" on February tenth. After Mary Kenney had extended a Valentine greeting to the audience, the Thespians produced "And the Lamp Went Out" and "The School Master." In the cast of the first were Mary C. McCarthy, Mary J. McCarthy, Loretto McGowan, Katherine Fitzgerald, and Gertrude Webber, while Agnes McHugh, Eleanor Stankard and Margaret O'Neill carried off the honors in the second.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The members of the Literary Society heard a very interesting talk on Richard Dana Skinner's "Our Changing Theatre," at the meeting on February fifteenth. Miss Anna Joyce, '32, spent the hour in presenting an informal review and appreciation of this book, which covers all the plays that have been on the American stage for the past ten years, with a special mention of those plays that are on the Boston stage this season and of the best players, according to Skinner. The hour was one of the most interesting that we have spent in club meetings this year.

BASKETBALL

The first game of the semester between the Freshmen and the Juniors took place on Wednesday afternoon, February seven-

teenth, in the gymnasium, with the victory going to the Freshmen with a score of 24-14.

An enthusiastic audience witnessed the game and encouraged the players with cheers and songs, an evidence of the steadily increasing attendance noted at other college activities. Such manifestation of enthusiasm contributes greatly toward vitalizing college spirit.

FRENCH ORATORICAL CONTEST

The French Oratorical Contest, sponsored by Le Cercle Louis Veuillot, was won by Miss Rose Maffeo, '34, on February twenty-ninth. Miss Maffeo read La Fontaine's "Le Corbeau et le Renard." Miss Catherine Boucher, '32, read scenes from "Turcaret," and Miss Marian Barry, '33, read Louis Veuillot's letter on Sympathy, after which Miss Phyllis Joy of the French department described to the members of the Cercle the section of Paris about Montmartre. The last part of the meeting was occupied by a "spelling bee" in which the members ranged themselves on opposing sides and remained standing as long as their orthographic powers held out.

The Cercle has started rehearsals for the play, which is a yearly feature. This year the plays are to be "Pathelin" and "S'Anglais tel qu'on le parle," and are being coached by Miss Doris Donovan, '30.

EL CLUB ESPANOL

On March second, the members of El Club Español met in the Spanish room to discuss plans for the next meeting, which will be in the form of a masquerade for the whole student-body, and will be held on April 17 in the gymnasium. After the plans were completed, the club members played a Spanish card game, which is very popular with the Spaniards, and a prize was awarded to the girl with the highest number of points.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has celebrated Washington's Bicentennial in a two-fold manner. Early in the fall the members visited the new American Colonial wing of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and thereby aroused initial interest in the great event. To say that entire rooms, as those from Ipswich, Massachusetts, have been transported by kind Massachusetts donors to the Museum is no exaggeration. The exhibit must be visited in order to witness the truth of this statement. Among the innumerable interesting relics are the pristine Bible boxes, gradually evolving into a modern writing table or chest of drawers. We noticed, too, the various evolutions of plain, straight, curved, carved legs of chairs, developing into present-day Chippendale.

The display of colonial silver in cater-cornered glass presses including especially the collection of Paul Revere was very interesting. The portrait of the namesake of Copley Square was on display in numerous localities and by its stern expression reminded one of early Plymouth. Another interesting feature was the various style of wall adornments from plain brown panels of oak to highly figured Chinese wall-paper, demonstrating the popularity of the trade with the Orient during the colonial period; also the fire-screen, to protect the face of the colonial dame from the effect of the intense heat of the hearth fires. To gaze upon a music room imported in all its appurtenances from England was quite a treat, although no graceful movements elicited tunes from the harp.

On February twenty-fourth was celebrated in a four-reel motion picture: "George Washington, His Life and Times." The picture depicted the entire career of Washington in an interesting manner.

An essay contest has been announced to complete the celebration of the bi-centennial. This essay is to be on Washington, the Father of Our Country, or Washington's Address to Roman Catholics. Three appropriate prizes have been offered, and the results will be announced at the next meeting of the Historical Society on April sixth.

SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS

Juniors

President: Helen Morgan.
Vice-President: Mary Farnham.
Secretary: Ann Fitzgerald.
Treasurer: Catherine Leonard.

Sophomores

President: Mary McInerney.
Vice-President: Susanne Davoren.
Secretary: Mary Neylon.
Treasurer: Rosemary O'Neill.

Freshmen

President: Eleanor Wallace.
Vice-President: Phyllis Drew.
Secretary: Helen Kelleher.
Treasurer: Eleanor O'Brien.

EPILOGUE CONTEST

In the Snapshot Contest, it was the purpose of the *Epilogue* board to extricate from student albumns snapshots of happy moments in Emmanuel life for use in the year book. The best pictures were submitted by Miss Eileen Donovan of the Senior Class, who won the prize of two dollars and a half in gold.

SODALITY

For March seventh the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Sodality sponsored a contest. The students were invited to submit a poem or essay treating of St. Thomas as Patron of Studies or Saint of the Blessed Sacrament. The prize-winning selection was the poem composed by Mary Barrows, '33. The best essay was submitted by Mary F. Kelley, '32, president of the Sodality.

The program at Assembly on the feast day was as follows:

Ave Verum, TrioMozart
Violin, Elizabeth McNamara
Violoncello, Barbara Hall
Piano, Agnes Knox

Poem, "Angelicus".....Mary Barrows, '33
Panis Angelicus.....Cesar Franck
Voice, Margaret O'Connell
Accompanist, Agnes Knox

Essay: The Angelic Doctor

Mary Kelley, '33

Adoro Te.....(English Words)
Assembly

FRESHMAN HOUR

The Freshmen entertained us on March ninth, in the auditorium under the direction of Eleanor Wallace, the President of the class. "A Ticket for Magnolia," was played by Marguerite Carr, Helen Attridge, Alice Dolphin, and Margaret Magoon. Also, a one-act play, "Brothers at Arms," was presented by Mary Kavanaugh, Eleanor O'Brien, Naomi Dayton, and Helen Murphy. This was followed by the Freshmen's interpretation of an Irish school-room in the absence of the teacher. The colleens danced and sang, accompanied by Elizabeth McNamara. Helen Kelleher, paid a tribute to "Father Toomey," and Anastasia Kirby and Martha Doherty recited the "Auld Side Car."

SENIOR ELECTIONS

The Seniors have elected as the committee of their Class Day, Kathleen Sullivan, chairman, Jeannette Ouimet, Ruth Ellis, and Marie Crowley.

For Senior Promenade, the committee includes Margaret Riley, chairman; Dorothy Curran, Helen Carney, Elizabeth McCarthy, Katherine Joyce, and Marie Kelley.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

At assembly hour on March sixteenth, the student body and the faculty enjoyed an informal talk by the Reverend Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., who spoke briefly but feelingly on the glories of Ireland and being Irish. He brought to his audience evidences of his native Gaelic humor and sympathy as well as a charm of personality that was sufficient to make us wish he could "talk on indefinitely." Although his humorous remarks far out-numbered his serious, he did not fail to bring home to us the value of our spiritual heritage—a heritage prepared for us by fifteen centuries of suffering.

Reverend Father Feeney's talk was preceded by a harp solo by Miss Agnes McHugh, '34.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society presented two Lenten plays, *The Upper Room*, and *The Gift*, on three successive days, March eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth. This annual event was welcomed with enthusiasm as in preceding years and was attended by appreciative audiences.

The cast of *The Upper Room* consisted of:

THE VIRGIN.....	Madeleine Navien, '32
MAGDALENE	Catherine Boucher, '32
SAMUEL	Mary Keenan, '33
PETER	Anastasia Kirby, '35
JOHN	Mary Flatley, '33
JUDAS	Collette Fulham, '33
ACHAZ	Cecelia Gilgun, '33
VERONICA	Margaret Callahan, '34
LONGINUS	Mary MacInerney, '34
THE DOCTOR	Miriam Walsh, '32
JOSEPH	Barbara Hall, '33

The cast of *The Gift* consisted of:

JOEL	Mary Farnham, '33
MARTHA	Mary Clancy, '32
MALACHI	Evangeline Mercier, '35
HULDA	Loretta Robinson, '33
A STRANGER	Coralie Nelson, '34
GABRIEL	Mary Byrne, '34

Mary Clancey, '32, was chairman of the ticket committee, and Catherine Minahan, '32, of the committee for patrons. Miriam Walsh, '32, president of the Dramatic Society, worked untiringly for its success.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Mary Gately, mother of Helen Gately, '33.

Mr. Michael Johnson, father of Ellen Johnson, '24.

Mr. Patrick McHugh, father of Eleanor teaches us that this life is but a preparation McHugh, '28.

ALUMNAE NOTES

WORCESTER BRIDGE

On the first Saturday of February, the Worcester Emmanuel Club held a bridge party in the Elks Auditorium. Christine Flanagan was the general chairman of the affair and had as her committee Katherine Corbett, president of the Club, Mary McCarthy, Katherine O'Connell, Margaret Culver, Ellen Johnson, Mrs. Frank Miller (Isabelle Brosnan, '28), and Mrs. William Bowen (Anna Flanagan, '26). The bridge party, which included one hundred and five tables, was preceded by a Spring millinery display, and was a brilliant success.

On February ninth, the Alpha Lambda Club of Lawrence held a theatre party at the Colonial Theatre.

On Sunday, the twenty-eighth of February, the class of 1928 held a meeting at the college. It was the first time the members of the class had come together for a formal business meeting, and it proved to be a very successful initial movement. Other get-together socials are planned.

Placida Vileikis, '30, has been appointed in the Worcester library.

Margaret Mullin, A.M., '28, has been appointed in the East Boston High School.

Mary Hoyer, '30, entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham on February second.

DAY OF RECOLLECTION

To the Emmanuel College Alumnae the first Sunday in March means but one thing, a return "home" for one long, happy day. Before nine o'clock of the morning of March sixth, the college drives were filled with cars and hurrying girls, who were welcomed on their entrance to college by Sister Helen Madeleine and Miss Ruth Kelleher, our President.

During Mass the joyous rose-colored vestments of Laetare Sunday seemed to emphasize our happiness at being once again in our own exquisite "blue and gold" chapel. Miss Margaret O'Connell, '32, sang the "Panis Angelicus" and "Just for Today." Phyllis Joy, '29, sang the "O Salutaris" after the Elevation, while everyone joined in singing our well known hymn to Our Lady of Good Counsel.

After a gala breakfast we met the Reverend Father Raymond McInnis, S.J., who gave us three of the most helpful and inspiring conferences it has ever been our pleasure to attend. He analyzed for us the vital affect of that indefinable treasure, Faith, upon the attitude of all true Christians toward the persecutions and "depressions" that came to us throughout the centuries,—proof that the Church is indeed the representative on earth of its Divine Master, who also suffered humiliation, torture, and death, finding victory in the moment of direct disaster. Within our own time fellow-Christians in Ireland, Mexico, Russia, Spain and the Orient have found that same victory over the forces of evil in triumphant death. We have not been called upon to give our lives as our testimony to the truth of the fact our Faith teaches us: that this life is but a preparation for the greater adventure and consecration of Eternity; but Father McInnis pointed out that by our attitude of cheerfulness and hope toward the present era of difficulty, we can prove to others not so fortunate that in our Faith in the real future, we find consolation for the trials of the present.

This is but the briefest resumé of the eloquent, sincere words of Father McInnis, our wish is that all might have been with us to enjoy them.

During Benediction, Miss Rosemary Stanford, '30, sang an Italian "Ave Maria," and Miss Grace Sullivan, '31, the "O Salutaris." When the last notes of her second hymn, "Good Night, Sweet Jesus," floated out clearly into the candle-light dimness of the chapel, a feeling of peace and hope filled the hearts of all of us.

There was a short business meeting at the close of the day, during which only one motion, of several offered, was carried. By that one it was agreed to carry out the tradition of holding the second dance of the year sometime during the coming spring.

Then we said "au revoir" until June, when we all hope to meet once more and share our Alma Mater's hospitality at the Alumnae Banquet.

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.

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The Ethos

VOLUME V

MAY-JUNE, 1932

No. 3

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME V

MAY-JUNE, 1932

No. 3

Baccalaureate Sermon

Delivered by the Reverend F. Garrett Keegan, S.T.D.

Emmanuel College, June 5, 1932

"Hold fast that which thou hast."—St. John, *Apocalypse*, III, 11.

My dear Graduates:

The custom of a parting word of admonition is not only deeply rooted in the traditions of Emmanuel but dates back to that sacred occasion, when Christ, after having instructed His apostles for three years, solemnly admonished them for the last time in words of fatherly love. This was the first address to Christian graduates, the first baccalaureate sermon ever preached. As you are about to enter into the week which marks the end of undergraduate activities and approach the goal towards which you have been striving, you kneel to receive the last benediction of your Alma Mater, and look back to see what Emmanuel has given you as a preparation for life and for eternity.

When you were contemplating college you chose a Catholic college because you desired something which you felt could not be found in other systems of education. You were striving to acquire that indefinable characteristic which distinguishes the graduate of an institution such as this and to avoid that spirit of dissatisfaction with education which is so prevalent in the world today. Other institutions with older traditions, richer endowments, and greater facilities for assisting you in a temporal way, did not appeal to you. You were looking for something satisfying in education, more useful in life, more conducive to true happiness. You desired something more in a college education than could be derived from extensive buildings, brilliant minds, or unlimited endowment funds. And though you might not have known it at the time, you were right. What you were actually seeking was not the development of the intellect but the training of the will. For the Catholic Church, wise with the experience of centuries, has always insisted that to develop the intellect

without training the will, makes one unbalanced and unfitted for the struggle for either temporal or eternal happiness.

There can be no real education without moral training. As the Bishops' Pastoral pointed out a few years ago, "A trained intelligence is but a highly tempered instrument whose use must depend upon the character of its possessor. Of itself knowledge gives no guarantee that it will issue in righteous conduct. As experience too plainly shows, culture of the highest order with abundance of knowledge at its command may be employed for criminal ends, and be turned to the ruin of the very institutions which gave it support and protection. An education that stores the mind with knowledge, without training the will in the practice of virtue, may produce great scholars, but it can never produce good men."

The old Monastic schools were founded on this principle: namely, that the training of the will or the formation of good habits is more important than the accumulation of information. The ancient glory of Oxford and Cambridge, of Paris and Bologna, of Utrecht and Tubingen, may have departed, but the Church that mothered these great universities teaches the self-same lessons and identical principles in other lands and other climes.

The modern world scoffs at the will training of older times, because it is committed to the modernistic theory of determination which teaches that we are creatures of circumstance rather than makers of our own destiny. The desire of unbridled freedom and the comfortable easy mode of living which all of us have assumed as our birthright have robbed present-day life of its few remaining opportunities for the serious exercise of will power. Small wonder, then, that so little insistence is placed in modern education upon the training of the will.

As we look back over the progress which has been made in the scientific and commercial life of our country during the past century, we marvel at the extraordinary achievements made by our fellowmen. But at what a cost has such success been purchased. How many of our successful men and women have been dismal failures because they lacked the advantages of an education which trained the will. Daily we read of some successful, intelligent, and colorful personality with all the qualities of mind which should go to make for a happy life, who has become so depressed as to take his life. Hardly a day passes but some noted educator breaks into print with some criticism of secular educational systems. And the reason is that such educational systems insist on the development of the intellect and exclude to a great extent the training of the will.

"There is something more in learning and something more in life," says former President Coolidge, "than a mere knowledge of science, a mere acquisition of wealth, a mere striving for place and power. Our colleges will fail in their duty to their students unless they are able to inspire them with a broader understanding of the spiritual meaning of science, of literature, and of the arts. Their graduates will go forth into life poorly equipped to meet the problems of existence, and fall an easy prey to dissatisfaction and despair."

Catholic colleges, on the other hand, while not unmindful of the necessity of developing the intellect, insist, also, on the training of the will. It is for this training of the will that you will be deeply grateful as you leave these quiet halls of learning and take your place in the rude battlefield of life.

You have received the best education to be had in the world today. This may seem a broad statement in these days when literally billions of dollars are being spent annually in the United States alone for educational purposes, but I shall make it even broader by adding that you have received not only the best education but the only real education in the world today.

Let me clarify this statement by quoting the words of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, now gloriously reigning. In his masterly and luminous encyclical on Christian Education, the Holy Father says: "In fact since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to obtain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education, that is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed himself to us in the person of His only begotten Son, who alone is 'the way, the truth and the life,' there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education."

Education should be defined in terms of the will and not of the intellect. The decay of power and of accomplishment in the individual has been due to the mistake of striving more to amass information than to train the will. Because the will can enable us to accomplish what otherwise would seem nigh impossible, the exercise of it surpasses all the pleasures and satisfactions which we associate with the lack of exertion of the supreme faculty of the soul. The exercise of our wills makes it possible to call upon sources of energy which might otherwise remain concealed from us. Consequently the exuberant pleasures of temporal enjoyment pale into insignificance when compared with the happiness and contentment derived from the exercise of our wills.

Intellectual persuasion alone as to the power of the will avails but little. The will must be trained to stand for the highest principles by a succession of harder and harder tasks until the ordinary and finer things of life seem comparatively easy. You have been taught to train your wills by mortification of various kinds, by performing unpleasant duties just for the sake of the training of your will. You have learned this truth of the great school of our Lord founded twenty centuries ago, by practice and by example, and not by word alone. Discipline, irksome and oppressive at times, has taught you to subject your own will in little matters to the maturer judgment of others. Obedience to authority, even when that authority has seemed to err, has made your duties in life easier, pleasanter, and more enjoyable. Self-denial even in legitimate pleasures has developed your character in virtue and moral excellence.

It is not difficult to know what is the just and proper course of action. Conscience or the natural law provides sufficient knowledge of this for each of us. It is difficult, however, to do what is right. If we are not trained in matters of small importance, if we have not learned to say "no" in indifferent matters, how shall we ever be able to deny our natural inclinations in serious questions which affect not only our temporal well being but our eternal happiness?

Consider with me briefly what an advantage this will be to you in whatever spheres of activity the Lord will call you to serve. As religious, how zealous you will be to train those placed under your charge. As Catholic mothers, how eager you will be to see that your children develop strength of character and nobility of soul. What a satisfaction it will be to you to be able to combat in word and action the social and moral evils which are so prevalent today and to be able to exemplify by your good lives what the world loves most—character. As professional or business women your ethical code, your moral standards, and your principles of life, will command the respect and admiration of all with whom you come in contact. For what the world needs today is men and women who have strength of character and who are willing to place principles above pecuniary considerations.

The one thing that will bring the world out of its present economic distress is the restoration of the will to its rightful place as the supreme faculty in life. It is in periods like this that the world gains twice as much as it loses. It gains in the development of character, it gains because its citizens are forced to do what in flourishing times they would not even consider. In times such as we are passing through now, the world at large has of necessity to exercise will power. And in so doing they experience, sometimes for the first time, the satisfaction and pleasure

which alone can come from self-restraint. One of the most salutary effects of the depression has been to teach us to discover the pleasantness, the virtues, and the restfulness of simpler, sweeter things. It is certainly leading the pleasure-mad world back to sanity.

And so, my friends, speaking to you from the depths of my heart, I assure you that I am proud of the fact that you have had during four years, the example of those who appreciate and value the advantages of a trained will. You may say with a certain degree of truth that the ideals which have been inculcated in your hearts may be possible for saints, for those who have dedicated themselves to the cause of religion, but that it is not possible or practical for those whose lives are to be spent in busy, active, American life. But I say to you this morning that if it is possible for these Sisters to live in accordance with the high principles which they have exemplified, it is possible for you. You know and I know that the Sisters who have taught you have tried to teach you the lessons which have brought happiness to them. You know and I know that they receive in life more enjoyment, more real happiness, by having trained their wills to do what they know is right. What you have loved and respected in them is what will give you the greatest happiness in life. What you have admired and esteemed most in them has cost them the most, because the task of developing a trained will means sacrifice.

As you exchange the cloistered quiet of academic halls for the rude battlefield of life you will find many influences at work to make you forget your principles and ideals or to render them inoperative in your lives. You are entering into a world that if not openly antagonistic is at least secretly hostile to the examples of Catholic womanhood which you have seen for four years. Your teachers have shown you that it is possible to exact for yourselves a sincere tribute not only of admiration but of affection. Remember always that you cannot expect from others a tribute of affection unless you can demand a tribute of admiration. They have daily received from you a tribute of admiration because they have trained their wills. The will to make life happier and useful for others rather than to follow their selfish desires is the secret of happiness which you have seen radiating from their countenances. Wheresoever the spirit may lead you, to the church, to the home, to the learned professions or to the business world, prove in your chosen field that a woman learned in literature, science, and art can at the same time be actuated by the principle, time-worn and thoroughly tested: that real success in life consists in the conscientious discharge of your duty to God, to your neighbor, and to yourself. Then, regardless of how

hostile the world may be to your principles and ideals you will receive from it not only a sincere tribute of admiration but also of affection.

Go forth, therefore, with confidence, secure in the conviction that you have received the best preparation for life that can be obtained in the world today, relying not upon your own unaided powers but upon the grace of God which is always indwelling within you. May God bless you and help you with His strengthening grace to attain that real success in life which consists not in riches, not in honors, not in pleasure, but in working honestly, faithfully and unselfishly all the days of your life for the glory of God, the salvation of your immortal souls, the good of the Church, and for the welfare of our beloved country.

A Daughter of Coventry Patmore

Coventry Patmore's name will be forever linked with that of his best known poems: *The Angel in the House* and *The Unknown Eros*. For a perfect understanding of the significance of these poems, one must study his home life and love, and the personalities of the two bright visions who rise up "out of the picturing dark" and are easily identified in his works: the young wife who for fifteen years turned earth to heaven for him, and their daughter, from whose short life Coventry Patmore gained a deeper initiation into the mystery of divine love, and who is known to so few lovers of her father's poetry. Emily, his wife, revealed to him the full beauty of human love, which does not culminate in the marriage union, but grows with the years, and leads on to more perfect bliss in heaven.

"My faith is fast
That all the loveliness I sing
Is made to bear the mortal blast
And blossom in a better spring."

After the death of his wife he passed through a period of acute loneliness, during which his poetry blossomed forth in songs of poignant grief, such as "The Azalea." Her influence, however, gradually became idealized and impersonal and he learned to think more clearly of love, life, and death. Gradually, too, her little daughter, Emily, began to take her mother's place, and Coventry Patmore's poetry, under this new inspiration, became more beautiful, and took on a mystic quality, for he saw in human love the symbol of the divine: the love Christ has for the Soul.

"What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be
Not thou, but God?"

Such thoughts as these he has celebrated in the magnificent *Unknown Eros*.

Patmore's daughter, Emily Honoria, was born on June 2, 1853. She was a beautiful child, very happy and gay, showing no unusual poetic talent or imagination in her childhood, except her great love for flowers. Many children like to snatch blossoms from flowering plants gleefully, but little Emily would cry if she saw anyone do this, and, if she found dead flowers anywhere, she would carry them home and bury them reverently in her garden.

Even as a child she had an impulse to contemplation, and for hours "she would walk solemnly up and down as in a cloister, or sit as if lost

in contemplation, pretending she was a nun." Where she learned of the existence of nuns has never been ascertained. When she was only nine years old, her mother died, and she became the little mother of her brothers and sisters. She felt keenly responsible for their happiness and truly taking her mother's place, she would write to her father of their needs and of little treats that would please them. Her father tried to keep Emily's mother's picture ever present and fresh in her memory and, idealizing her as he did, he trained his little daughter to grow up to venerate her mother in the same way that Catholic children venerate and love Our Blessed Lady.

About this time Coventry Patmore made a journey to Italy, where he came for the first time under the direct influence of the Catholic spirit, which he could not resist. In a short time he became a Catholic, and in July, 1864, he married Miss Marianne Byles, a wealthy Catholic Englishwoman. Emily was the first of his children to be received into the Church. On a child of her disposition the newly-found Catholic faith and reception of Holy Communion had an invigorating spiritual effect, and in her Christ found one more child-lover.

Much of Emily's early training was done by her father, who omitted no lesson of loyalty, gratitude for kindness, and courtesy, that "instant reverence dearer to true young hearts than their own praise." At school she had studied mathematics, science, Latin, and modern languages. When she was fourteen she began to study languages with her father and displayed great ability in French, Italian, and Spanish. Their greatest interest was literature, especially poetry, which she began to write under his guidance. It is noticeably dramatic and objective, in contradistinction to her later poetry which is entirely an expression of her own thoughts:

"He led them out of Egypt,
Between the night and day,
Parted the sea before them,
And the God of Israel bore them
All dry-shod on their way.

"They led Him bound from Pilate's hall,
Who led them once from Egypt's shore;
Friendless He stands amidst them all,
Their only Friend of yore."

The Patmores then moved to a very pleasant little town where they became friendly with a Catholic family, the Robsons, whose daughters had been educated by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. Emily and Harriet Robson became very intimate, bound by common ideals and

spiritual interests. The greatest influence in Emily's life at this time was no doubt the presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the private chapel of their new home. Her natural inclination to prayer and meditation was fostered by many daily visits, the fruit of which she has expressed in many little poems:

“Many have tried the theme
And miserably failed;
The most successful hardly showed a gleam
Of all Thy beauty veiled.
And veiled forever must that beauty be,
Forever vainly sought;
Thou showest, truly, all that we could see,
But that is almost naught.
Happy are they whose brightest gems one ray
From Thee have caught.”

Such verses as these show the extreme thoughtfulness and seriousness of the child when only fifteen years of age. Her father, who delighted in these traits in her, discussed his poems with her, and received the greatest happiness from her appreciation of them. As she grew older, however, her interest and pleasure in poetry waned, earthly things failed to satisfy her, as she became more and more imbued with the sweetness of God's love.

Her father disliked this deep spirituality in her, because it made her, he thought, too serious and mature, so he took her on a long trip abroad. Her memoirs of the trip show that it had the effect he desired: an enthusiastic interest and delight in fellow-travelers, beautiful scenery, art galleries, and cathedrals. When she returned home, she began her formal school career at the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus at St. Leonards-on-the-Sea, where her friend, Harriet Robson, had studied. Emily excelled in her studies from the very beginning and became conspicuous for her poetic genius. She was very popular, too, with her classmates, a new experience for her, who had never associated with girls of her own age, but one that she began to love very much. Particularly did she desire the special friendship of Mother Aloysia, the head-mistress, in whom she found all the qualities of the mother she had lost when so young. For a time she allowed her affection full scope, but she suddenly realized that she was now spending the time in earthly friendships that she had formerly given to God. Her previous nearness to God seemed lost. For the first time in her life something had come between her soul and God and she found herself engulfed in a great temptation: the struggle of choosing between ordinary goodness and sanctity. She was in anguish because

she had lost her precious intimacy with God. Her verse was the outlet at this time of her spent emotions:

"I know, my Lord, that at the last
I needs must come to you;
Enough of harm is in the past,
Ah, yes, I know this, too.
And now my heart and spirit fail,
And I forget your face,
And knowledge is of no avail
Without your grace.

"I have offended you, the One
Most sweet and perfect Good!
I know that I have trampled on
Your Passion and your Blood.

"Raise up the heart and soul that fail,
And I will seek your face,
And much shall knowledge then avail
Joined with your grace."

In her trouble and pain she cried to Mary to help her to regain her Son:

"And if I live on patiently,
Waiting in pain His Will,
And rest awhile in thought of thee,
Thy Son one day may calm that sea,
Commanding, 'Peace, be still.' "

She spent all her spare time in prayer, realizing that in it alone lay her salvation. She fought and fought "and then—she knew not how—but suddenly an Arm was round her, and she stood safe—humbled but free on the shore." She expressed her exultation in the following lines:

"O Sunshine, O delight, O deep, deep Peace!
O Lord, my God, what can I now desire?
My joy would now gain nothing by increase,
My heart would gain no joy by hotter fire.
Once more the beauty of Thy House I see,
And love the place wherein Thy glory dwells;
"Sweet sorrows, by which joy doth much increase,
O Sunshine, O delight, O deep, deep Peace!"

When the struggle was over, and she knew she had conquered, she felt that her only security was to become a religious. She begged and

pleaded with her father to allow her to enter the novitiate, but he refused to consider it until she should reach her twenty-first year. This decision saddened her, but she took courage and expressed her great yearning thus in poetry :

“Oh, why may I not bind my soul to Thee
By one strong vow that cannot be dispensed,
That all my daily sacrifice might be
In that one moment, that one word condensed?
Will months and years pass by and must I still
Be teaching constancy to my weak will?”

About this time her father gave her a beautiful diamond ring which she wore as a secret sign of her betrothal to our Lord, and would often kiss reverently as she thought of her future consecration to Him.

“One wish, O Lord, my heart can own,
One thought can fill me with delight :
The thought of being Thine alone,
Of serving Thee with all my might.
How long, O Lord, how long ! I cry,
But not from wrong or misery,
Only—how long wilt Thou deny
My great desire well known to Thee?”

Although she longed for the end of her probation in the world, she in no way rebelled against her father's wishes, but she accepted them as the Will of God. This submission to the Divine Will brought great light and freedom to her soul. Then at the middle of her twentieth year her father, fully convinced of her religious vocation, and realizing the anguish he was causing her, told her she might enter the following January. She writes :

“When love makes all things easy
From the greatest to the least,
When death doth seem a bridal,
And life a lengthened feast—
O love, how can I show my love
When love makes all things light?
‘Bear patiently thy weight of joy,
And love with all thy might.’ ”

From the beginning of her convent life she was perfectly happy. The love of God and the blissful aureole of His peace surrounded her at each moment of the day and night, and, in spite of suffering and trial, she was completely at peace.

"When I awaken I am still with Thee,
And Thou hast been all round me through the night,
I, waking with a throb of ecstasy,
Thank Thee beforehand for the day's delight,
And trust to Thee, sweet God, to rule it right;
And Thou wilt give me all my heart's desire,
And keep me safe from Satan and his harms,
Bearing me in the path Thy love hath planned,
And none, dear God, can take me from Thy hand."

Her self-sacrifice in her new life was utterly complete. Her sacrifice to God was absolute. She was not at all morbid or negative in character in attaining this; she was aiming at a very positive ideal, and each day she realized more intimately the interior reward. Her great love for Christ was intense and knew no bounds. "There was a recklessness about this passionate lover of Christ which made her trample down all human respect and natural fastidiousness in her eagerness to grow closer to Him. . . . The Person of Our Lord was to her the most living and enthralling reality, and as she advanced in sanctity the realization of the abiding Presence of God within her became more and more absorbing." The fact that devotion to our Lord absorbed her whole heart and soul is seen in the fact that she chose for her name "Sister Mary Christina," as being most like that of Christ.

The many verses she wrote at this time reveal the wisdom and courage she had learned so early in life. Of these, *The Two Paths* is one of the most beautiful. Sister Mary Christina says in it that two equally good ways are open to us: the first, to work in the world for Christ by heroic deeds; the second, to aid others by lonely prayer and secret sacrifice. She concludes thus:

"No praise of men doth here beguile
The roughness of the road;
For all ignored or all despised
Are those who here have trod.
Lord, if I needs must take my choice,
This second way is mine,
For there lie all Thy Mother's years,
And all but three of Thine.
My soul thirsts for those hidden springs,
Those ways to men unknown,
To be forgotten by all else
And live to Thee alone."

It is easy to imagine how the approach of her profession affected her poetic and imaginative nature.

“The brightest joy is dull to this
The deepest peace to this, unrest;
The morning of eternal bliss
Has dawned, and every day will shine
More brightly than the day before,
Till thy Beloved shall be thine
And thou be His forevermore.”

A fact particularly characteristic of Sister Mary Christina is told by her biographer. During the ceremony of profession, it is customary with the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus that the Litany of the Saints be sung. While this is being chanted, a funeral pall is spread over the prostrate novices to show that those who are to be received as spouses of Christ must be dead to this world. Every novice at that time asks for a special grace, for there is a tradition that every petition asked thus is granted. Sister Mary Christina's prayer was that she might “run a long course in a short time.”

During this period of her life her father wrote a great deal. It was his custom to send his beautiful mystical poetry to his daughter for criticism. From a letter to her father we learn that she thought *The Toys* “very, very touching”; *Magna est Veritas*, “delightful, and ending with a touch of something too deep to be called satire”; *The Unknown Eros*, “exquisite.”

Sister Mary Christina found her duties as a religious very arduous, because in her soul was a constant longing to spend all her time in contemplation with God. This desire could not be satisfied, consequently duties that took her attention away from prayer proved sometimes irksome.

“Return, weak heart, take up thy weight,
And bear it through another day;
The joy that seemed so real of late
Like other joys must sink away
 Into the dreamy past.
Return to labor and to pain;
Forget not grief, nor seek for rest;
Sigh not for death, 'tis worse than vain,
Death will end all when God sees best,
 And peace shall come at last.”

This continuous longing to lead a wholly contemplative life constituted one of her few difficulties. It had this result, however: she distilled from it the precious balm of humility, her best loved virtue, and she wrote of it:

“O God! to come through toil and pain
To Thee!—to burst these prison bars!
To do, to suffer—and to die!
—But Thou wilt teach me better still
The truth of dear Humility,
The whole oblation of my Will;
And I will be content to know,
Though failure all my life may pall,
What even the worst must help to show—
That I am naught and Thou art all.”

And then one day Christ showed Himself to her. How, we do not know. She never mentioned it to anyone, but she tells of His visit in verse:

“For sense and time forgetting,
I have gazed upon the Face
Of the Father’s Sole-Begotten
Who is full of truth and grace. . . .

.
Secretum meum mihi.”

As her life went on from day to day, she began to think more and more about death, perhaps sensing that her own was near. In *Life and Death*, she says:

“If ’tis Life that the soul doth sever
From its dear and sole Delight,
Do they call that ‘Death’ which forever
Doth me and my Love unite?”

Just before the time when she was to make her perpetual vows she wrote exceptionally beautiful poetry. The following passage from one poem shows her poetic genius in its highest phase, in the expression of her love and honor of Our Lord:

“O Love! How blinded then are they
Who paint thee crowned with roses bright!
’Tis well indeed for such to say
That Love is still bereft of sight.

But they who on the truth do gaze
As well as may be here below,
Love thorny ways,
Better than all the flowers that blow,
'Hora amatis illa est
Qua pro amico patitur!' "

Soon after her perpetual vows, she became very ill, and the certainty of her approaching death filled her with the greatest joy. As formerly, on the day of her first profession, she prayed and begged for it to come soon. Then, remembering Christ, she wrote:

"And when at last that hour draws nigh
That bids me leave the flesh behind,
Shall I then turn from Calvary,
A milder death than Thine to find?

"Since Thou didst die all comfortless
Shall I not welcome such a lot?"

"The long course which she had prayed to run in a short time was almost finished, and the earthly senses of this Idyll of Divine Love were about to be completed. She had been early initiated into the meaning of self-surrender, she had learned more and more of it until the day when God Himself had seemed to forsake her, and the hope on which she had staked all seemed to have been in vain. In the depth of this bitterness there had come to her at last the full revelation of the meaning of sacrifice. When she responded fully to this knowledge, her earthly task was ended, and the evening of her life set in glory." Sister Mary Christina died on July 13, 1882, at the age of twenty-nine.

Her verse, so different from her father's in scope, is beautiful in its own way and is one of the most sublime collections of religious poetry. We remember her not only, then, for her own contribution of verse, but for the life, light, and inspiration she gave to her father's poetry.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

Salesgirl

Miss Cole scanned the amount on Sue's sales' tally, frowned, and said sharply: "Well, Miss Loring, you'll have to do better than this. You have the lowest sales today of any girl in the department. What's the matter?"

Sue hesitated, then said: "I'm sorry, Miss Cole. I guess I had an 'off' day."

Peggy was pinching Sue frantically.

"Tell her you had to do Meg's work, too! Go on, tell her!"

Sue was firm. "No, Peggy, Meg would lose her job and she really was awfully sick."

Miss Cole watched their retreating backs. These salesgirls with their lipsticks, their easy chatter, their ridiculously high heels! Sue Loring irritated Miss Cole in particular, although tonight was the first time she had occasion to find fault with her. She was the best salesgirl in the store.

"Hurrying home," she thought bitterly, "rushing to get dressed for the evening. Probably spends every cent on clothes, though goodness knows she doesn't dress well. Like the rest of her kind, all selfish! They don't know what sacrifice is!"

Miss Cole saved every cent to send her niece to Miss Brooks' finishing school so she felt very virtuous. "My Constance will be a lady," she mused, jamming on her unbecoming hat, "not a gum-chewing, slangy salesgirl."

Sue lived with her mother and invalid brother in a tiny flat on the East Side. The ride from downtown was a long, stifling one, and the vast army of workers, shoppers, and idlers seemed to crowd into the same subway train.

But trifles never bothered Sue. She had her job, she had Ma and Buddy, she was young and healthy. Many tired people turned to glance a second time at the bright-haired girl with the smiling eyes, and unconsciously their hearts were lightened. "Young and pretty," they conjectured, "and not a care in the world!"

Sue opened the door of the flat and called gaily, "Lo, Ma," then ran to kiss Buddy's wasted cheek.

"See what I have for somebody!" She revealed a small balloon man that walked in the queerest manner. Buddy's joyful shriek brought quick tears to Mrs. Loring's eyes.

"Now, Sue dear, you know you shouldn't be so extravagant. Why only last night you bought me that lovely pink geranium. I thought you were saving up for a new dress!"

"Ah, Ma, I really don't need a dress right away. Besides the poor old man who was selling these was awfully 'down and out' looking."

She kissed her mother affectionately. "Supper ready?"

When the dishes were done, Sue changed her dress and ran a comb through her curls. Her mother watched her expectantly.

"Going out Sue? Goodness knows Bob's asked you often enough. You ought to get some recreation after working hard all day."

"Bob can wait, Ma!" Sue replied cheerfully. "I promised that young couple upstairs I'd mind the baby and let them go to the movies. Poor kids, they never get out!"

Mrs. Loring sighed. That was Sue all over, always doing something for somebody else.

It was just a week later that Carol Long came to work in Sue's department. Immediately the two became friends, attracted by a wide difference in temperament and breeding. Carol found herself confiding in her new friend.

"When Daddy died penniless, why I just had to leave school and go to work. I had been attending Miss Brooks' finishing school."

Sue was impressed with the high-sounding name.

"Gosh, I should think you'd be able to get lots of jobs coming from a place like that."

Carol smiled ruefully.

"No, Sue, I was down to my last penny when a friend secured this position for me. I don't know the first thing about selling."

"Gee," sympathized Sue, "that's too bad. If I can help you any, just ask me. I—"

"Hey, Sue," yelled Jimmy, the stockboy, "Who's number '507' or '509'? She's wanted up at the office right away. Old man Reddy's got Miss Cole up there and she's pretty mad. Some mistake just made in this department."

"509! Why!" gasped Carol, "that's my number! I knew I'd make some dreadful mistake. If only they don't dismiss me!"

Sue was thinking quickly. "509-507." The two numbers were easily confused. She knew that Carol would lose her job, being a new girl. Sue turned to the indifferent Jimmy.

"That's me! 509. Tell them I'll be right up."

"But Sue, you can't do this thing for me. It may mean your position."

"I'll risk it," replied Sue with forced cheerfulness. "I've a pretty good record."

But in spite of her bravado, her hand trembled as she opened the door of the boss's office. She could hear Miss Cole's voice protesting angrily.

"Good morning, Miss Loring. Sit down, please." Reddy's voice was crisp but not unkind. "You've heard, no doubt, about the fuss one of your customers raised just now. Seems that she was sold a suit for \$16.50 which was really marked \$39.50. Naturally she refused to pay the difference, and the company must stand the loss."

Miss Cole interrupted him.

"It's the first time such a thing has ever happened in my department and the last. I don't know how you could have been so careless, Miss Loring." Her voice was thin and unpleasant. "I think we ought to let her go, Mr. Reddy."

Sue glanced from her to Mr. Reddy in fright, but his next words reassured her. He remembered how Sue used to inquire after his wife when she was in the hospital and the time she sent her some homemade candy.

"I'm sure it won't happen again, Sue. You have a fine record so far and we certainly would be sorry to lose our best salesgirl." He rang for his secretary. "That's all."

Sue hurried out trying not to notice the chagrin in Miss Cole's face. Carol was waiting, terrified. When Sue finished her story, tears of gratitude welled in the other girl's eyes.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you, Sue! If they had let me go, I don't know what I should have done!" She clasped Sue's arm impulsively. "Won't you come home and have a bite of dinner with me tonight?"

"Sure! love to!" grinned Sue, her eyes smiling once more. "Let's go!"

The two girls had hardly finished eating when the tenement bell jingled insistently. A moment later, a girl appeared, carrying a leather overnight case.

"Why, Connie Cole!" cried Carol delightedly. "Where in the world did you come from? Oh, Sue, this is Constance Cole, a classmate at Brooks's. Sue Loring, Connie."

Connie's sullen face brightened at Sue's friendly smile. Carol fussed with tea.

"Now Connie, tell me how you ever found me, and what you're doing in New York."

"Well," drawled Connie, "I got your address from the dormitory supervisor. There isn't very much else to tell except that I've run away from school, and I've come here to marry Jack."

Carol was visibly shocked.

"But Connie, you don't love him, and besides he—he's divorced!"

"I know it but I'm tired of being poor! I'm tired of being snubbed by girls who haven't my looks nor my ability, simply because their people happen to have more money than mine."

"But your aunt Alice"—

Connie started at Carol's words.

"Yes, it will be a blow to Aunt Alice, I had not thought of that." Suddenly she was sobbing on Carol's shoulder.

"Oh, I can't go back, I can't! What am I going to do!" Something clicked in Sue's brain.

"Aunt Alice" . . . "Cole" . . . Miss Cole of the dress and suit department who was always bragging about her niece of Brooks Hall! Miss Cole who was quoted derisively by her sales force, "My Connie shall be a lady, not a slangy, gum-chewing salesgirl!" A long list of petty cruelties and unjust criticisms passed through her mind. Miss Cole, who did her best to have her fired that very afternoon. Here was her niece, planning an escape that even a "slangy salesgirl" viewed with horror. Fate was indeed giving her a long-deserved chance for revenge. Sue hesitated. When she finally spoke her voice was calm and deliberate.

"I'd go back, Connie. You'd only break your aunt's heart. Y'see I happen to know her and all she does is talk about you and how proud she is of you. She's a fine scout, and you ought to think how she's sacrificed to put you through." She smiled disarmingly. "Why, I've even seen her go without her lunch to save the money. No kiddin', Connie, I'd go back."

Connie's mask of sophistication dropped before Sue's appealing eyes. She was just a little girl who had almost lost her way, after all.

"I think you are right, Sue," she said, "I . . . I'll go back."

Miss Cole scanned the sales' tallies with her usual frown.

"See here, Miss Randolph, you've got to do better than this." She turned to the assistant department head.

"They try to get by with as little as possible. Think more of their dates and their good times than anything else. It would certainly surprise me if anyone of them ever did a real, unselfish act."

And she was looking directly at Sue as she said it.

MARY BARROW, '33.

A Storm

The breakers crash upon the blackened rocks,
Gray spume, like guysers hurled at leaden skys;
The sucking ebb, scarce heard above the thundering surf,
Pulls back the kelp to hurl it on again
With each successive wall of turbulent sea;
Whipped forward by the shrieking wind,
The stinging sleet, like knife-points, cuts my face,
As high upon the rocky cliff I cling
And brave defiantly the chaos here.
Great God of Storms, the resonance of Thy
Mad music fills my ears exultantly,
And strikes an answering note of harmony
Within the depths of my tormented soul.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

Nature: "God's Daughter"

"By the laws of Nature, no man can admire, for no man can understand, that of which he has no echo in himself." In these words from *Sanctity and Song*, a tribute to St. Francis, Francis Thompson unwittingly sounded his own praise. In all Thompson's poetry there is manifest a genius as strange as it is beautiful. Strange, because it was born in the slums of the London byways; beautiful, because the ugly, disgusting features of the life about him failed to taint his poetry. Although he suffered the pangs of hunger and the terrors of privation, rarely does a hint of this creep into his poetry. That is the strangest thing in all his life: that such beauty could flow from a mind surrounded by affliction and suffering. Surely it was an inspiration such as few men have ever attained. That intense confession of the wandering, reclaimed soul, "The Hound of Heaven," speaks with a mystic, lyric note of the insufficiency of Nature to offer human consolation, yet no poet has appreciated more than Thompson the beauty of nature and its message to man, as we have tried to point out in the following papers.

"Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet
'Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.' "

Here is the reason, then, for the poetic heights and depths that Thompson has reached, and although his reader may think his speech "veritable foolishness," yet he must know that his words have sanctity and song.

"Laud and Complaint"

"Lo, here stand I and Nature, gaze to gaze,
And I the greater."

One of the characteristics most noted of every poet is his attitude toward nature. Here, in the opening lines of his ode, "Of Nature: Laud

and *Plaint*," Francis Thompson, in no uncertain language, gives us his viewpoint: the superiority of man's dignity over nature. All through his poetry, we find this truly catholic, truly poetical interpretation. In this ode he endeavors to discover what nature can mean to man and in what capacity she may serve him. As is evident from the title it is not only a praise of nature but also a complaint of her insufficiency. Unlike those who claim for nature an omnipotence which she can never possess, who make of her a goddess, he immediately places nature in the position of a servitor:

"Couch thou at my feet,
Barren of heart, and beautiful of ways,
Strong to weak purpose, fair and brute-brained beast."

Then giving nature her true attribute, immensity, and considering himself the "younger, forward brother, subtle and small," he seeks to discover their mutual relation.

In childhood, we are all encompassed by nature, but never seek to know the reasons of her bounty, her gifts are received with "innocent thanklessness." Youth comes and brings with it a departure from our intimacy with nature and we commune with it not realizing the depth of our birthright. At this point, Francis Thompson sings of the simplicity of nature with a voice made full because of his intense love of beauty. His words, well-chosen, bespeak the sincerity in his heart. He sings not of the "divine gleams" resident in nature,

"But of those simple things
Less heavenful: the unstrained integrity
Moving most natively,
As the clad customed lot
Of birthright privilege allows,
Through the domestic chambers of its Father's house;
The virgin hills, provoking to be trod;
The cloud, the stream, the tree,
The allowing bosom of the warm-breathed sod."

As children we enjoy the possession of nature without realizing it, yet its existence beautifies our lives,

"not duller, daily, base,
But sweet and safe possession as our mother's face."

Passing from youth to manhood our acceptance of nature becomes so indifferent that we somehow lose our birthright.

"Grown man, we now despise
Thee."

Because of an ungrateful, blinded way of viewing nature we are likely to miss her choicest gifts. Francis Thompson considers first joys paramount to all others, and claims that when we do realize what nature does for us it is too late to recall her initial experiences. Joys never repeat themselves in all their fullness. They come once and from their coming our life begins. Here Francis Thompson compared the joys and thrills of first experiences of nature to those of love, and the comparison is striking. Lovers long for the thrill of their first kiss, the joy of their awakening, so we, too, when finally we grasp the depth of natural beauty, long

"That first kiss to restore
By Nature given so frankly, taken so securely."

"Once more, once more to see the Dawn unfold
Her rosy bosom to married Sun;
Fulfilled with his delight,
Perfected in sweet fear—
Sweet fear, that trembles for sweet joy begun
As slowly drops the swathing night,
And all her bared beauty lies warm-kissed and won."

No amount of penitence for our laxity can be of any avail, even the words, "once more" and "again," are resounding of despair. We can look for nothing from Nature, since she is incapable of feeling; she does not force herself upon us, she allows us only to take as much from her as we are subjectively capable of taking.

Poets have ascribed to Nature a holiness and divinity she cannot possess. They attribute to her a voice that is merely an echo of their own. She can bestow no blessing, she can supply no haven to man. Then Thompson gives the real office of Nature.

"O man; she has no use, nor asks not for thy knee,
Which but bewilders her,
Poor child; nor seeks thy fealty,
And those divinities thou wouldst confer,
If thou wouldst bend in prayer,
Arise, pass forth; thou must look otherwise."

Here we find the true Catholic interpretation of Nature, merely a pathway to God. A means to an End! It is in this point that such nature-lovers as Wordsworth fail, they mistake the means for the end. To enjoy Nature in its full capacity one must be a friend of God's, they "that are His following."

“Lady divine!
 That giv’st to men good wine,
 And yet the best thou hast
 And nectarous, keepest to the last,
 And bringest not forth before the Master’s sign—”

It is only through perseverance and study of nature, from the point of view of its leading to God, that one reaches the depth of its well of beauty. So many think its superficial beauty is its only possession that they miss its meaning:

“How few there be thereof that ever taste,
 Quaffing in brutish haste,
 Without distinction of thy great repast.”

Hence we see that the fault lies not in nature but in the way she is wooed. Her wooing is not easy, yet the gifts received are worth the task.

“Stand at the door and knock;
 For it unlocked
 Shall all locked things unlock.”

Again, Thompson repeats the secret of nature’s charm, known only to one of Catholic, poetical thought:

“This Lady (Nature) is God’s Daughter, and
 She lends
 Her hand but to His friends.”

JEANNE H. STEINBRENNER, ’32.

“Ode to the Setting Sun”

The fame of Francis Thompson’s first great ode, “The Hound of Heaven,” has perhaps obscured the beauty of his other poems. Lyric artistry and profound religious thought, however, are none the less evident in that marvelous poetic masterpiece, “Ode to the Setting Sun,” Never weary of singing the praises of nature, which to him is a “wondrously vital and sentient thing” he stands thrilled, a lone figure before the glory of the departing sun and its breath-taking majesty. With the gorgeous coloring that only a poet knows how to use, he paints an incomparable picture of the heavenly drama. With ears attuned to the final notes of earthly song, and eyes acutely sensitive to the last blaze of heavenly glory, he sets the scene for the almost tragic day-fall.

“The wailful sweetness of the violin
 Floats down the hushed waters of the wind,
 The heart-strings of the throbbing harp begin
 To long in aching music.”

Feeling the stillness and awful mystery of the moment, he continues:

"The red sun
A bubble of fire, drops slowly toward the hill
While one bird prattles that the day is done."

But Thompson is no mere worshiper at the shrine of nature. For him there is something symbolic in nature, "discrowned of homage," something symbolic of the great drama of the crucifixion.

"Thy straight
Long beam lies steady on the Cross."

This is the vision before his eyes, for nature became to Thompson a "portent and a prophecy of the invisible." His will be

"A song thou hast not heard in Northern day
For Rome too daring and for Greece too dark."

Once having struck the note of the theme, he revels in the splendor of the falling day. What follows is a magnificent tapestry, a series of gorgeous images embroidered with magic words. The emotion felt is only half-tragic, a blending of Birth and Death. This is the consolatory thought:

"The fairest things in life are Death and Birth
And of these two the fairer thing is Death.

* * *

Is it not so, O thou down-stricken Day,
That draw'st thy splendors round thee in thy fall?
High was thine Eastern pomp inaugural
But thou dost set in statelier pageantry."

Almost overcome with awe, he breathes reverently:

"Thou dost thy dying so triumphally."

and then he bids the sun to cease to look to the "oblivious world" for praises:

"Oh, shake the bright dust from thy parting shoon."

The world's praises have ceased, just as the glory is now departing.

"Yet ere Olympus thou wast, and a god!
Though we deny thy nod,
We cannot spoil thee of thy divinity."

Then follows a series of images which show without a doubt what William Lyon Phelps calls "his strange figures of speech, the molten metal of his language."

"What know we elder than thee
When thou didst, bursting from the great void's husk,
Leap like a lion on the throat o' the dusk";

Feel the great marvel of creation in the lines:

“How chaos rolled back from the wonder,
And the First Morn knelt down to thy visage of thunder!”

The power of Thompson's imagery is tremendous, as when he pays tribute to the power of the sun, “twoform deity, nurse at once and sire.”

“Who hast with life imbued
The lion maned in tawny majesty,
The tiger velvet-barred,
The stealthy-stepping pard,
And the lithe panther's flexous symmetry?”

The poet's store of epithets is exhaustive.

“Friend of the forgers of earth,
Mate of the earthquake and thunders volcanic,”

He addresses the sun and we are struck with the splendor of the metaphors. But his brush is not always heavy. He paints all the beauty of the earth and touches with exquisite finish the marvel of flowers.

“Who made the splendid rose
Saturate with purple glows
Cupped to the marge with beauty, a perfume-press.

* * *

Is it not thou that dost the tulip drape
And huest the daffodilly?”

In one last sigh of wonder he acclaims:

“Beauty is beautiful but in thy glance,”

and we see the color and breathe the “gushes of warmed fragrance” through the artistry of his touch.

He is ready then to impart the half-tragic secret of it all. He asks wherefore should the sun, “Ye who made the earth a living and a radiant thing,” expect to be mourned, when the “King-maker of Creation” was forgotten by thankless creatures.

“And now, O shaken from thine antique throne,
And sunken from thy coerule empery,

* * *

Where are the wailing voices that should meet—”

the poet asks.

Touched with a deep sorrow he cries out

“ . . . Must ye jade—”

There is a note of consolation in the beautiful image which his mind reflects, and he speaks almost as in prayer.

There follows a passage which make us say with Phelps that Thompson's lips “were touched with a live coal from the altar.”

"If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-maker of Creation.

* * *

Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did vail like thine to night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:
And so of all which form inheriteth
The fall doth pass the rise in worth."

Told in such gorgeous imagery the message of the ode is unmistakable. Assuredly this is conclusive proof that Thompson "leads the nature cult to an exalted religious conclusion." Face to face with the grandeur and sublimity of his symbolism we are ready to concur with Brother Leo, who says of the poet: "Catholicism—that Catholicism which built the great cathedrals of Europe and tempered the chisel of Michelangelo and animated the prophetic soul of Dante, is the sacred fire which burned in the heart of Francis Thompson and at the very close of an age of unbelief and doubt and materialism touched English poetry with an aspiring flame."

TERESA DELANEY, '32.

"The Orient Ode"

The "Hound of Heaven" is, no doubt, the most beautiful of Francis Thompson's odes, and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" is, perhaps, the most universally appreciated; but the "Orient Ode" is the most wonderful. To understand it one must understand the sacred mystery of the Mass. The supreme significance of the symbolism does not lose its clearness in its complications, nor its simplicity in its ornateness, for it is the expression of a truth, and the nature of truth is simple.

The "Orient Ode" is composed of seven divisions of unequal length. The first, in exquisite numbers, presents the complete figure, which the succeeding five expatiate; and the last expresses, very personally, what the poet has learned from nature: that God is everywhere.

"Lo here! lo there! ah me, lo everywhere."

Thompson sees in the sun the symbol of the Blessed Sacrament; yet he seems to use nature's activities so exclusively that we would not see the underlying meaning were it not for his skilled language. He borrows the vocabulary of the Church to express the movements of the sun. He imagines that Day, the priest "in the sanctuaried East," lifts

"From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd sacrament confest."

Then, when it has travelled its course, Day, the priest, sets

"The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West."

Thompson seems not even to suggest the hidden meaning. It is ourselves who seem to discover the perfect parallel of the Mass. The effect, I believe, was achieved because the two, the sacrifice of the Mass and the daily birth and death of the sun, were so intimately associated in Thompson's poetic mind that reference to one was burdened with thought of the other.

All this is expressed in the first fifteen verses, which, in addition, contain the loveliest idea of evening that I have ever read.

"—ere the frail fingers featly
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,
His sacerdotal stoles unvest."

It is the figure of the violet evening, an altar boy, unvesting Day, the priest, of his colorful, sacrificial vestment which he has worn all during the sacrifice, the birth, and the death.

The second section more obviously evokes thoughts of the Blessed Sacrament, for it commences:

"O salutaris hostia
Quae coeli pandis ostium."

But there is a hasty return to the sun with mention of the woman, Earth, "which at thy first white Ave shall conceive!" The beloved grows beautiful and blooms at the greeting and under the smile of her Lord, the sun:

"Yea, thy gazes, blissful Love,
Make the beauties they discover!"

The succeeding sections show the nothingness of Earth, until her Lover quickens her,

"For she, poor maid, of her own power
Has nothing in herself, not even love,
But an unwitting void thereof."

But then she

"Gives back to thee in sanctities of flower;
And holy odours do her bosom invest."

The parallel with the soul warmed by the Divine Lover is obvious; but none the less sublime.

The figure now commences to assume gigantic proportions. The sun becomes more than the Lover—it becomes the omnipotent Lord who orders even the heavens.

"Thou as a lion roar'st, O Sun,
Upon thy satellites' vexed heels;
Before thy terrible hunt thy planets run."

Now, indeed, let idle praise mount.

"Thou art the incarnate Light
Whose Sire is aboriginal."

Thou art a mystery and a paradox, "the deathfulness and lifefulness of Fire," and "out of thee, the Earth, comes forth meat!" We feel as if we were hearing Old Testament prophecies of the Son of God.

The poet, by this time, has come to an understanding of the mystery. The Moon has told him:

"The things I cannot half so sweetly tell
As she can sweetly speak, I sweetly hear."

There follows a mystical explanation, the meaning of which is very difficult to penetrate. The Moon and the Earth are sisters. One lives by and for the other, and "both in Thee, Light out of Light!" The passage, though retaining the figure, has very direct reference to the "resplendent and prevailing Word." I believe that the Moon symbolizes the soul of Man, and the Earth his body. Finally there is a plea for the Food of Angels:

"Touch from yon altar my poor mouth's desire!"

Now again there is a return to the sun and an intimate mingling of the two ideas. The poet passes from one to the other as easily as if they were identical.

"Art thou not life of them that live?
Yea, in a glad twinkling advent, thou dost dwell
Within our body as a tabernacle!"

and again:

"Thou to thy spousal universe
Art Husband, she, thy Wife and Church."

Here I find the lines in which the two are absolutely identified:

"The heavens renew their innocence
And morning state
But by thy sacrament communicate."

Lo, "the Spirit and the Bride say: Come." The soul of man hungers for "the victim daily born and sacrificed." The poet lovingly offers his song to the center of this mystery:

"To thee, O Sun—or is't perchance to Christ?"

This, the climax, touches the very soul with exultation because it is achieved with such superb restraint, such sublime simplicity. All that preceded was elaborate, but now the poet is humble, breathless with adoration.

Finally there is a calm, sweet message to vainglorious mankind. The poet tells the source of his knowledge:

"For oh, how could it be,—
When I with winged feet have run
Through all the windy earth about,
Quested its secret of the sun,
And heard what things the stars together shout,—
I should not heed thereout
Consenting counsel won:
'By this, O Singer, know me if thou see.
When man shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is here,
When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ here,
Believe them: yes, and this—then art thou seer,
When all thy crying clear
Is but: Lo here! Lo there! ah, me, lo everywhere.' "

CATHERINE L. BOUCHER, '32.

Jambon et Oeufs

The little town of Yamacheche basked in the warm September sun. Although it was after ten o'clock on a Wednesday morning, the broad maple-lined street slumbered on in its unruffled placidity. The bench before the Tavern held its full quota of idlers, of all ages, who were smoking their pipes in silence, for the most part, broken only now and then by a laconic remark in French, followed by gruff nods or slow smiles. An occasional Madame, on her way to Rosard's *Marché Général* was watched out of sight by the reviewing stand, the row of heads turning with clock-like precision. It was early in the day for the Quebec traffic to appear. Later, streams of cars bearing number plates of Maine, or New York, or even Florida, would raise dust clouds, and play havoc with Madame Dupont's washing, which now hung listlessly from a line joining an upper window to a near-by tree.

A dusty flivver appeared in the distance, pulled laboriously nearer, and with a dying gasp stopped before the assembly on the Tavern bench. The driver, a short, chubby individual with close-cropped, curly, brown hair, extricated himself from beneath the steering wheel and slid over the baggage-covered running-board to the ground.

"Guess we eat, gang," he said, "'Sue' refuses to budge again until after breakfast."

The last statement was evidently true, for "Sue," after a last expiring chug, had settled herself comfortably and with evident permanence.

The other three in the band dismounted in the same manner and gathered to discuss the all-important matter of breakfast.

"More of those everlasting ham and eggs, I suppose," broke out the tall blonde youth who had been sharing honors on the other half of the front seat. "If I ever get hold of a French dictionary I'll look up a square meal. 'Jambon et oeufs—jambon et oeufs'—maybe I'm not sick of that phrase, and maybe I'm not sick of ham and eggs."

"Larry, old son, you'll have to learn to take things as they come," admonished the curly-headed driver. "You haven't imbibed the proper spirit of 'Les Voyageurs.' Take Bob here, or Ray," indicating the two back seat members, "they take their ham and eggs wherever they find them—and never a murmur, either."

"Lay off, Cowboy," answered Bob, "if it's got to be ham and eggs or nothing, I'll take the ham and eggs. Let's give the place a try, anyway."

They opened the screen door and filed into the lunchroom. It was deserted at this time of morning except for a pretty little thing wearing a

prim cap, and a little white apron over a dress of black. The little cap did not entirely hide the neatly bobbed hair, and the wide brown eyes were, as Larry suggested, "a thing to bring joy to wandering college boys."

"Bonjour!" began Cowboy, by way of introduction.

"Bonjour, messieurs," she answered sweetly.

Larry had brightened considerably. "Well," he said philosophically, "I'd rather take my ham and eggs from her than anybody I've seen yet."

"Désirez-vous quelque chose?" inquired the young lady smilingly.

Cowboy turned to his three companions. "All right, gang," he said, "one—two—three—"

"Jambon et oeufs, avec café," droned the chorus.

The demoiselle made unsuccessful attempts to suppress a smile.

"Oui, Messieurs." She dropped a dainty curtsy and disappeared through the swinging doors to the kitchen.

At the table the conversation turned immediately to the impending ham and eggs.

"Cheer up, boys," said Ray brightly, "we should make Quebec by tomorrow noon, 'Sue' willing, and then we'll find a little American café. Steaks, chops, shortcakes! Imagine it!"

"I'll die before then," answered Larry dolefully. "No kidding, Ray, this racket makes me sick. If I wasn't so near starvation I wouldn't touch it, but as it is, I've got to keep body and soul together somehow."

Similar expressions of disgust from the rest of the boys were hushed by the appearance of the dark-eyed little miss bearing a delectable tray of the much-abused dish.

The meal was a silent one, for even as plebeian a dish as the one discussed above is acceptable to four college boys.

"Filling, if not appetizing," said Cowboy, as they were pushing back their chairs. "I wonder where Yvonne or Marie or whatever the fair maiden calls herself is."

Subdued voices were heard from behind the swinging doors.

"The plot thickens," said Ray, turning towards the door. "Let's catch one last glimpse of Yvonne before we go." He opened the swinging door a crack and they all crowded around to look.

A fat chef was cutting chops at a low table. His back was toward them, but a mass of curly yellow hair gave no suggestion of French ancestry. The little waitress was perched on the far end of the table, her slim ankles swinging back and forth beneath.

The chef was speaking. "Oh, you needn't go wild over a few college boys," he was saying, "and don't you be running out to talk to

them. You'll spoil it all. It's the French atmosphere that they want, and that's what you're paid to furnish."

The little waitress laughed musically. "I'm not a bad French girl for a New Yorker, am I? But they were cute, especially the little chubby one with the curly hair. Bless their hearts!" she added, "I'll bet it seemed good to them to see some good old New England ham and eggs!"

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

Change

In scorn,
Amid the towering greenness of the trees,
My little bush stands shivering in the breeze,
Forlorn.

Sweet May,
So warmly fragrant, smiles on everything,
All Nature blooms for long-awaited Spring,
Today.

Yet bare,
And broken in its first may-time, my tree
Dies in contempt—then lo! so suddenly
It lives again—it stirs, it thrills to see
A song-bird burst his heart in ecstasy—
There.

MARY BARROW, '33.

“Well Begun...”

In all modern playwriting there are no finer opening scenes than those of Sir James Barrie's plays, clear, whimsical, and humorous as they are. These scenes, sometimes short, sometimes rambling on over twenty pages, together with Barrie's comments and explanations, are equally as interesting as the plays themselves, and perhaps more, for not only do they prepare us amply for what is to follow, but they also give us an insight into the character of Barrie, the man. He never leaves us in doubt as to his attitude on the questions he poses, nor on the characters he portrays. Nor is he like the authors whose plays are universal in their atmosphere, but he is always English or Scotch in both atmosphere and interpretation.

Almost from the moment that we start to read *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, we know just what kind of heroine Barrie has prepared for us in Amy. He says: "One would like to peep covertly into Amy's diary (octavo, with the word "Amy" in gold letters wandering across the soft brown leather covers as if it was a long word and, in Amy's opinion, rather a dear). To take such a liberty, and allow the reader to look over our shoulders, as they often invite you to do in novels (which, however, are much more coquettish things than plays) would be very helpful to us. We should learn at once what sort of girl Amy is, and why today finds her washing her hair."

But, Barrie says, we cannot do that. It is not allowed the dramatist to talk about his characters. They must tell us all about themselves. And yet, in the next twenty pages he tells us everything we need to know about the Greys, from the father to baby Molly, and beyond, to Miss Ginevra Dunbar, bosom friend of Amy, and indeed, much about himself. We can see him shake his head in humorous despair over Amy's room, cluttered with bric-a-brac, and hung with pink curtains covering the lop-sided bookshelves where there are no books, and we know his dismay at the cosy corner where there stands "a milking stool, but no cow." He speaks to his reader directly and enters into a conspiracy with him against the Greys, when he says:

"Near the door is a large screen, such as people hide behind in the more ordinary sort of play; it will be interesting to see whether we can resist the temptation to hide someone behind it."

Further on we see Amy, who has been drying her hair before the fire, preparing to greet her friend of two terms' standing, Miss Ginevra Dunbar. What could be better than this?

"—she and Ginevra looked into each other's eyes. . . .

" 'Ginevra, my beloved!'

" 'My Amy, my better half!'

" 'Are you well, Ginevra?'

" 'Quite well, Amy.'

" 'Heavens, the joy of Amy, because Ginevra is quite well. . . .'

They kiss and Cosmo, Amy's brother, betakes himself to another room in disgust, to his bedroom probably, "where a man may be alone with mannish things, his razor, for instance." When we think that Cosmo is thirteen years old, we can better appreciate this last remark.

Ginevra has come to propose that she and Amy attend another theatre that night, the fifth in the week. Amy is quite sure that her mother would not want her to go so often, but realizes that she must learn about life. And how better than through the theatre? They discuss the plays that they have seen, each like the others, with its "odd, odd triangle," and its noble friend who compromises herself for the silly wife. We are permitted by Barrie to become quite enthusiastic about this little story, if we are a mind to, and then Amy says about the "love-maddened wife": "She was most foolish, especially in the *crêpe de chine*——"

Then we are back on earth, reading a play about two silly romantic girls, for far be it from us to notice what the heroine wears in the most exciting moment of the play, far be it from us! But what insight into the heart and head of a girl!

Amy overhears her mother inadvertently using an endearing term in addressing a friend of the family and arranging to meet him in his rooms. Amy realizes then that the plays she has seen were true to life, and she has learned from them just what to do in such situations. After beseeching the young man to stop his negotiations with her mother, all of which much mystifies him, she hides in his closet when she hears her mother coming. At the arrival of her father she steps from the closet and declares that she alone is the culprit and that her mother has come to save her. Alice, her mother, immediately senses the trouble, but enters into the spirit of the game. Amy never knows that she did not save her mother from "life worse than death," and at the end of the play Miss Ginevra Dunbar is congratulating her dear Amy on the noble act of her life.

In *Dear Brutus* we find a much shorter but equally fascinating opening scene. In this we enter right into the "darkened room, which the curtain reveals so stealthily that if there was a mouse on the stage it is still there," and we hear that "our object is to catch our two chief characters unawares; they are Darkness and Light." Beyond this room's French windows can be seen Lob's garden, "bathed in moonlight. The

moonlight stealing about among the flowers to give them their last instructions, has left a smile upon them, but it is a smile with a menace in it for the dwellers in darkness. What we expect to see next is the moonshine slowly pushing the windows open so that it may whisper to a confederate in the house, whose name is Lob."

All this creates for us a sense of wonder, fantasy, and mystery. Who is this Lob and who are the "dwellers in darkness"? We have not long to wait for they come into the room, turn on the light, and "the room is illumined, with the effect that the garden seems to have drawn back a step as if worsted in the first encounter. But it is only waiting." This power of Barrie to make inanimate things on the stage live for us makes him a dramatist to be admired and loved. He describes the five ladies for us. First comes Coady, whose only vice is that "if she lives to be a hundred, she will pretend to the census man that she is only ninety-nine." Other than that she is a perfect woman, even developing a friendly little limp to suit her husband's memory of his first wife.

Barrie's irony and gentle satire are quite to the fore when he says: "An old-fashioned gallantry induces us to accept from each of these ladies her own estimate of herself, and fortunately, it is favorable in every case. . . . What their mirrors say to each of them is: 'A dear face, not classically perfect, but abounding in that changing charm which is the best type of English womanhood; here is a woman who has seen and felt far more than her reticent nature readily betrays; she sometimes smiles, but behind that concession, controlling it in a manner hardly less than adorable, lurks the sigh called Knowledge; a strangely interesting face, mysterious; a line for her tombstone might be, 'If I had been a man what adventures I could have had with her who lies here.''" Thus is the vanity of woman disclosed to the eyes of the world! And here in these few pages, the author has prepared us for the story to follow:

Old Lob has, through some magical power, made it possible for his guests to wander into the forest beyond the gardens and with their wandering to change into a different life, where each can rectify the mistakes of his life on this earth and do the things he would do if he could live again. The result shows that the chance matters little, as they repeat their previous performances with precise accuracy. Thus, Purdee, who is found in the first act philandering with his wife's friend, Joanna, and telling her how his wife, Mabel, fails to understand him, in the second act is married to Joanna and is busy philandering with Mabel, telling her how Joanna fails to understand him. Then there is a butler who is changed into a successful company-promoter, adored by his wife, who in the first act was the fine lady unusually disagreeable to the butler. To Dearth alone, the drunkard artist, might come happiness and success had

he a daughter such as he finds in the forest. So Barrie tells us that all dreams of progress are illusion, in answer to the cry of the Great War, "What has been can never be again!"

One of the best of his shorter plays is *The Twelve-Pound Look*, a later play included in *Half-Hours*. In this he comes in touch with his readers intimately again, by talking directly to us, but here he makes us squirm in our chair by the suggestion that Harry Sims is ourself, or that we pretend that he is. It is not until the end of the first scene that we realize that we have no desire to be Harry Sims, smug thing that he is. And this is how we learn it. Mrs. Sims is seated regally. "Her jewelled shoulders proclaim aloud her husband's generosity. She must be an extraordinarily proud and happy woman, yet she has a drawn face and shrinking ways as if there were some one near her of whom she is afraid." We find that we were right and that there is nothing of Harry in us. Harry is about to be knighted and is in the midst of practising his part while his wife plays the Queen, when the typist who is to send out notification of his promotion arrives with her typewriter, and Harry goes to meet her. She happens to be his first wife, who left him without notice some years before. He flaunts his advance in her face, but she seems strangely unmoved. In his anger he dismisses her, but not before the present Mrs. Sims sees her. In all the glory of splendid expectation she asks:

". . . Harry, are they very expensive?"

"What?"

"Those machines."

"(When she has gone, the possible meaning of her question startles him. The curtain hides him from us, but we may be sure that he will soon be bland again. We have a comfortable feeling, you and I, that there is nothing of Harry Sims in us.)"

And we shrink into our chair, having been detected playing the Pharisee.

Rather different from the previous plays is *Der Tag*, a story of the declaration of the Great War, made by Germany's emperor. Here Barrie shows his genius again for creating atmosphere in his opening scene, for this is what he has to tell us of his scene and characters:

"A bare chamber lighted by a penny dip which casts shadows. On a hard chair by a table sits an Emperor in thought. To him come his Chancellor and an officer."

That is all. But it prepares us for the great struggle that is to follow, the struggle in the Emperor's mind between desire for power and desire for culture. He falls asleep after signing the declaration of war and dreams of an interview with Culture wherein she promises him that if he

breaks his faith with Belgium she will leave his country forever. He decides that he will keep his word and so informs his Chancellor. He is awakened by the first boom of the guns outside his palace and he realizes the tragedy he has brought about. This is brought home to him even more, when Culture tells him that the legions of dead soldiers and bereaved women do not blame him, for he is the Father and the Father can do no wrong.

Nowhere is the genius of Barrie more evident than in his intimate opening scenes, some of which we have seen above. His charming humor, bitter satire, deep sympathy for all men, and his inordinate love for the fantastic and fairy-like, are Barrie's great contribution to the drama, and are here manifested at their best, together with the felicity of expression that makes him one of our favorite dramatists.

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

Life

Yesterday the snow king held domain
 With stinging, biting swirl of icy white
 O'er cringing landscape, with his Trojan might
 Subjected nature to his conquering reign.
 Today the earth's a carpet without stain.
 The monarch stopped his forces in the night,
 And, with the dawn, left field and hill a sight
 Of crystallized majesty in Beauty's train.
 As snow clouds hurtled down their rampant mass
 On yester'morn, a striking contrast to
 The calm and peaceful silence of today,
 So our unsettled way through life we pass,
 With pains and pleasures intertwined, endure
 The one to live beneath the other's sway.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

IDEALISM

In any note, however short, on the idealism in a certain poet, painter, or artist, there are necessary a few introductory remarks, in order to explain, or better, to correct, the use of the term *idealism*. Of course it is almost too obvious to require mention that what we refer to is not *idealism* in the philosophic sense: that system which holds the external world to be nothing more than a fiction produced by the imagination. The rejection of this idea, however, does not eliminate misunderstanding, rather it paves the way for a misinterpretation much more subtle and much more fundamental. To say that a man is an idealist, or that his poetry possesses the quality of idealism, brings us very close to that state in which a man consciously seeks an ideal. It is that artificiality which caught Wordsworth in its meshes; it is that artificiality which is the death of poetry. Man need not seek ideals for his soul any more than blood for his veins. They are both within himself. Let him but consider Him, with Whose image and likeness he has been stamped.

The word *ideal*, as it is used in connection with the poetry and life of Joseph Mary Plunkett, has no plural. It has the singleness and simplicity of divinity. To anyone who has read the following stanza in his poem, "The Dark Way," not only the ideal, but the method of attainment, is known:

"But who shall lose all things in One
Shut out from heaven and the pit,
Shall lose the darkness and the sun,
The finite and the infinite."

Of the method, of the idea that by renunciation of the things we naturally love we are enabled to possess them all infinitely, I shall speak later. It is sufficient to note here, from the quotation, that Plunkett's ultimate goal was oneness with God.

It is necessary, however, that he who has been given the vision of such terrible splendor should likewise possess an unusual balance, he must have the sanity of the Church of Christ.

"—— who shall see in one small flower
The chariots and the thrones of might,
Shall be in peril from that hour
Of blindness and the endless might."

And the only way to come safely through this danger is the way pursued by the whole Church in the Dark Ages, by all the saints, and by the subject of this sketch: it is the dark way, the way of the cross.

This point brings us to a consideration of the means by which Plunkett strove toward the Ultimate. His means, the term is infinitely inadequate, were the embracing of suffering and human love. It would be greatly erroneous to suppose that Plunkett, or anyone else, realized the efficacy of suffering from the first. Invariably suffering has been, first, "sweet medicine of sin," and then, "choice food of sanctity." The whole point, however, about the idea of renunciation either in Plunkett or in Francis of Assisi is that it becomes a positive passion; and that it is complete. Chesterton, in his magnificent study of Saint Francis, says of him: "He devoured fasting as a man devours food. He plunged after poverty as men have dug madly for gold." Similarly, Plunkett, in a poem called "The Spark," rejects legitimate ease, peace, and pleasure, and cries:

"Now have I seen my shame
That I should thus deny
My soul's divinest flame,
Now shall I shout your name
Now shall I seek to die
By any hands but these."

It is evident that the poet now realizes that the suffering he had merely borne, he actually should have embraced. Henceforth, therefore,

"Because I know the spark
Of God has no eclipse,
Now Death and I embark,
And sail into the dark
With laughter on our lips."

There is also about the renunciation of Plunkett something of the completeness that we find in that of St. Francis, for he says:

"Set but a limit to the loss,
And something shall at last abide,
The blood-stained beams that form the cross,
The thorns that crown the crucified."

Of Plunkett's other help toward his goal, human love, we need but say that it was the love of which Patmore speaks, a prefiguration of divine love, which can be kept sane only by the influence of Catholicism. For as a man "doth see God's high glory in a girl's soft shape," his worship may be either "blessed or accurst," and only sanity can prevent it from becoming accurst.

Finally, we may see that Plunkett's ideal was one with that of St. Francis, in that Plunkett's ideal was Christ. The method by which they both strove to attain the ideal was, barring certain obvious differences, the same. For only a man who suffered an ordeal like that of Francis on Alverno could receive the stigmata; likewise, on a smaller scale, only a man who had traveled Plunkett's "darkest way" could write, "I saw the sun at midnight rising red."

ANNA JOYCE, '32.

FREE VERSE

I have recently been glancing through a work of one of our free-verse writers. A most cursory reading was sufficient to bring me to a double conclusion. Edgar Lee Masters' work is as far from being poetry as if he had deliberately striven to write as bathetically, as unmusically, as insincerely as possible. His work has all the lack of spontaneity that marks the most typical and representative poetry of the modern spirit. Of the utter lack of a sense of music and euphony the following lines are not isolated examples:

"The press of the Spoon River Clarion was wrecked," and,

"Tell me, was Altgeld elected governor?"

And even in the *Stuffed Owl*, a book of bad verse, one would find it difficult to match the title of *Spoon River Anthology*.

It would seem that Mr. Masters gets the inspiration to sing long before he realizes what there is about which he may sing. He then casts about in desperation and decides upon, let us say, the election of Altgeld.

I shall not attempt a criticism of what passes for thought content in the *Spoon River Anthology*,—such a course would be futile. So much for Masters' work.

The second part of the conclusion concerns Masters' medium, free verse. Aside from the fact that its name involves a certain contradiction, I am forced to contend that free verse can achieve success only in the expression of modern impressions. It is only when constrained by the bond of a stricter medium that the poet can properly concentrate his power upon more substantial ideas. Then, too, the stricter forms do not so readily lend themselves to bathos.

ANNA JOYCE, '32.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

OUR APOSTOLATE

The end of our college life has come today, Seniors. The day that four years ago seemed so very far away has surprised us by its hurried arrival. We face the world with hearts full of joy and hope, ready to conquer continents. We have enjoyed the past years to the full, years of study and play, years of warm friendships and strong convictions.

During these four years we have learned many things about trigonometry, irregular verbs, Catullus, and Old Age Pensions, and about the infinite goodness and wisdom of God. Emmanuel has ably prepared us in academic fields to compete with any, and it has done more. It has taught us to hope in man and in God and never to be discouraged.

It is not many years since Emmanuel first opened its doors to educate Catholic women. During the past thirteen years it has grown steadily, undaunted by obstacle, always looking ahead to more glorious times. This spirit of courage and fortitude has naturally communicated itself everywhere about us. It has been the doctrine of our college through the years and it has been brought home to us forcibly many times. When we became discouraged in our school-work, when some party proved a financial failure, when our class lost the basket-ball championship, we were always encouraged to make the next year better, and to forget the last.

We are now going to enter divers fields of endeavor. Some will teach, some will become secretaries, some will bring their knowledge to science; some will stay near us forever, and some will wander far away. But of this we are sure: each will do her best in whatever work she takes up. She will bring hope to many, and joy to young and old. She will know difficulty and hardship, yes,—but she will know how to face them bravely and overcome them. She will remember that what seems success to the many is not always success for her. And, what is most of all, she will know true Success when it comes to her for its true worth. What greater gift could a college give?

And so today, as we leave college with hearts and minds high in hope and assurance for the future, we thank you, Emmanuel, for our legacy, an apostolate of encouragement.

WINIFRED K. WARD, '32.

Brave, inspired, with loyal hearts and shining eyes, the Crusaders of Nineteen Thirty-two embark on their first hazardous adventure. For four years they have zealously prepared for their divine quest: arming themselves with the steel of Christian doctrine, burnishing their spirit in the testing fire of Christian ideals, emblazoning on their sacred crest, a jewelled cross of gold. Their weapons are ready: glowing Faith, white-rayed Hope, and the unquenchable flame of Charity.

The prize that these dauntless Crusaders hope to gain is the restoration of Christianity in a world which has plunged into the ruinous abyss of unbelief: atheism, agnosticism, materialism. Unlike the Crusaders of old, they do not war with the heathen at the cost of blood alone; theirs is a purely moral issue in which must be overcome the impregnable prejudice, the derisive scorn, the blazing, dangerous hatred which illuminates the warped minds of the enemies of Christianity. On all sides the frenzied triumphs of the foe haunt them. Literature, the theatre, universities, society itself, all are tainted with false philosophy; morality is an outcast from the sheltered lands of indulgence and degradation; man himself, supreme because of his immortal soul, barter his eternal birth-right for the glitter of worldly acclaim, defying the Infinite with his finite, fallible mind. The enemy has uprooted universal belief in religion, shackling it with the iron chains of fanaticism, flaying it with the scourges of contempt and insidiousness, blinding the radiance in the utter blackness of error. It is this that our Crusaders must recapture.

The cost is great, the enemy powerful, and the warriors few, but in the heart of each burns the desire to conquer—and it is in the individualized effort that the victory lies.

So they leave us, their confident friends, to wait and pray, while they forge ahead with the soul-stirring cry: "God wills it!"

MARY BARROW, '33.

E. C. ECHOES

FRENCH PLAY

On April sixth, Le Cercle Louis Veuillot presented "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" in the auditorium before a record audience. Much sympathetic laughter encouraged the cast. Mary Barrow, '33, played the comedy lead as the boy interpreter who knew no word of English. Helen Morgan, '33, made a true stage-type Englishman. Helen Cox, '33, was the charming English girl who eloped with the young lover Eugène, played by Catherine Boucher, '32. The cast was completed by Winifred Killoran, '33, efficient cashier, Josephine Alberghini, '34, blustering "inspectur de police," and Catherine Fitzgerald, '34, the "petit" bell-hop. From the proceeds of the play a scholarship has been organized to send Miss Catherine Boucher to study at the Sorbonne during the summer.

BLESSED JULIE BILLIART PROGRAM

On April eighth the student body assembled for a program in honor of Blessed Mother Julia, foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Margaret Riley, '32, read a biographical sketch; Helen Glynn read an interesting account of the statistics of the Order; Mary Barrows, '33, read an original poem: *Julie*. A trio composed by Margaret O'Connell, Lillian Collins and Barbara Hall sang *Beata Julia*, written by Alice Johnson, '29. The program ended with a song by the Seniors, written by Kathleen Rogers, '30.

FORDHAM GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On April tenth, the faculty and student body of the college, with their guests, passed a delightful afternoon when they were entertained by the Fordham College Glee Club. The conductor, a Bostonian, and former professor at the Conservatory of Music, Mr. Frederic Joslyn, rendered many beautiful selections. Particularly shall we remember the *Adoramus Te*, for its depth of feeling and beauty of tone.

COSTUME PARTY

El Club Español held a very colorful costume party on April eighteenth. The gym-

nasium was artistically decorated as a fitting background for the interesting program of song and dance that followed. The costumes worn were typically Spanish.

BASKET-BALL GAME

On April twenty-fifth the athletic season closed with an athletic meet and basket ball game in the gymnasium. The game between the Seniors and Freshmen was won by the Seniors, who received their "basket balls," as token of their championship.

JUNIOR CLASS DAY

The uninitiate were inquiring the meaning of white dresses and red bracelets on the morning of April 27. "Junior Class Day!" was the explanation offered. At assembly, after the Juniors had marched into the auditorium singing their class song, a musical exchange of greetings took place.

From the auditorium the Freshmen hurried to the cafeteria to serve luncheon to their "big sisters," and to receive in turn their class banner. The wearing of dainty red and white shoulder bouquets perhaps consoled the Juniors for the required attendance at classes until 3:40. Then their class play, "Now and Then," was presented. In the glimpse into the future which it gave us, we were all pleased to hear of the remarkable extension of the college campus. The author of the play, Miss Elizabeth Healey, and its director, Miss Mary Barrow, received deserved recognition of their work. We congratulated the Juniors for their creditable performance, and were glad to hear that our wishes for a pleasant time at their class dance on the following Friday evening were fulfilled. Longwood Towers and the efficient management of Miss Dorothy Dever were a happy combination, according to the Juniors.

HISTORICAL DEBATE

On April twenty-seventh a very interesting Senior debate was sponsored by the Historical Society. The proposition was: Resolved, that all war debts should be cancelled. The affirmative side was upheld by Dorothy Mullin, Madeline Navien, and Miriam Walsh; the negative side, by Helen

Shanahan, Catherine Minahan, and Marion Kelley. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side. Catherine Minahan was voted the best individual speaker and was presented with an anniversary copy of *George Washington* by Ford; Madeline Navien, as second best speaker, was given a large Emmanuel banner. All the participants were given small Emmanuel banners.

ARBOR DAY

On May second, the faculty and student body of the college assembled on the campus to witness the planting of the tree presented to the college by the Senior class. *Trees* by Joyce Kilmer and the Senior tree song by Mary Clancy were sung. The tree was then planted by Margaret O'Connell, president of the Senior Class, and was blessed by the College chaplain. Mary F. Kelley delivered the tree oration. The American flag was carried by Catherine Boucher at the head of the procession, and the Emmanuel flag by Madeline Navien at the end of the procession.

FRESHMAN DEBATE

The Freshmen displayed their argumentative powers on May eleventh in an intersectional debate on the proposition: "It is justifiable that Japan should occupy Manchuria." The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Mary Stanton, Eleanor O'Brien, and Martha Doherty; the negative by the Misses Mary Castelli, Mary O'Brien, and Helen Attridge. Mary Kavanagh acted as chairman. The judges decided in favor of the negative side.

MAY PROCESSION

A proof of the loyalty of the Alumnae as well as of the students to one of Emmanuel's dearest traditions was given on the occasion of the May Procession, held on Sunday, the twenty-second.

The procession formed inside, proceeded around the campus, and returned to the chapel for the crowning. Benediction followed an instruction, given by the Reverend John J. Lynch, S.T.L.

Gertrude Parsons was "Queen of Peace"; Margaret O'Connell was "Queen of the Rosary"; Agnes Knox was "Queen of the Blessed Sacrament"; and Mary Kelly, president of the Sodality, was May queen.

ELECTIONS FOR 1932-1933

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ALUMNAE NOTES

'23. Maryalice Devoe has recently been entrusted with the responsibility of opening a new Franklin Simons store in New York.

'24. Eleanor Fitzgerald, president of the class of 1924, has made her perpetual vows at the Convent of the Cenacle, Tigéry, France.

Florence McCourt has entered the Carmelite novitiate at Newport, Rhode Island.

'24. During the Easter holidays Professor Joseph Casasanta, husband of Anna Fagan, gave an enjoyable entertainment at the College, consisting of choruses and solos by his Notre Dame University Glee Club.

BRIDGE AND TEA

The class of 1927 held a very successful Bridge and Tea at the Philomatheia Chalet on Saturday, April twenty-third. Mrs. Vincent P. Roberts, Jr., was the chairman.

ENGAGEMENTS

Kathleen O'Donnell, '28, to Edward G. Markey.

Alice Larkin, '31, to James J. Brosnahan.

MARRIAGES

Katherine Halligan, '28, to Maurice Livingston Haley.

Geraldine O'Connell, '26, to Dr. Harold Beecher Harris.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Donlan (Rosella Kenney, '26) on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell (Marie McPherson, '26) on the birth of a son, Neil James.

ALUMNAE DANCE

The annual spring supper dance of the Alumnae Association was held on the night of May sixth at the Commonwealth

Country Club. Miss Margaret Culhane, '30, the chairman, and her committee, which was composed of the Misses Geraldine Berrigan, '26, Irene McDonald, '29, Alice Grandison, '30, Alice Conroy, '31, Dorothy Groden, '31, Elizabeth Cunningham, '31, Margaret McLeod, '31, and Mrs. Henry Foley (Katherine Sullivan, '29), are to be congratulated on their very excellent achievement.

EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The first meeting of the newly organized Emmanuel College League was held on Sunday afternoon, May the fifteenth, in the College auditorium, where the members were greeted by Miss Ruth Keleher, president of the Alumnae Association, who explained the purpose of the League. She turned the meeting over to Mrs. Vincent P. Roberts, Jr., who, as chairman of the organizing committee, proposed the names of the officers who are to hold office temporarily.

President.....Mrs. James Carr
First Vice-President..Mrs. William Keleher
Corresponding Secretary Miss Myra Morris
Recording Secretary and Parliamentarian

Miss Edith Watson

Treasurer.....Mrs. John Mahoney

Following the business meeting, the Seniors served tea.

The second meeting of the League will be held on the second Sunday of October.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mr. Peter Collins, father of Mrs. John C. Fitzgerald (Mildred Collins, '26).

Mr. Andrew F. Curtin, father of Roquette Curtin, '26.

Mrs. Lawrence P. Dempsey, mother of Anne Dempsey, '33 and Elizabeth Dempsey, '34.



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“The Atlantic Monthly”

It seems no less fortunate than coincidental that the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston born and bred, should be celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary at the very time when we are devoting our efforts to the consideration of New England literature. There is no better source to which we can appeal, none more authentic, more varied, more truly indicative of the earlier characters of American genius than this literary fixture.

In the first issue of the Jubilee year we read regarding its birth, that “among that group of distinguished men, who, seventy-five years ago, conceived the idea of establishing a new literary and political magazine, Oliver Wendell Holmes held a pivotal position. At the epoch-making dinner at the Parker House in Boston on May 5, 1857, he took a leading part in threshing out the matter with the other guests,—James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Lothrop Motley and James Elliot Cabot,—and the idea was adopted by unanimous agreement.”

Dr. Holmes was honored with naming the new enterprise, and after the consideration of many suggestions, the present title suddenly flashed through his mind. “I have it. It shall be called ‘The Atlantic Monthly Magazine!’ ”

Thus was the brain-child baptized by its anxious godfather. The first of its long list of famous editors was Lowell, who accepted the position on condition that Holmes be engaged as the first contributor. The “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table” was a brilliant tribute to Lowell’s confidence.

It is a significant and pleasurable fact that of the first nineteen names mentioned as future contributors, every one was that of a New Englander and, with very few exceptions, a Bostonian. Thus Boston, which was even then a center of culture and literary achievement, and specifically, 13 Winter Street, may be credited with the establishment and continuance of this magazine.

It is to the *Atlantic Monthly*, then, that we refer as the chronicle of American masterpieces, for such was the tone of the book that only works of excellence were accepted for its pages. The list of contributors reads like a literary "Who's Who," and their contributions have, for the most part, since attained the distinction of being considered American classics. Among the outstanding names are the following: Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bret Harte, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Everett Hale, and more recently, William Vaughn Moody, Ernest Hemingway, Robert Frost, William James, Woodrow Wilson, Samuel McChord Crothers, and the most prominent figure in American politics today, Alfred E. Smith.

Nor were their subjects less varied than their names. History, fiction, travel, psychology, adventure, economics, poetry peculiarly American, as Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," or Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," politics, law, ethics,—all found in this monthly publication the medium for the expression of American thought.

That Boston should have first undertaken such a worthy enterprise is admirable in itself, but that Boston should have nourished and encouraged it, widening its scope so as to enable William Dean Howells to say in his time: "We were growing whether we liked it or not more and more American. Without ceasing to be Bostonian at heart, we had become southern, mid-western and far-western in our sympathies." This is a success deserving the highest praise and an attestation, as Bliss Perry says, "of the *Atlantic's* enduring and ever broadening hospitality to the writers of the most varied modes of thought and sorts of experience."

Although thoroughly American in spirit, the *Atlantic Monthly* was never tainted by national prejudice. During the tumultuous days of the World War, with its distorted opinions, its blind fanaticism, its burning hatred, the European Powers found in this magazine a generous opportunity to present their views. That this democratic spirit did not disappear with the signing of the Peace Treaty may be concluded from the observation that "the post-war period has proved to be an even more searching test of editorial prescience and courage."

The Diamond Jubilee of such a publication should, therefore, be fittingly celebrated, and we fully agree with the editor that the most colorful way is to reach back through the generations and select characteristic contributions of notable authors. Consequently the readers are fortunate in being presented with Oliver Wendell Holmes's "My Hunt After The Captain'," (the hero of which is, by the way, no other than our own Mr. Justice Holmes); Stuart P. Sherman's "A Conversation with Cornelia," Dallas Lore Sharp's "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," and other contributions of equally varied charm.

The original cover, gravely bearing the title, "The Atlantic Monthly, Devoted to Literature, Art, Politics," is in delightful harmony with the spirit of the Jubilee issue.

It is coincidental, too, that 1857 and 1932 should be years of similar melancholy aspect, that the birthday of the *Atlantic Monthly* and its Diamond Jubilee should be both marked by economic misfortune. *Harper's Weekly* for October 10, 1857, describes the situation as follows: "It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years has there been so much grave and deep apprehension. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and thousands of our poorest fellow citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment. Russia hangs like a cloud dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried in coping with the vast and deadly Indian situation. The very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

Truly as the over-used but axiomatic saying has it, "History repeats itself," and if it is to be believed, we can hope for the improved conditions and the return to prosperity that followed the panic of 1857. Then, too, if we may dwell upon the similitude a bit longer, the struggling authors then seeking recognition through the pages of the *Atlantic* later attained fame in American literature even as those who are contributing now will surely do.

There have been few fundamental changes in the *Atlantic Monthly* during its life of seventy-five years. Founded as it was to "serve as a vehicle for the nascent spirit in American letters," it has come down to us intact in its tradition, still bearing the stamp, it is true, of its Bostonian heritage, but giving evidence also of the gradual development of its powers. In one minor respect, however, it has changed, namely, in the divergence from unsigned contributions, a policy advocated by Emerson. "The Contributor's Club" retained this custom with varying opinions advanced by the readers until 1931, when the present method of signing all articles was begun. These changes are superficial and do not alter the original character of the book. The *Atlantic Monthly* of seventy-five years ago was the mouthpiece of American genius and through the years it has endeavored to preserve its original motive. We sincerely hope that this book will long serve to transmit American thought to the American public.

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Nightfall in Vermont

Low-slung, the long green hills in silence creep
Around the earth, to shut the gate of tall
Sharp evergreen.

The brooding woods are slowly hushed to sleep
Lulled by the whispering leaves that fall
At dusk, unseen.

Night comes to spread her patchwork quilt of skies
Upon the world, and hums the while a tune
Of ageless peace.

If there be one who stirs with restless cries,
She rocks him in the cradle of the moon
Till sobbings cease.

And I would feel so strangely hurt and lone
But for the distant gleam that calls me—Home.

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Theodore

The man trudged along, shuffling the fallen leaves. The clouds hung with such an oppressive lowness that he had the sensation they would sink over him at any moment, smothering him and all the valley in their murky blanket. He looked up and saw the Green Mountains outlined faintly against the mists, then he shivered again, this time from fear and foreboding. The man was approaching the farmhouse now, and although it was already growing quite dark, there was no light in the kitchen. An inarticulate choking noise escaped from his throat as he whispered in a voice that was half a sob, "O God, let Amy be all right!"

He hastened on and entered the house. There against the kitchen window he saw his wife's figure silhouetted. She was staring out into the gathering darkness, and it was well that her husband could not discern the look of unutterable longing and despair that was stamped upon her features.

"Ma!"

She gave no indication of having heard him.

"Ma, dear," he spoke gently as he walked over to her.

The woman turned hurriedly and raised her hand to her breast in a startled motion, but her voice was listless when she spoke.

"Oh, it's yer, Joe. I didn't hear yer cum in."

Joe put on the light and forced a cheerful tone. "It's good to be home. . . . Looks like we'll have a heavy rain 'fore long. . . . Waal, let's get some supper ready, Ma, then we'll go over to the village if y'd like, there's a movie ter-night."

She raised herself from her chair, and passing her hand across her forehead in a purposeless way, spoke in the same dull tone: "I fergot all about it bein' supper time."

Joe watched with an anxious and worried eye the automaton-like movements of his wife as she set about preparing the meal. If only he could do something to bring her back, he thought. She had been like this now since their boy's death a year ago, never once had he seen her cry; not even when, with ashen face and horrified, staring eyes, she met him at the door on that awful day and said simply: "Little Joe's dead!" He thought at the time that Amy shouldered her cross with remarkable fortitude, but now the realization had been constantly growing upon him that if she couldn't be aroused from that awful calmness that seemed to envelop her something would snap.

They sat down and Amy went through the motions of eating. Joe thought of the happy days when her blithe conversation and bright smile

made the supper hour pass quickly. Each morsel tonight was an effort for him to swallow. He stopped eating and looked across at her, saying:

"Put on yer best bib and tucker, Ma, and we'll go over ter the movies," in a voice that tried to be light.

"If yer don't mind, Joe, I'd rather not."

Joe was disappointed. "Jest as ye say," he replied. "Let's listen in, then; there a real, smart concert frum Boston ter-night."

"Git it fer yerself, Joe." Then she added flatly, "I don't seem to care much fer music lately."

Amy not caring for music! Amy who had sat by the hour and listened to their fifteen-year-old Joe play the "fiddle" in his talented but unpolished manner.

Joe had not seen the instrument since the boy's death. What Amy did with it, he never knew. He asked her once where it was, but in reply she had merely looked at him and then gazed out of the window in the direction of the cemetery.

Suddenly Joe's reverie was interrupted by a knocking on the door. He listened. The knock was repeated, this time louder, then suddenly he became aware that the storm must have broken, for the weird wind almost screeched around the corners of the house and the rain pelted on the roof. Here was probably somebody who had been caught in the downpour on his way to the village; most likely it was Si Willet. Joe walked over and opened the door. Framed in the faintly lighted door was a boy. For a moment, the man had the delusion of thinking he saw his son standing there, the youth was so much like him in build and apparent age.

"I'm awful sorry to bother you, mister, but d'you mind if I come in for a couple of minutes until I dry off a bit? I'm soaked clean through."

Joe stopped staring. "No, no, cum in, my boy."

The boy entered and started to shake himself. "Gee, it shure is rainin'," giving Joe a wide-mouthed grin.

Amy had been watching the boy since he entered. For an instant a glimmer of light had leaped into her eyes, but it died as quickly as it came. Feeling her penetrating look, he turned around slightly embarrassed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, lady. I didn't see yer. Y' don't mind if I wait here a little while, do yer?"

"No," Amy replied, and went back to the mechanical act of wiping her dishes.

After a little while she interrupted Joe and Ted ("my name is Theodore," the boy had told Joe, "but call me Ted for short") in their con-

versation to tell Joe that he had better get the boy some dry clothes. Then she went up to her room. Joe followed her.

"Don't yer think we had better tell Ted that he kin stay here fer tonight? He's from the other side of the mountain and on his way to the village here to find work. His pa died not so long ago and the poor kid is all alone and on his own hook."

"Waal, if yer think so. . . . Did yer give him anything to eat?"

The storm continued for three days and Ted stayed on at Joe's insistence.

On the fourth morning, Ted looked out the window and said abruptly, "I don't know how I can ever thank you folks for all y'uv done for me, but I guess I'd better be on my way—the sun's comin' over the mountain."

Joe was disturbed, for he was beginning to feel that Ted was part of the household and refused to think of the inevitable but ever-looming moment when the boy would make his departure. Now that it had come, he couldn't let him go.

"Don't go, Ted! I need a helper and yer can stay on and work here." It was spoken impulsively, eagerly, and almost in a command. When the meaning of his words came upon him, he looked over at Amy. Her face was as expressionless as her voice, as she said, "He kin stay if he wants."

All through the winter Ted was an efficient and eager helper. He understood and liked farm work. Joe began to feel a new life coming into him, and he even found himself laughing one day with Ted. But Amy remained unchanged. She was considerate and thoughtful of the boy, but she never caressed him or showed him any sign of tenderness; her lethargy continued as before.

"Gee, Uncle Joe, I wish I could do something to make Aunt Amy happy," Ted blurted out earnestly one day toward spring, his usually sunny expression clouded by a frown. "Yer know, if I could make her laugh, I'd be the happiest person this side of Jericho!"

Joe shook his head. "I wish yer could, Ted."

"I know what," interrupted the boy enthusiastically, "I'll fix up that old attic room, and make a sewin' room out of it for her. Bet she'd like that!"

With that, Ted was off. Up in the attic he found an array of boxes, trunks, old discarded pieces of furniture and all sorts of odds and ends. He set about with a will to sort and pile things in a methodical way. Pulling out an old trunk he found behind it a beautiful old carved chest. His eyes opened in wonder. Ted knelt down before it, and finding it unlocked lifted the lid. A low, long-drawn-out whistle came out from between his pursed lips. "Gosh!" He took the violin reverently out

of its resting place, tuned it, and placing it under his chin, began to draw the bow ever so lightly across the strings. How long he played, Ted did not know, but suddenly he became aware of a woman weeping in choked and broken sobs. He wheeled around and saw Amy sitting on a box crying bitterly. Rushing over to her, he exclaimed, all in one breath: "Don't cry like that, Aunt Amy! Gee, I'm awful sorry . . . I didn't think I was doin' anything wrong. I know I shouldn't have touched that violin, but when I saw it my fingers just itched."

Amy drew the excited boy down beside her and clasped him in her arms. Between sobs, she choked, "Theodore . . . Theodore . . . Gift of God!"

HELEN A. MORGAN, '33.

Colonial and Modern Newspapers

The newspaper of Colonial times bears little resemblance to its descendant, the modern news sheet. About one-fourth the size of the present papers, it was never over four sheets in length, and sufficient to contain all available news. At the very top of the first page appeared the name of the paper, as, "The Boston Gazette," "The Independent Chronicle," or the like, then the editor's name and business address followed, and lastly, the day and date of the edition. The pages were divided into three columns and the news items were arranged in a somewhat regular order: first, appeared general events, both Colonial and English, such as commercial and trade affairs, court proceedings, judicial decisions, naval correspondences, and the like; then, on the last two pages were the more personal and local affairs of the colonists, such as advertisements of sales, auctions, lost and found articles, announcements of new business establishments, and organized partnerships, applications for employment and assistance, in short, all informal transactions that were made in the colonies.

The Colonial newspaper printed little that was of real current interest, however. Since European news failed entirely during winter months, and inter-colonial communication was irregular and unsystematic, the paper usually contained news from adjacent colonies perhaps a month old, and political happenings from Europe several months old. Illimitable obstacles confronted the editors. There was an official censor who investigated the papers very thoroughly, and if they were found not to be in accordance with his will and judgment, the paper was suppressed. Thus, from the very beginning the paper was the voice of the censor and not of the people. Besides, publishing was a precarious business, a publisher being constantly liable to arrest for printing anything displeasing to Colonial governmental authorities. He often suffered abuses which would never be tolerated by a publisher today.

The first newspaper, "Public Occurrences both Foreign and Domestic," was attempted in 1690, and despite the zeal and ardor which accompanied its publication, the government's censor immediately suppressed it. The colonists, however, prepared for another paper, and in 1704 the "Boston News Letter" appeared. This refrained from criticizing authorities and consequently became a lasting enterprise.

With James Franklin came a new type of news sheet, something more than a mass of state items taken from the Gazette and other Public Prints of London. It approached the spectacle of actual colonial life and conveyed it through models in the world of letters so little known

then in the Colonies. "The New England Courant," so Franklin named it, shocked partisans of New England orthodoxy but proved vastly entertaining to others. The first page was filled with essays and letters after the manner of the "Spectator." How novel the method was to New England may be inferred from the fact that even the Harvard Library had no copies of Addison, Steel, Swift, Pope, Dryden, or Milton. These writings were little known in the stronghold of Puritanism, but the printing office of Franklin had them all on its shelves. The "Spectator" became the actual model for the new journal. After the more formal introductory essay on some general topic, such as zeal, or hypocrisy, or honor, or contentment, the facetious letters of imaginary correspondents commonly filled the remainder of the "Courant's" first page.

Though offensive as the "Courant" was to New England orthodoxy, its literary method was seized upon and several papers of its type were published in the Colonies, each in rapid succession and adding an original contribution of its own tending toward modernization. The "New England Weekly," besides containing the usual verse and prose on the first page of the paper, offered a series of "Speculations," types of essays which came to be accepted as fitting for the first page of other newspapers. In the "Virginia Gazette," edited by Parks, we have "The Monitor" filling the first page of the "Gazette" for twenty-two numbers. It reflected the social life and represented a light, social satire unusual then in the Colonies.

After 1750, general news became more easily accessible and the newspapers showed more and more interest in public affairs. The literary first page was no longer used. A new type of vigorous polemic gradually superseded the older essay. Ideas of the French philosophers were in the air and the Colonial newspapers gave evidence of increasing French influence. Reports of French interest in America inclined the colonists still more to the French philosophy of government. From the time of the Stamp Act the papers became filled with political essays of every description, and gradually the colonial newspaper broke away from the government's censor and established columns on politics and set about acquiring freedom of the press.

How different it is with our modern newspapers. We have the newspaper unrestrained, unchecked, having full authority to voice opinions regardless of their nature. The character of our modern newspapers is the result of numerous factors. After the Civil War growth in the newspaper industry became rapid, there were improvements in stereotyping and presses, which aided the extension of cooperative news gathering, large papers were transformed into great business concerns, there was an extension and organization of news service, variety in subject matter developed, there was a growth of sensationalism in news treat-

ment and an increase in the amount of advertising printed. The tremendous growth of advertising transferred the controlling interest in newspaper policy from the editorial office to the business office, from politics to salesmanship.

The most conspicuous and pervasive influence on modern newspapers is the sensationalism introduced by Pulitzer in 1880, which appealed to popular emotion and curiosity carried to extremes. One of its staple commodities is gossip. The demand for gossip has led to ruthless trespassing on the right of privacy, and the taste for exciting detail has led to distortion of facts and deliberate falsification. The quality of editorial discussion has declined along with that of news. Discussion and criticism of literature, drama, and art have almost disappeared in a flood of gossip about writers, actors, and artists. These important matters, which were once the leading topics of the daily press, have been driven to find other journalistic abodes. It is in truth disheartening to perceive how staunchly Pulitzer's policy has been followed, this policy which has tainted the whole of American journalism with cheap and flashy emotionalism.

The editorial page of the daily newspaper has deviated greatly from its former character, the early solid ideas of discussion and debate have been crowded into a column or two of uncertain significance or value, and the bulk of the page has become a receptacle for health hints, audacious humor in the form of suggestive jokes and sayings, trite poems that profane the name of poetry, and other such miscellany, and we have papers consisting of from eighty-five to one hundred pages, discussing every conceivable subject, the like of which would never have disgraced a Colonial page.

American newspapers have, since the first colonial publications, led in the development of energy and in resourcefulness in collecting and dispensing news, as well as in adroitness in perceiving and satisfying popular tastes and demands for information and entertainment. Unsettled as the foundations now are on which the institution of journalism rests, its desire and ability to serve what it considers the best public interests, are on the whole remarkable. Let us hope that the extravagances of sensationalism will pass out of fashion, that newspapers may cease to uphold un-Christian morals, and to cater to immoral gossipers, and that we shall be able to speak of them without apology and deserved criticism.

KATHARINE L. MULVEY, '33.

Temperament

The sea is a merry child
Laughing at play,
Running to tag the sand,
Running away.

The sea is a dancing child
On golden floor,
Whirling in spiral turns
Toward the stage door,
Smiling and bowing
To enchanted shore.

The sea is a wilful child
Tossing her head,
Screaming and stamping
On her sandy bed,
Crying with anger,
Or sullen instead.

Her moods are so varied!
I truly can say
I just like to watch her,
Not join in her play.

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

Cap'n Jack

"Cap'n Jack?"

"Uh-um!"

The old man slowly put down his knife and pitched the last fish on the heap beside his shanty. He wiped his scaly hands on the dirty canvas which was tied around him apron fashion and took the proffered missive. It was simply addressed:

Captain Jack
Half Moon Harbor
Barnstable, Mass.

He read the missive and there was a moment of tense silence.

"So you're the new cap'n of the 'Nancy,' eh?" he finally rasped out in a queer, strained voice.

"Yeh! The outfit thinks you're getting too old for coddin'."

With this brief, supplementary explanation, the stranger swung off down the beach, leaving the old man standing there like a mute scarecrow. The next morning at 4:30 sharp, the new captain gingerly stepped on to the dirty, creaking 'Nancy.'

"Guess a little fixing up wouldn't do this tub any harm. All hands on deck!" he suddenly shouted.

He eyed the dirty, fish-smelling crew in disgust. "First thing we'll have is a general cleaning up. Just because this is a fishing schooner is no reason—s-a-ay, where is lanky Jim?" he suddenly asked.

The gentle swish, swish of the waves was the only answer.

"Hey, you lubbers! I'm asking a question."

"Jim's cleared out," a big, bearded salt ventured. "Says he ain't goin' ter take orders from no 'un but Cap'n Jack, and ef he—"

"Shut up! Below deck, all of you!" the young captain bellowed. "Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish. First mate gone already, and the rest looking like sure-fire mutiny."

He climbed up the tumbling stairs on to the tiny wharf and strode up and down a few seconds before he noticed a still figure gazing out to sea. It was the old captain.

"Well?" young Dave questioned challengingly.

The rugged fisherman mildly disregarded the question. "Hevin' some trouble, son?"

"No," the lad snapped out, and turning on his heel climbed down on to the schooner again. "I'll let him see that I can manage without his interference."

As they were untying the "Nancy" from her rickety mooring, the old man's voice echoed out across the morning mist, "Good luck, son!"

They made the trip up the bay, down into the sound and Buzzards without trouble. The little boat was stacked with cod, mackerel, haddock, and pollack. Young Dave was exuberant as she slipped beside the little wharf at Half Moon beach again.

"Hello, still here, I see, Skipper."

The old sailor smiled crookedly.

"Hallo, son, glad ter see yer made it all right."

The lithe figure stiffened. "Why wouldn't I make it?" the lad asked. He swaggered off down the sandy street to the Sheet Anchor Inn, a dingy, square building dating back to the days of the square rigger, without waiting to hear more.

The aged fisherman simply shook his head as he turned back to his contemplation of the harbor. Two days later Dave decided to go down into Vineyard Haven, thence to Lagoon Pond and then sail his catch up to Boston. Early in the morning he climbed down on to the deck of the cleaned and newly painted "Nancy" without noticing Cap'n Jack at his accustomed place.

"All hands on deck!" he bawled.

Not a face appeared and after a thorough inspection Dave was convinced that his crew had not reported as instructed. He stamped on to the pier again.

"Hevin' some trouble, son?"

The sympathetic voice surprised the lad into blurting out his story.

"Wal, I was cal'latin' ter tell yer afore long, son, the boys ain't used to all them new-fangled ways yer got. Course ef yer doin' things the way yer think is right, then it's right. It's just that yer don't understand ways around Half Moon, I guess. Take my son John now. He couldn't stand around here with them tourists and artists and sech puttin' consarn ideas inter his head. So he cleared out. I ain't never condemned him. He was— Hi, where yer goin', son?"

"Sailin' 'er out myself."

"I wouldn't ef I wuz yer, son. Fog out yonder. Bound ter drift in an' make trouble afore the day's over."

"I'm sailin' 'er out just the same. I'll show them dirty—"

"Wait, then, I'm comin' along with yer."

Young Dave ventured no reply and they moved out across the inlet in perfect silence. They had wonderful luck all morning. David could not but admire the ease with which Cap'n Jack dragged in fish after fish. Suddenly a gust of wind from the east and a dimming of the bright afternoon sun and they were bounded on all sides by a smothering, gray fog. Dave grasped the wheel and nosed the "Nancy" towards port.

"Better let me take 'er in, son. Yer hev ter know the channel ter steer a ship through in a fog like this."

"Listen, who's captain of this boat?"

Cap'n Jack subsided with a worried expression. Suddenly the long green swells became seething white caps. Fog horns wailed and groaned in the denseness around them. Cold showers of spray skyrocketed over the tipsy "Nancy." One terrific gust and Dave lost his balance, striking his head on a sawed-off spar. With difficulty the old man hauled the inert bulk on to a pile of canvas sheeting.

"Cal'late yer hev ter give in this time, son."

Snatches of incoherent talk from the delirious lad floated to the old man's ears above the noisy storm.

"Must make good. . . . I'll never make an artist, Dad. . . . Want to be a sailor like. . . ."

A tumultuous barrier rose before the "Nancy." Hours later the old fisherman managed to nose her into smoother waters just off Truro Light. He addressed the now conscious boy.

"You jest set there and take it easy. I'll take 'er in."

"Thanks, Skipper," was the faint rejoinder.

Cap'n Jack smiled contentedly. I heard yer sayin' yer dad is an artist, son."

"Yeh, was, . . . he's dead now a long time. . . . But I am going to be a fisherman and sailor like my Grandad Harvey— Why, what's the matter, Cap'n Jack? You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"Was yer dad's name John and is your name Harvey, too?" the old man asked excitedly.

"Yes, of course my name's Harvey, but—?"

"I should hev known . . . the same blue eyes as your dad. Is yer granddad dead, too?"

"No, he's around the Cape somewhere, I hear, and I'm going to find him."

"Son, yer have."

RUTH GRUSH, '33.

War Literature

Although Joel Barlow has said that "no literature was written during the Revolution," nevertheless we find that some ballads written at that time have preserved their appeal to Americans in spite of the fact that they lack poetical value. The rollicking strains of "Yankee Doodle," our national anthem, Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia," are known, loved, and sung by every lover of the Stars and Stripes. Among other Revolutionary poetic attempts we may mention the "Battle of the Kegs" by Francis Hopkinson, the opening lines of which illustrate the rhythm and humor which delighted the Revolutionists:

"Gallants, attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia City."

After the Revolutionary War America looked hopefully to a brilliant future of expansion and development, which was expressed by Freneau in his prophetic poem, "The Rising Glories of America."

"A thousand kingdoms raised, cities and men
Numerous as sounds upon the ocean shore;
The Ohio then shall glide by many a town
Of note, and where the Mississippi stream
By forests shaded now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow, and States not less in force
Than Greece and Rome of old; we, too, shall boast
Our Alexanders, Pompeys, heroes, kings,
That in the womb of time yet dormant lie
Waiting the joyful hour of life and light."

Long after the war had passed, and a new and victorious America emerged from the ominous clouds of war, we find poets in the quiet of their prosperous homes immortalizing the Revolution in such poems as "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Concord Hymn," and "Independence Bells." The verse of Lowell and his contemporaries becomes enthusiastic when inspired by the patriotism that was aroused by the Civil War. The noblest of Lowell's war poems is certainly "The Commemoration Ode." "It is the soul of the nation honoring its dead, rejoicing in peace, and looking to the future." The tribute paid to Lincoln is magnificent and lofty.

"Such was he, Our Martyr Chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of angry grief."

He speaks in tenderest sympathy and praise of the brave soldiers who did not return home after the war.

"We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!"

The poem is a work of sublime beauty, breathing forth peace, broken now by sobs, now by peals of exultation.

His "Biglow Papers" are a brilliant series of satires written in the native dialect of New England. In the witty remarks of the hero, Hosea Biglow, we find Lowell's own ideas. The shrewdness of New England is immortalized in such remarks as "Folks never understood the folks they hate," and "Two wrongs don't never make a right, if we're mistaken, own up and don't fight." The "Biglow Papers" are a mixture of the human, the beautiful, and the pathetic and are not weakened by dialect any more than are the poems of Robert Burns.

Neither the Revolutionary nor the Civil War has given us a poet comparable to Joyce Kilmer, who, himself a soldier in France and a martyr for his country, has written stirring verses of the trenches during the World War. In his poem, "Rouge Bouquet," is found the simple charm and pathos that is so characteristic of Kilmer:

"There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime;
Never to laugh nor love again,
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair;
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay."

Kilmer thoroughly felt what he said in his Lusitania poem, a poem so wonderfully effective that it was at once reprinted in this country and in Europe. We are all familiar with the sincerity and subtle magic of "The White Ships and the Red."

"But never crashing iceberg
 Nor honest shot of foe,
 Nor hidden reef sent me
 The way that I must go.
 My wounds that stain the waters,
 My blood that is like flame,
 Bear witness to a loathly deed,
 A deed without a name."

In many of Kilmer's letters home we find him expressing his conviction that the war-swept world was gradually turning back to faith and to love of God. Frequently, too, he spoke of the comfort of friendship such as only one soldier can feel for another, and he seldom mentioned any of the physical discomforts he had to endure. That he had suffered many there is no doubt, and that he had learned the fundamental Christian lesson of how to bear suffering, we learn from that exquisite poem and perfect prayer, "The Prayer of a Soldier in France."

"My shoulders ache beneath the cross
 (Lie easier, cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
 (Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
 (They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
 My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
 Thy agony of bloody sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
 (From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, thou didst suffer more for me
 Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
 This millionth of Thy gift. Amen."

ELIZABETH R. HEALEY, '33.

A Boy to A Witch

(*Salem, 1692*)

Strange spectre, with thy evil-looking grin,
What business dost thou wish with me?
I have not merited by any sin
Thy wrath, so frightening to see!

It was not I who pulled Alicia's hair
And made her weep for very pain,
Or spake out loud last Sunday morn at Prayer,
Or hid the Reverend Preacher's cane.

My conduct hath been very good this week
So do not try to scare me so,
But if thou really hast the power to speak,
Then I should truly like to know

By what name thou dost call the big, black cat
That rides the air with thee alway?
How canst thou ever know where thou art at,
Perched on a broomstick night and day?

And hast thou any place at all to rest
On the black blanket of the sky?
Or must thou ride and ride forever, lest
Thou lovest thy sharp, eagle eye?

Do tell me, too . . . but why with eerie call
Dost thou recoil and wildly stare?
'Tis only Reverend Jones whose footsteps fall
So loudly on the pavement square.

He will not try to harm thee, Mistress Witch.
It's much too late to longer stay?
The night is black as thickest pitch,
I'm sure thou canst not find the way.

Mayhap thy cat will guide thee right.
They say that cats can see at night!

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

The Devill Winks

January 1.

Dear Diary:

It being the beginning of the New Year, I have engaged myself to record such happenings as do take place here in Salem in this Year of Our Lord, 1692. Mother praises my Diligence, but she does not know the reason for it. If our beloved friend, Miss Osborne, had not persuaded Jonathan that thou wouldst be a good Birthday gift, I should not now be confiding in thee.

I do not wish to be deceitful to Mother, but she does sigh so often and say: "Nancy is possessed by a Spirit of Mischief, I fear. It doth not become a young Woman to be so light-hearted, and so concerned with worldly Affairs."

Father tries to look stern and he frowns: "No more Nonsense, young lady!" But I can discern a twinkle in his eye. Moreover, Jonathan does please him very much, he never forgetting to inquire after Father's Misery (which I judge is wholly imaginary).

There they are now, talking at the gate. I must hurry and tell Jonathan how well I have begun.

January 7.

Dear Diary:

I know I have neglected thee most shamefully, but so much hath happened since my first Confidence that I can scarcely collect my Wits.

Rev. Mr. Lawson, our Minister, hath been sorely harassed by Strange Rumors. It is said that the Prince of Darkness hath visited our town sundry times and his Demons afflict the people in an astonishing manner. Mother declared that the Lord hath visited us to punish our Wickedness and Levity, but Father and I scoffed at such an idea. We being deep in a discussion the door burst open and in rushed Mistress Abigail Jurat screaming.

"I have seen him! He is a Giant with fiery horns! Oh, my poor, poor nose!"

Mother did not know what to make of this Incoherence. She persuaded the distressed Woman to drink some hot tea and eat some cakes (which I noticed she consumed with great Relish for one so sorely afflicted).

When she had finally regained her Composure, she solemnly declared that a Demon had appeared suddenly before her and tweaked her Nose in a most painfull Manner. Mother being duly sympathetic and credulous, I was generously trying to light the Spark of Christian Charity in my Heart to be the same, when she did interrupt in her high-pitched, unpleasant Voice: "Hast thou been informed, my dear Susan, that Jonathan Cross buys expensive Books for thy Daughter? A mis-

chievous practice, I assure thee. It would behoove them to eat less peppermints at Meeting and listen to the Preacher."

This neighborly bitt of Information delivered to my shocked Mother, she did begin her Wailing again.

By this time, the feeble Flame I had endeavored to nourish flickered and died. To bury it fittingly, I spake to Father in a loud whisper:

"Hast thou an idea why her Nose is so sore?"

"No, Child," he whispered, just as loudly. "Why?"

"Well," I offered demurely, "she is always pushing it into Someone else's Business!"

Dear Confidante, I shall forbear to describe the painfull scene that followed. I desire to remark, however, that I am still memorizing ten Psalms a day as a Punishment.

January 18.

Dear Diary:

Attend most carefully to what I shall recount. Salem is said to be in the horny clutch of Witches! Verily, no person dares to set foot out of his House after dark; all those doing so having reported strange sights. Master Richard Grant was affrighted last night by a Spectre who sailed over the burying ground on a broom-stick! The Courts have been very busy trying the Accused. Only this morning one of the Afflicted stated that when she was about to give Testimony, an Evil Spirit did pierce both lips with a pin so that she could not speak. There being no sign of festering, I was disinclined to believe her story, but the Court condemned the bewildered Prisoner on charges of Witchcraft.

Jonathan and Father ridicule these procedures, and Mother does pray daily for the Deliverance of the Town.

January 25.

Dear Diary:

Something dreadfull has happened! Dear Old Miss Osborne is accused of being a Witch! Jonathan told me that severall Children charged her with having pinched them violently sundry times, they simply desiring to buy Sweets in her Shoppe. He is very upset as am I, for we love her dearly. When we were younger her Shoppe was our favorite Place, and she was wont to give us an extra Cake or Sweetmeat with every purchase. One never-to-be-forgotten day she did actually let me make two Sales, and I shall always remember how excited and important I felt. My Customer was my schoolfellow, Jonathan, and he, being so surprised at my new Dignity, forgot his Penny change! It doth forsooth seem that all my happy childhood Memories center around the Gentle White-haired lady and her magicall Shoppe.

I think I shall betake myself to the Prison Room. Perhaps she would enjoy Some Tea and Scones.

February 1.

Dear Diary:

I saw Miss Osborne and spake with her and she is bewildered and affrighted, she not quite realizing what has happened.

"Why, Nancy dear," she sobbed, "thou knowest that never would I harm Anyone, especially a little child! I tried to comfort her, but my own heart was heavy.

Jonathan is determined to find a Way out. I fear it is impossible but he is so clever and resourcefull that there may be a Solution yet.

What wouldst thou suggest, Miss Confidante? The triall is to be tomorrow.

February 2.

Dear, dear Diary:

What dost thou think? Miss Osborne is free! Be patient until I tell thee all about it.

The Court was crowded by the townspeople, some of whom were protesting against the ridiculousness of the charge, but the Majority being convinced that she was a Witch or "Why should she sit there trembling, if she were not afraid of her Alliance with Satan becoming known?" There were loud murmurs of consent and protest until the distracted Judge did call order.

It did appear to me that the poor old Lady would faint at any moment as the Trial progressed, particularly when the children, conscious of their importance, exaggerated their previous testimony. The Evidence being thus distorted, the Judge (who to my mind does lack even common sense) was just opening his Mouth to pronounce Sentence when he stopped short, his eyes almost popping out of his head. A deadly silence fell upon the room, all eyes turning toward the Object of his attention.

Standing in the doorway was the very Devill himself, scowling evilly at the terrified Assembly. He was enveloped in a great red cloak, his face being fiery red and repulsively disfigured. He had large twisted horns from which a thin cloud of smoke issued. When he suddenly started to advance, a Woman screamed and the place was verily in an Uproar. Half-fainting from fear, the crowds did rush out with hoarse Cries, I being just about to flee after them when something happened. Unexpectedly, but very, very plainly, the Devill winked!

For one endless Moment I did stand frozen to the spot, paralyzed by this unheard-of occurrence, and then I laughed untill the tears flowed freely. The Court had fled, the Charge was forgotten, Miss Osborne freed—and the Devill and I went to tea!

What? Thou art shocked? Thou liftest thy eyebrows in surprise? Why, dear Diary, the Devill was only Jonathan!

MARY A. BARROW, '33.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

"GREEN PASTURES"

During the past two or three years no single dramatic production has so satisfied the desire of those who enjoy the legitimate stage as "Green Pastures," by Marc Connolly. Plays have come and plays have gone, yet this drama has held the public spellbound. Marc Connolly has made an endeavor to present the negro conception of God and of the creation of the world. The first scene pictures a Sunday school class of pickaninnies being initiated into the Book of Genesis. Then there follow seventeen scenes which portray the Creation, the Fall, the anger of God at the sins of the world, the ensuing punishment of the Flood, Moses leading the chosen people to the Promised Land, their ingratitude, their slaughter of the Prophets, and finally as a result of their sufferings, the recognition of the mercy of God. During the scenes we see a group of negro angels arrayed in traditional blue robes, while the Archangel Gabriel, oftentimes called "Gabe" by "de Lawd," is robed in gold and wears large shining wings. He is the proud possessor of a golden trumpet, which he is extremely anxious to blow, but which on no account must sound until the last day. Tiny angels with wings in the process of molting skip about here and there, needing only the august presence of "de Lawd" to make their joy complete.

The play has been warmly received in Chicago, New York and Boston, enthusiastically commented upon by scores of magazines and newspapers, and welcomed with open arms by the public at large. Countless criticisms have been written upon it, ninety per cent of which have been in its favor. In the *Extension Magazine* for February, 1931, there appeared a review of the play by Peter Hetterich, from which we quote. "The author of 'Green Pastures' has a wealth of spiritual insight and understanding. His play, with its sincere and splendid acting, its great lesson of God's omnipotence and love and pity, its humor and pathos, its sheer and haunting beauty, cannot be too highly praised. It has preached a sermon to Broadway and the world at large, which was badly needed and which will not soon be forgotten. It has aided in achieving for our American drama a place of prominence in the culture of the world."

This criticism is characteristic of many hundreds which have appeared in print since the first performance of "Green Pastures" about three years ago. Among the few who view the play from an adversely

critical standpoint, we find K. D. Byles, writing for *Truth* of June, 1931: "Their God is not a good Christian God at all, neither Catholic nor Protestant. As for the retort that the play is meant to portray a Southern negro's concept of God, it is evident that no simple negro ever evolved the idea of the development of the character of God, which is the theme of the work. A Southern negro of primitive mind would never concoct the idea of the education of God through contact with the human beings He has made. It is Marc Connolly and not the primitive negro who tries to reconcile the stern Jehovah of the Old Testament with the forgiving God we know, by resorting to the explanation that God discovered, in a glow of illumination inspired by a man, that God Himself must suffer to be perfect. The conception of God is radically faulty, and I cannot wonder what is the sum total of the wrong impressions made on many thousands in the two years of the play's run in New York."

I agree and disagree with both of these conflicting statements. With the first critic I do not agree that the author of "Green Pastures" has a "wealth of spiritual insight and understanding," for I do not think he is interpreting wholly either a negro child's conception of God, or that of a negro preacher, but that of a modern playwright, for it is certainly more of Marc Connolly's own concept than that of either of the other two classes. In this case the "wealth of spiritual insight" consists in the fact that God is depicted as a personal being—a wealth which is the possession of every Catholic child who has learned the first lesson of his catechism. I heartily agree with Mr. Hetterich that "the sincere and splendid acting . . . cannot be too highly praised." Mr. Richard Harrison played the part of "de Lawd" with admirable dramatic ability, and every other member of the cast contributed according to his rôle. I agree also that "it has preached a sermon to Broadway and the world at large," because first of all it acknowledged a personal God, and also it portrayed attributes of God which should appeal forcibly to men.

With the second criticism that I have quoted, I agree that it is for the most part an interpretation of Marc Connolly's own concept of God. "No southern negro of primitive mind would concoct the idea of the education of God through contact with the human beings He has made."

I should like to add to these comments one other: it seems a great pity that in order to enliven what is fundamentally a bible story, the author has felt it necessary to insert vulgar scenes and use vulgar language. Is it impossible for the American public to find amusement in nothing but vulgarity?

While I do not agree with Mr. Hetterich that the play has "achieved for our American drama a place of prominence in the culture of the world," I do admit that it is a play that should provide a powerful in-

centive for a Catholic author to accomplish a great piece of work in the same field.

ANNE T. NOONE, '33.

"LITTLE GIRL LOST"

Perhaps among the many varied versions of the story of Cinderella that have come to our attention through the medium of contemporary novels, the most charming of all is the portrayal of Araminta Williams, the delightful heroine of Temple Bailey's current literary sensation entitled "Little Girl Lost."

Araminta, flying along the white Maryland road with her lover, felt that at last she had concluded a contest with destiny in accepting the romance of Barney. But she reckoned without the return of Jan, who awakened the half-forgotten dream of a triumphant but decidedly abstract fantasy, termed friendship. It was at her wealthy Aunt Min's Maryland house that she met him, after an absence of three years, on the very evening before her wedding to Barney. Jan, crushed with disappointment and defeat, cried out in protest against the ironical fate that he declared was ruining their lives. She was a saint in a niche, a goddess on a pedestal, not an ordinary girl who should yield her life to this prosaic marriage. Araminta, thinking of the escape from her step-sisters that Barney offered, smiled; but in spite of herself, Jan, not Barney, triumphed. He once more offered her his exalted "friendship," and described the immortal stage career that was open to her. She would begin as Blake's "Little Girl Lost," who wandered in a dark forest. She listened with shining eyes, and the words, searing themselves into her brain, became the ideal of her life.

Then Araminta went home to her parents and Helen and Leontine and Iris. The flaming picture of Jan thrust aside all the dear, familiar things that had once counted for so much into the background of the past, and with them her love for Barney, whom she surrendered to her step-sister, Leontine, and went forth into the alluring, successful world that Jan had painted before her wondering gaze, a dazzling little Cinderella, clad in the cast-off clothes of her step-sisters, and fleeing from the man whom she knew Leontine loved. Soon, however, came Araminta's tragic illness, the result of her intense struggle to become the glorified priestess in the temple of friendship prescribed by Jan, and in the depths of delirium, Araminta turned again to Barney, and her little, lost voice cried out to him through the great darkness:

"Barney, Barney, take me out of the wood!"

"You are safe with me, Loveliness."

This is a simple story, told with all the charm of a Cinderella tale. It has melody in its diction, melody in its southern scenery, and melody in its childlike sincerity.

WINIFRED MARIE BURDICK, '35.

“OBSCURE DESTINIES”

Another literary contribution has been welcomed by the admiring readers of the well-known and much-loved author, Willa Cather, in “Obscure Destinies.” The book is composed of three short stories, each entertaining and delightful. In “Neighbor Rosicky,” “Old Mrs. Harris,” and “Two Friends,” the atmosphere of the West is so vividly and realistically portrayed, that the reader is transplanted at once from his own surroundings to far-stretching prairie land, to corn and wheat fields.

In the first story we are delighted with the paternal kindness and genial humor of Mr. Rosicky. We see him a typical Czech, possessing the generosity and silent suffering of the immigrant who has taken advantage of the opportunities of this land of advancement. He is a kind and tender father to his children, whom he has educated to appreciate their home and farm lands far from the jostling crowds of city life. His intuitive sympathy with his city-bred daughter-in-law, his genial friendliness with his neighbors, his deep love for his wife, and his overpowering attachment to his fields, awaken a sincere appreciation for the good, true, beautiful lives of people in the ordinary humdrum of American life, who constitute the “backbone” of our country.

In “Two Friends” we are introduced to two business men, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Trueman, types whom we meet daily: Mr. Dillon, the sincere, jovial Irish Democrat, and Mr. Trueman, the silent, moody, taciturn Republican. Their friendship ends with the first defeat of Bryan for the presidency and is never resumed. In this story Miss Cather draws an excellent modern picture, showing that a trivial matter may cause a break in apparently perfect friendship. The story, which is a psychological study, ends with Mr. Dillon’s death and Mr. Trueman’s abrupt departure from the town. The charm of this story lies in the inspiration a small boy receives from the atmosphere, unique in a frontier town, created by the loyal friendship of the two men. Miss Cather’s skill in character delineation is perfect, and goes far to disprove the criticism that “Obscure Destinies” is a literary mistake.

In “Old Mrs. Harris” we have a type of character new in Miss Cather’s books, and drawn certainly from life, even as we know it. Mrs. Harris is a self-sacrificing mother, who has known more prosperous days, who cares for and assumes all the responsibility of her married daughter, Victoria Templeton, her husband, and their five children. Through

her blind affection for her daughter she believes it to be beneath her to concern herself with house management, so she herself, broken down as she is, assumes the task. The story presents Mrs. Harris's spirit of sacrifice, trying to conceal her daughter's selfishness, and trying to encourage her granddaughter's ambition for a college education, when she could look to no one for help but to their delightful Jewish neighbor, Mrs. Rosen. The only happiness that Mrs. Harris had in life was Mrs. Rosen's neighborliness, which on her death-bed only she acknowledged even to herself. The enigmatic note with which Miss Cather ends the story is unlike anything she has written. Let us hope the absence of any religious sentiment is not ominous.

Those who have read "O Pioneers" or "My Antonia" will agree that in this latest book Miss Cather repeats much of their character delineation and geographical setting; she paints the same West, growing and developing from barren unfertilized lands to abundant crop-producing territories. She is equally successful in her treatment of subject matter, but there is one thing lacking, one thing that lends enchantment to "O Pioneers" and "My Antonia"—there is no mention of the spiritual; God and religion are never referred to. Her characters are children of the soil, over which Nature prevails.

KATHARINE L. MULVEY, '33.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

FAITH

I believe in America. I have faith in this glorious land; in its civilized vastness that was once a savage wilderness, in its towering cities that grew from rude shacks, in its "government of the people," evolved from inadequate compacts and articles, in its living, growing literature, and most of all, in its people who bear their heritage proudly.

America is today one of the most misjudged of nations. Young, courageous, impulsive, she is pitted against the strength of other countries who have aged with centuries of experience. They confront her derisively; their shafts of criticism are aimed now at her laws, her customs, her politics, now at her music, her literature, her culture. To the foreigner America is for the most part a world of commercialized industry, a hurrying, money-mad, uncultured, noisy Coney-Island type of civilization, where Money is a god, and Jazz a strident, screeching goddess.

It is not so. To disprove it History gravely opens up its pages for quick glimpses into the past. Here is a sturdy band of pilgrims, stranded in a strange land, fighting, praying, working, hoping, dying of hardship and diseases, yet ever striving onward. Here is a straggling group from Valley Forge. See! they are starving, broken bits of humanity; they are bleeding, battered, frozen forms, but their hearts are brave, their eyes are shining, and they smile at the whisper, "Washington!"

Onward they press, but the scene is changed. No longer do they war with the British, the cause is more heart-breaking. Torn in two, Young America groans in bewilderment and anguish, her blood flows freely, she suffers torment until the soothing hand of a surgeon heals her open wound—Lincoln!

Still the pages turn, still the soldiers come, now tramping to a war of greed and hatred, a war fought on alien soil, a war in which they have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Yet they go on, heads high, inflamed with zeal "to make the world safe for democracy!"

Yet her difficulties are not over. Sunken as she is in the quicksand of economic depression, bewildered from the dizzying effects of the era of expansion, America stands, caught unawares, like a child in the path of an automobile. The mad gamble for "easy money," the post-war recklessness, the lawless racketeer, the defrauding banker, all have combined to pauperize millions, casting them into the street, jobless, hungry,

and despairing, their numbers more than the united figures of the whole of Europe. You may say it is the end of America as the nation superior to all others in wealth and achievement. But you are wrong. It is not the end; it is the beginning of a new life, a life that will be free from the shackles of artificiality, baptized once more in a purifying morality, simplified, eager, natural. America is rediscovering a community spirit, the sense of all belonging together, working together, and living together for the same purpose. But she requires intelligent leadership.

The need today is not to dwell on the mistakes and fallibilities of four years ago, regrettable as they are. The demand now is to go ahead from the present level, living down errors and courageously attacking the great task of reorganization. Nor is this the immediate work of just a few hundred persons at the top; it is a challenge to the qualities of leadership in the men and women of the country. It is a new "Call to Arms."

I believe in America. I have faith and hope and love for the people who have struggled and won in the past and who are still struggling bravely. America is a living, magnetic personality. She is a powerful, dynamic force among nations. And she will emerge from this period of chaotic convulsion with the same courage she has always manifested. Her flag will continue to wave, not limply in shame or defeat, but freely, proudly, widely "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

THANKSGIVING

"To give thanks is to be rich."

Gratitude presupposes possession of some sort; whether the gift be large or small does not matter. A smile caught by chance, a warm fire, a sudden glimpse into a flower's heart of gold, or the fleeting impression of a moon hung low, all these make life richer and more blessed.

Yet it is often difficult to be grateful, for only the discerning mind can distinguish between trouble as an actuality and the gigantic shadow it forecasts. As a consequence, our misfortunes seem to obscure our blessings, particularly in these days of the over-popularized depression when mob psychology determines all reactions.

We ask, we receive, and we ask for more, unsatisfied, ungrateful beings, eternally seeking fulfillment and never finding it, because of the chasmal poverty of our own souls, souls that in denying possession confirm their wretched state.

Did you ever wait for a word of thanks—in vain? Have you ever planned and saved and denied yourself to provide pleasure for another

human being, warming at the thought of his joy at receiving your gift? Have you ever waited with empty hands and a gnawing, hungry ache in your heart for the smile, the word, the handclasp, that should repay you a thousandfold for your sacrifice, your thought—in vain?

That is ingratitude. It shrivels and warps our judgment, until after awhile there is no judgment left, only charred coals of resentment, and then cold, gray ashes.

But gratitude is a spark which burns ever brightly, warming both the giver and the receiver. With every word of thanks, with every rush of appreciative response, its glow quickens and expands until it overflows the heart.

Gratitude is constant, beautiful, good. It is the heart's way of saying, "Thank you."

E. C. ECHOES

Freshman Week, an innovation this year, was held during the week of September twelfth. Its purpose was to help the Freshmen to become accustomed to college life before the regular routine of class work began. To every one of the eighty-four Freshmen the week proved an unqualified success. We seemed to assume, as if over night, the individual responsibility which belonged to us as college students. The week also gave us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the members of the faculty.

Who of us will forget our timidity and trepidation on the eventful twelfth? But a series of orientation lectures given to us throughout the week by Sister Helen Madeleine soon dispelled our fears, and made us know and begin to cherish the rules, customs, and traditions of Emmanuel. We shall long remember those pleasant, informal talks. I think everyone will agree that we have tried to follow the good advice of the Dean to "start by starting."

Only one who has experienced a "first day" at college can realize what we felt on the second day of Freshman Week. Already each one seemed to have acquired friends and each felt a little more at ease. An intelligence test was the most important event of the morning, and the meeting with our much-looked-for Junior sisters in the afternoon. From that moment we began to enjoy our new life in earnest. The friendly spirit of the Junior Class certainly gave us added incentive to start well and to make the most of the pleasures and opportunities of college.

The program for Wednesday appealed to us strongly, for numbered among its activities were song practice for Cap and Gown Sunday, the meaning and aims of the different societies, and a visit to some neighboring museums.

On Thursday there was everywhere an atmosphere of enthusiasm and interest, for a very important event was to take place: the election of our class officers. It did not take long to choose four girls who had from the first day shown decided qualities of leadership. The officers we chose are: Rita Ryan of North Chelmsford, president; Gertrude Larkin of Worcester, vice president; Louise Sullivan of Lawrence, secretary, and Cecile Shanahan of Somerville, treasurer.

On Thursday afternoon we met our Juniors again. The gymnasium was converted into a nursery; our Juniors, into nurse maids, and we Freshmen, into babies. Some of our class made their debut: Grace

Hermann as a reader, Mary Shannon as a soloist, Gertrude Hynes and Cecile Shanahan as pianists. Following the entertainment, games, and grand march, prizes were awarded to Catherine Murray, as the prettiest baby; to Helen Walsh, as the funniest baby; to Rita Koen, as the most original baby; and to Elinor Fallon, as the healthiest baby.

How we had looked forward to Friday! Not so much for the informational orientation lecture, or for examination on the College Handbook, or for our interesting visit to the Libraries, but for the "general assembly of all students" that was listed, and which offered us our first chance to view the Seniors! We confess that we felt awed at that first assembly. As we listened to the Dean's words, we promised ourselves to be true to the ideals Freshman Week had helped us to establish for ourselves.

The "Get-Acquainted" party immediately after Assembly brought an appropriate end to the week's festivities, and there was not a Freshman who did not feel a distinct part of the student body of Emmanuel. At the "Get-Acquainted party" the Juniors presented their Freshmen to the faculty and to the students of the other classes. Several of the Freshmen, Rita Koen, Cecile Shanahan, and the "Granby Street Group" furnished the entertainment.

We do not try to express thanks in words for what the five days of Freshman Week meant to us, because we intend to express our gratitude in acts.

K. F., '36.



Saturday, October eighth, contrary to tradition, was a delightful sunshiny day with a tepid breeze, more commonly known to Sophomores as the South Wind. After various arguments between the *Picnics*— Sophomores as to the seizure of suspicious Freshmen, the *and Picnics* cars left in the direction of a rural town familiarly known as Natick. The Freshmen, arrayed in a fantastic, unappealing baby attire, settled down for an enjoyable ride which ended unexpectedly at Wellesley. (Some of us wonder if the Sophomores did not make a "faux pas" by choosing that place as their first stop!) We finally arrived, however, at the chosen place.

During luncheon the Sophomores were particularly and painstakingly attentive, but we were suspicious, and consequently prepared. Nor were we wrong in our surmises. Their ideas of "initiation" were good. At the time we wondered if it were friendly hostility. And we have decided it was, because ever since that memorable Saturday, the Sophomores have been sisterly, and even condescend to smile at us. So even though first impressions are sometimes lasting, ours of the Sophomores have changed and improved.

The process of initiation completed, friends and foes gathered about to witness the burying of the hatchet. Unfortunately, the attempt was futile, for the ground refused to yield, and Sophomore hands are made for leisure, not for labor. We have taken it for granted, however, that if it were not buried really, it was figuratively, and as a result, there exists between Sophomores and Freshmen—Love and Peace!

M. E. McC., '36.

Sunday, October second, is a day long to be remembered by the Seniors. For the first time in Cap and Gown, they marched in academic procession down the center aisle of the chapel, heads *Cap and* high, eyes shining. The student body paid silent respect to the Seniors as the long line of seventy-five *Gown Sunday* passed.

The Reverend John J. Lynch, S.T.L., a member of the faculty, said the Mass, and delivered the sermon, dwelling on the note of gratitude for the opportunities offered in Catholic College Education. The subject was fitting and timely, and the Senior Class in particular felt the deep significance of his talk.

After Mass, breakfast was served in the gayly decorated gymnasium amid laughter, congratulations, songs, toasts, and general merriment. The Seniors were happy to find as favors at their places, paper dolls dressed in cap and gown. The Sophomores presented flowers to their "big sisters," a mute testimonial of their love and appreciation.

Both the President and Dean of the College offered congratulations and good wishes, to which were added the friendly messages of the Alumnae.

Truly, Cap and Gown Sunday of 1932 is a most pleasant memory, not only for the Seniors, who will always feel it was "their" day, but also for the large number of undergraduates who were present.

Distinguished in general for its wonderful assistance to fields afar, and in particular for the originality which characterizes its activities, the Foreign Mission Society has started another year *The Foreign* of earnest work.

Mission Society At the first meeting, on September nineteenth, Helen Walsh was elected Freshman Representative, and plans were made for the next program, "A Spiral of Mirth."

Needless to say, the attractive publicity for this ambiguous novelty aroused the curiosity of the student body and accounted for the very

large attendance. The Gymnasium was partitioned off much as a beach "amusement park," and entrance was gained by ticket only. Spiral decorations in varied colors hid the enclosing posts. The main attraction of the program was a game, in which a certain number of marked stools were placed in a circle. The participants marched around to music, each one trying to secure a stool when the music stopped. Whoever was fortunate enough to secure the lucky stool won.

During the short intermissions for rearrangement, a Penny Sale was conducted and many attractive prizes were given. The Seniors deserve credit for their splendid cooperation in contributing both time and donations, and for making the "Spiral of Mirth" a social and financial success.



The Literary Society held its first meeting on September twenty-first. The new president, Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, '33, addressed the members and discussed plans for the year. It was decided among other things that at the next meeting on *The Literary Society.* October thirty-first each member should answer the roll call with a quotation from Shakespeare.

At the second meeting of the Literary Society on October thirty-first, the members listened to an interesting lecture given by the moderator of the Society on the homes and haunts of some of our favorite English poets. The meeting was well attended and gave evidence of lively interest in things literary.



On Monday, September twenty-six, El Club Español held its first meeting, at which enthusiastic members had planned to discuss the charming Spanish poet, Gustavo Adolfo Becquer. After *El Club Español* the president, Mary McCarty, '33, had given a short business talk, the program began. Dorothea Dunigan, '34, gave an interesting lecture on the life of Gustavo Becquer. Then followed the recitation of a poem, "Las Obscuras Golondrinas," by the same author, by Rose Maffeo, '34. The last numbers on the program were two record selections from Becquer, the first a speech, the second a song, "Volverán Las Obscuras Golondrinas," sung by Rodolfo Hoyos.

The second meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Monday, October thirty-first, when "La Tarde Cubana" was celebrated by the Club. The musical numbers on the program were the Cuban National hymn, sung by Dorothea Dunigan, Rose Maffeo, Ellen Drummy, and Emily Collins, and "Cuba Eres Tu," sung by all the members of the

Club. There was also a lecture on Cuba, illustrated with beautiful pictures. All the members agreed that they had been deeply impressed by the beauty and significance of Cuban scenes and customs.

The initial programme of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot was thoroughly interesting and charming. Miss Marian Barry, the president, graciously welcomed the new and old members, among whom were

Le Cercle Miss Phyllis Joy of the Faculty and Miss Doris Donovan,
Louis Veuillot van, coach of our French plays. Then she introduced Miss Louise Hollander, who sang a little French song.

The principal attraction of the meeting was the appearance of Miss Katherine Boucher, '32, newly returned from a summer's study at the Sorbonne, an opportunity made possible by the scholarship of the French Club. She gave us glimpses into Parisian life, describing her courses at the Sorbonne, the people she met, and their quaint French customs.

In recounting her experiences she greatly amused her listeners, who really enjoyed the humor of "les mœurs français," and who departed with the avowed and all-consuming desire to see Paris.

We are anxiously awaiting the next meeting, not only because the first one augured another delightful hour, but chiefly to see the Freshmen make their first appearance as true French actresses. We venture to predict their success.

The Catholic Action committee inaugurated last year was such a success that the Sodality members have decided to continue it this year.

Five committees have been organized, with Constance Hurley, '33, president of the Sodality, as general chairman.

Catholic The Eucharistic Committee aims to foster and encourage
Action devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. By formulating a definite program of frequent visits to the Chapel, the committee hopes to inculcate in each student a deeper and more vital love of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This committee includes Frances Blute, '33, chairman, Helen Glynn, '34, Agatha Maguire, '35, Elinor Fallon, '36.

To arouse deeper devotion to Our Blessed Lady a committee, fittingly termed the "Marian Committee," has been formed, consisting of the following students: Winifred J. Killoran, '33, chairman, Lillian O'Neil, '34, Gertrude Kelleher, '35, and Dora Murphy, '36. It is planned that the feasts of Our Lady will be explained fully at fitting times during the year, and that a greater knowledge of our Blessed Mother will increase devotion to her.

The Papal committee plans to bring to the minds of the students the office and the duties of Our Holy Father, to familiarize them with both old and new encyclicals, and their value to the world. Elinor Cronin, '33, is chairman of this committee, and is assisted by Dorothea Dunningan, '34, Sally Kane, '35, and Catherine Flatley, '36.

The Catholic Literature committee aims to stimulate an interest in the reading of good books and magazines, as well as to warn against books which display anti-Catholic points of view. The members of this committee are Margaret Riley, '33, chairman; Agnes McHugh, '34, Winifred Burdick, '35, and Cecile Shanahan, '36.

The main purpose of the Catholic Interest committee is to keep the students informed of events concerning the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world. At the present time the countries of greatest interest are Spain and Mexico, where the Church is being persecuted by civil authorities. The students on this committee are: Katherine Riley, '33, chairman; Mary McInerney, '34; Mary Groden, '35, and Mary Healey, '36.

The Athletic Association began its activities on November seventh with a very exciting game between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The battle was well fought, but the agile skill and youth of the *The Athletic* Freshmen won the game for them, with the score 20-15. *Association* We cannot attribute the victory to Sophomore courtesy either, for each side played a hard, fast game.

The officials were: referee, Martha Doherty; timekeeper, Ada Erlandson; score-keeper, Eleanor Grady.

This game was the first of a series to be played for the championship. Each class is ambitious to win, not only for the enjoyment of the sport itself, but also for the attractive prizes offered, miniature silver basketballs for each player.

On Wednesday, October fifth, the members of the Classical Society proved literally that "All roads lead to Rome," in this case, to the Latin Room, where they spent a very pleasant hour with some *The Classical* of the Latin poets. All the members of the club agree *Society* that their appreciation of Horace, Catullus, and Virgil was enhanced during the lecture, in which some of the good English translations of the poets were read, and the fine qualities of style and of expression and the exquisite rhythm of the poems were pointed out.

The spirit of childhood abandon invaded the staid portals of the Classical Society, Monday, November fourteenth, when the Sophomore members presented a skit in the Latin tongue, entitled "A Roman School." The famed orators, statesmen, conspirators, and traitors of ancient Rome were seen in their younger days cavorting around the schoolroom, teasing their comrades, and incurring the wrath of the old "Magister." The audience marvelled at the brilliance of Marcus Cicero, the arrogance of Caesar, the fate of Catiline, the pranks of Claudius, and the futility of the "Magister's" imprecations. The cast was as follows:

Magister, Helen Attridge; Marcus Cicero, Rose Mullin; Quintus Catiline, Helen Murphy; Lucius Catiline, Elinor Wallace; Mark Anthony, Mary De Guglielmo; Julius Caesar, Ethel Kelleher; Appius Caecus, Dorothea McDonald; Gnaeus Pompey, Helen Kelleher; Claudius Pulcher, Martha Doherty; Paedagogus, Mary Devenny; Crassus, Mary O'Brien; Archias, Mary Lukazek.

Although classroom technique has changed beyond recognition since the early days of Latin schools, there is one thing which will ever be found among pupils of all time: the spirit of mischief.

The first meeting of the Historical Society was held on October tenth in the auditorium. Quite in keeping with the spirit and aim of the society was the program for the day, a motion picture whose theme was the "League of Nations," that *The Historical Society* much discussed and greatly misunderstood institution. The motion picture was interesting and informative. A similar program will undoubtedly be welcomed.

October twenty-sixth marked the day for the appearance of the Juniors as actresses. The play given was "The Neighbors," chosen both for its appealing theme and for the excellent opportunities for characterization which it provided. "The Neighbors," *The Junior Play* as the title would intimate, is the story of small town folk, estranged by petty difficulties. Miss Ellsworth, a maiden lady, suddenly receives word that a young boy is coming to live with her. Her consternation is great, and the neighbors, forgetting their differences in a common sympathy, unite to help Miss Ellsworth to prepare for the calamity. The women have all become friendly again. Then the surprise ending occurs. The boy was not to come after all, yet

they had not worked in vain. The tea kettle was in frequent use once more and bits of gossip continued to fly from back yard to back yard.

"The Neighbors" was excellently staged and dramatized. The cast included: Mary McInerney, Clarissa McCarthy, Mary Smith, Mary Byrne, Agnes McHugh, Eleanor Stankard, Loretta Daley, Agnes Crane. The play was coached by Miss Jane Holland, the new dramatic coach.

On Sunday afternoon, November thirteenth, the student body, the faculty, their relations, and friends enjoyed a musical concert given by a group of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with *Symphony Concert at Emmanuel* Paul Shirley as director, Signor Guiseppe Gozzi, baritone, as assisting artist, and Mr. Paul Allen as pianist. Vocal solos by Signor Gozzi included Rossini's Largo from "The Barber of Seville," Freive's "Ay, Ay, Ay," Leoncavallo's "L'Aurora di Bianco Vestita," and Denza's "Vieni."

Orchestra selections from Humperdinck, Strauss, Brahms, and other composers were splendidly rendered.

Miss Catherine Leonard of Dorchester, president of the Senior Class, acted as head usher.

On Wednesday, November sixteenth, the Musical Society presented a splendid program in honor of St. Cecilia. The program consisted of selections by the Glee Club and orchestra, with Barbara *Saint Cecilia Concert* Hall directing; harp solo by Agnes McHugh, '34; a violin solo by Elizabeth McNamara, '35; vocal solos by Martha Hurley, '34, by Mary Shannon, '36, and by Louise Hollander, '33; a piano solo by Margaret Brewen, '33; and the reading of an original poem by Agnes McHugh, '34. Margaret Brewen, Mary F. Murphy, and Ada Erlandson were accompanists.

The feast of Our Lady's Presentation was fittingly observed by the Sodality at Assembly on November twenty-first. The program given was the expression of the good wishes of the student *The Feast of the Presentation* body to the faculty. There were vocal solos by Mary Shannon, '36, and Louise Hollander, '33; the reading of an original short story, "The Call of a Disciple," by Katharine Mulvey, '33; violoncello solo by Eleanor Fogarty, '36; a vocal duet by Martha Hurley, '34, and by Barbara Hall, '33; the reading of an original poem by Helen Glynn, '34; an address to the

faculty by Constance Hurley, president of the Sodality; an Act of Consecration to our Blessed Lady by the entire assembly, and the singing of a Presentation hymn, written by Gertrude Hickey, '34.

On Wednesday, October nineteenth, the Publicity Committee held its annual Bridge. It was conducted by Miss Helen Morgan, chairman, assisted by the other members of the committee and the four officers of each class. Many attractive prizes were awarded and the Bridge was considered a complete success. The committee extends thanks to the student body, who cooperated in their undertaking.

According to the custom of preceding years Emmanuel College sponsored a contest as part of the Education Week program. Prizes were offered to the Senior classes of Catholic Girls' High Schools in Boston and vicinity for the best text chosen from the New Testament which showed the necessity of Catholic education for Catholic students. More than four hundred contestants responded.

The prizes were awarded at a program held in the college auditorium on Wednesday, November the ninth. The program consisted of selections by the college orchestra, directed by Miss Barbara Hall, '33, of Watertown, and accompanied by Miss Ada Erlandson, of Belmont, '33; vocal selections by Miss Louise Hollander, '33, of Framingham, and by Miss Martha Hurley, '34, of Dorchester; a harp solo by Miss Agnes McHugh, '34, of Everett, and a lecture by the Reverend Patrick J. Waters, Ph.D., pastor of Saint Eulalia's Church, South Boston, and formerly professor of philosophy of Saint John's Seminary.

The Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.L., Supervisor of Schools in the Archdiocese of Boston, presided, and made the awards to the successful contestants. The judges were Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, Dr. William F. Linihan, Dean of Boston Teachers' College, and a member of the Emmanuel Faculty.

Both first and second prizes were awarded for the same text, the distinction being made according to the reason given. The text was:

"Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy, and vain deceit, according to the tradition of man, according to the elements of the world, and not according to Christ." St. Paul, Colossians ii, 8.

The text for the third prize was:

“Therefore take unto you the armour of God, that you may be able to resist in evil day, and to stand in all things Perfect.” St. Paul, Ephesians vi, 13.

The first prize of fifteen dollars in gold was awarded to Miss Vivian Leveroni of Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury.

The second prize of ten dollars in gold was awarded to Miss Margaret Neylon, of St. Joseph's High School, Somerville.

The third prize of five dollars in gold was awarded to Miss Mary Gallagher, of St. Mary's High School, Lynn.

ALUMNAE NOTES

On Sunday, October second, the Alumnae Association held its annual fall meeting in the College auditorium. Members from the ten classes who comprise the Alumnae met to renew old friendships and to inaugurate another year of Alumnae activities. Plans were announced for the first event of the season, a Theatre Party, on Monday, October seventeenth, when the operetta, "The Cat and the Fiddle," was given at the Shubert Theatre. Miss Alice Grandison, 1930, was nominated chairman and appealed for the support of the Alumnae.

Following the business meeting, Sister Superior and Sister Helen Madeleine extended their usual sincere welcome. Miss Katherine Connell, '28, had charge of the Tea which followed.

The Theatre Party proved to be a decided social success, for which the Alumnae is indebted in very great measure to the energetic leadership of the chairman and her able assistants, who worked to make the event one more of Emmanuel's triumphs.

The annual Alumnae Supper-Dance, which is to be held this year at the Copley-Plaza on Thanksgiving night, November twenty-fourth, promises to be an enjoyable affair, judging from the plans that are being made by the chairman, Miss Eleanor Groden, '28.



The Emmanuel League With the enthusiastic support of the Emmanuel Alumnae Association, and through the energetic efforts of Miss Ruth E. Keleher, '27, president of the Alumnae Association, of Mrs. Vincent P. Roberts, Jr. (Margaret M. Dyson, '27), and of their efficient committee, the Emmanuel League became a reality at a very successful meeting in May. At that meeting an advisory board was appointed which functioned during the summer in forming a constitution. Previous to the first fall meeting held on October ninth, the constitution was compiled and discussed, and was presented, read, and accepted by the members of the League at the October meeting.

The splendid attendance and good spirit of the October meeting give every hope that the League is to grow and to act. An interesting program has been planned by the entertainment committee. At the second meeting on November twentieth, Mrs. Josephine McGowan, who

is nationally known as a Catholic leader and speaker, gave an interesting talk on the Catholic Woman in the Modern World.

CLASS OF 1923

Ida Finn spent the summer in South America.

CLASS OF 1924

Madame Eleanor Fitzgerald has returned from France where she made her perpetual vows at the Convent of the Cenacle. She is stationed in St. Louis.

Sister Emmanuel (Aloyse Doherty) is teaching in Notre Dame Academy, Tyngsboro.

CLASS OF 1925

Mary C. Butler received her Master's degree at Boston Teachers' College in June.

Mildred L. Hannon has returned from Spain, where she spent some time in study preparatory to writing her dissertation for her Doctorate.

CLASS OF 1927

Olga Mafera has returned from a three months' sojourn in Europe and a cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Esther Turnbull has been appointed to the Boston Public Schools.

CLASS OF 1928

Christina Flanagan has a position with the Welfare Bureau in Worcester.

Eleanor Groden is acting as chairman of the Emmanuel Alumnae Dance.

Esther MacCafferty has a position in the Everett Public Schools.

Ethel Morris entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham in August.

Elizabeth Tobin has transferred from Washington, D. C., to the Division of Forestry in the State House, Boston.

Mary O'Shea has been appointed in the Science and History departments of the Cambridge High and Latin Schools.

CLASS OF 1929

Dorothy Denning has been appointed in the History department in the Watertown High School.

Alice Willard has been appointed in a Boston High School.

CLASS OF 1930

Mary Delaney has entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham. Grace Brogan has been appointed visiting teacher in the Cambridge High Schools.

Anne Hogan has a position in the Webster School in Cambridge.

Anna Lehane has a position in the Sleeper School in Cambridge.

Mary Rose Connors is statistician in the R. H. White advertisement department and is teaching Evening School in Malden.

Mary Martin received her Master's degree from Boston Teachers' College.

Theresa Sullivan has been appointed in a Malden Junior High School.

CLASS OF 1931

Susan Brennan entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham in August.

Helen Foley is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Mary Grandfield has been appointed in the Boston Teachers' College to teach Spanish.

Dorothy Harrington has been appointed in the Southboro High School.

Louise Fielding, Mary Thompson, Clare Martell, and Mary Grandfield have received their Master's Degrees from Boston Teachers' College.

Margaret Leahy is teaching in Cambridge.

Agnes Martikke is teaching in St. Mary's School, Boston.

Gertrude Quinlan has been appointed in Cambridge.

Anne Sullivan is the secretary of the Dean of Emmanuel.

CLASS OF 1932

Mary Barry has a position in the Everett Schools.

Margaret Budds has a position in the Everett School Library.

Margaret Burke is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Dorothy Byrne has a position in the Arlington Schools.

Helen Casey is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Theresa Delaney is studying for her Master's degree at Boston Teachers' College.

Eileen Donovan has entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham.

Eileen Doyle is studying at Burdett Business College.

Catherine Hogan is taking a Social Service course at Simmons College.

Mary Kelley is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Marie Kelly is studying for her Master's degree at Bridgewater Normal College.

Agnes Knox is in the Emmanuel College Chemistry department.

Dorothy Mullin is studying at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Margaret McGehearty has a position in the Everett Schools.

Elizabeth McCarthy has a position in the McDonald Insurance Company.

Madeleine Navien has a position in the New England Telephone Company.

Emelia Oksas is studying at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Mary Rooney is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Rose Rooney has a position in St. Peter's School, Cambridge.

Helen Shanahan is in the Emmanuel College Biology Department.

Kathleen Sullivan entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham in August.

Mary Omar is teaching in St. Gregory's School.

Mary Burns is teaching in the Malden Public Schools.

Mary Donohoe is studying at the Curry School of Expression.

Helen Good is a stylist at Plotkin's.

Margaret Riley is studying at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Anne Sheehan is taking courses at Emmanuel.

Jeanne Steinbrenner is a student teacher in the English department of the Quincy High School.

Winifred Ward has been appointed in the Framingham Public Schools.

MARRIAGES

Anne Carrigan, '23, to David L. Rohan.

Mary Crowley, '26, to Gerald Flynn.

Rose O'Neil, '26, to George Sweeney.

Clarisse Brunell, '27, to Edward J. Martin.

Irene Doon, '27, to Linus A. Gavin.

Kathryn McElroy, '28, to Arthur Reilly.

Kathleen O'Donnell, '28, to Edward Markey.

Lorraine Cassier, '31, to John McCarthy.

Alice Larkin, '31, to James Bresnahan.

Helen Carney, '32, to Charles Atwood.

ENGAGEMENTS

Agnes Kiley, '26, to Lawrence Heidt.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell (Margaret McCaffrey, '25), on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Albin Seidel (Alice Merrick, '25), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sias (Mary Flynn, '31), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith (Mary Powers, '31), on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel McSweeney (Adelaide Mahoney, '28), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Donahue (Elizabeth O'Leary, '28), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Culley (Florence Duris, '29), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle (Katherine McLaughlin, '27), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Basine (Regina Studinzka, '31), on the birth of a daughter.

In Christo Quiescentes

Mrs. Mary A. Quinn, mother of Catherine Quinn, '33, and Eleanor Quinn, '35,

Dr. Richard Hinchey, father of Margaret Hinchey, '25.

Mr. John J. Donovan, father of Estelle Donovan, '29, and Doris Donovan, '31.

Miss Mina Guyton, sister of Miss Mary Guyton, '31.

Mrs. Julia Duff, mother of Miss Juliet Duff, member of the Faculty.

Mr. James McCaffry, father of Margaret McCaffry, '25.

Mr. Robert Grandfield, father of Emma Grandfield, '25.

Mr. Austin McHugh, father of Agnes McHugh, '34.

Mr. Augusto Vannini, father of Madame Emiliana Vanninin, '23.

Mr. William M. Foley, father of Mary Foley, '26, and of Katherine Foley, '29.

Mr. Melvin Melanson, brother of Doris Melanson, ex '23.

Mr. Michael Lukazek, father of Mary Lukazek, '35.

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